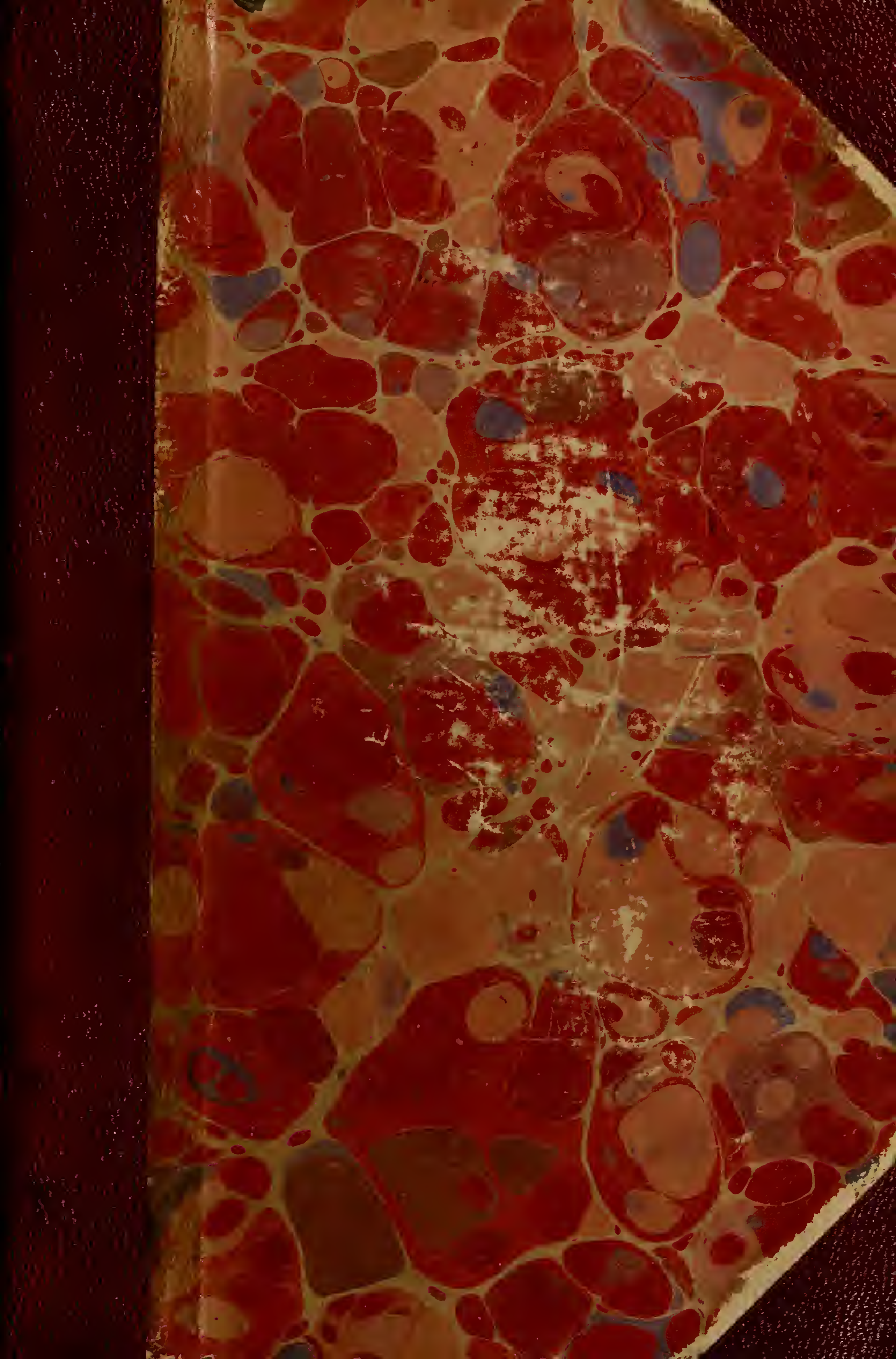

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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

WALTER B. WEST, - - - - - Editor-in-Chief
WILLIS SMITH, - - - - - Business Manager

MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the college.

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This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *alma mater.* If you do not wish to become subscribers, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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Among my friends are a few men, of talent, strength, energy, and culture; possessed, though, of all the human appetites and passions of other men—fond of riches, with all the ease, independence, luxury, position, and power that riches give; love the plaudits of men and the smiles of women; covet honor such as the world bestows upon its heroes of war, politics, art, literature, or productive industry,—yet who, impelled by some spirit within them, which I must believe is not merely the voice of God but God Himself, deliberately and cheerfully renounce both the cravings of their carnal natures and the lofty yearnings of their spiritual beings to pursue lives of toil, poverty, and obscurity, that they may brighten the minds, enoble the souls, and increase the opportunities, of other men's children. To these as a humble tribute to their heroic souls, this book is dedicated.—Zach McGhee.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., October, 1909.

CLAUDE B. WEST,
MATILDA O. MICHAELS, } - - - - - MANAGERS

Pages from a Diary.

ART AND LIFE.

The whole forenoon had been spent in gazing at hundreds of world-famed pictures in the Dresden Art Gallery, and my mind was utterly fogged in the seemingly endless task of admiring. I thought to escape and seek relief in the open, but the silence that came over all talking visitors as they entered a certain room, or cabinet, of the gallery prompted me in passing it to enter the shrine too. Ah! immediately I had new life and, like others, stood in mute amazement and rapture, spell-bound in the glorious presence of the Sistine Madonna. Truly, had the Virgin herself with her immortal Son suddenly appeared to the many spectators in that room the attention could hardly have been more reverent or more intense. For here to be sure was the Queen of Heaven in bodily presence before our eyes,—and no mere simple girl-mother, but great motherhood incarnate, foreseeing calvary but far beyond too, triumphantly into the infinite glory of a world redeemed by bitterest sacrifice. The painter genius had here given an eternal habitation, not to airy nothingness, but to humanity's loftiest and grandest conception, and in mute wonder I, with the rest, paid him my debt of gratitude for thus lifting me far above life's misery and disappointment and limitations into the regions of glorious truth and beauty.

. . . .

On an afternon shortly after this visit to the Gallery, while yet in an indescribable exaltation of spirit, I was wandering not far from Dresden through the firwoods of a steep hill-side. My vision was still radiant and I unconsciously felt as if all others were seeing it too and being transported beyond the vexing cares of life. Suddenly I came out of the woods upon a widely stretching fertile plateau, on which the ripened grain had been partly garnered. The time was the half-hour attending the sinking of the sun from sight, which, if I am on a wide stretch of cultivated land, always superinduces into me a delightful pensive melancholy. The sacred still-ness and hush of approaching twilight lay over all—no sound was heard, no living creature seen. In the sweet grip of the brooding sadness of my landscape I walked on for some hun-dred yards forgetting my heavenly queen and "all this unin-telligible world" over which she was to rule.

Then all at once before me I caught sight of a figure, a bent and stooped form, moving rapidly. As I approached, I made out that she—for it was an old woman—was hoeing, and she seemed to be working as if in terror that darkness would over-take her with unfinished task. I made out the features. It was a sad face unlit by hope or by cheering memories. A woman bowed and well nigh broken by the burdens of a world of reality. A fleeting glance at me, an unintelligent nod in response to my sympathetic greeting, and then she quickly turned to her work of hoeing another row. I walked on, and just before reëntering the woods turned to look for the laborer. She was dimly outlined in descending twilight, but still rapidly working.

I walked on in changed spirit, pondering the unsolved problem, how to bridge the gulf between the ideal and the real.

A UNIQUE VILLAGE DIGNITARY.

While strolling one afternoon along the shores of the Neckar in South Germany and enjoying the wide stretches of woodland on each side of the river, I caught sight of a

strange looking old man with long gray hair and beard, kneeling some distance from the stream. He was engaged in some work I could not make out. His general appearance and his mysterious occupation aroused my curiosity and I walked over to him and greeted him politely. I understood at once his task, which was none other than taking dead moles from queer looking traps and then resetting them for new catches. The location of each trap was marked by a twig stuck in the soft ground, but he remembered well enough anyway the location of his hundred or more traps. And no bear trapper visited his traps more sedulously or with more joyous expectation than my queer old man. But why all this trapping of worthless game?—for he threw the sleek little animal away. Oh, to be sure, he cut off the tails, but what could he make of such miniature pendants? Opening his pocketbook he showed me just twenty severed tails and he carefully laid the twenty-first beside them. What were they now after getting into his pocketbook? Why, money, man, filthy lucre, each one standing for twenty pfennig, or five cents. And what banks cashed these queer drafts? Why, the community, man, or the Mayor for the community paid him five cents for each tail delivered. And his office? Why, I stood in the august presence of the official mole catcher of a flourishing community, a dignitary of no small importance, since these little animals so burrowed and bumped the meadowland as to make the cutting of hay and grain difficult. And his income? Well, it was enough to live on and more than enough to raise up aspirants to succeed him on his retirement soon to come. Who would get the office? Why, of course his son was an applicant, and a hard one to defeat, since he had served him twenty-five years as apprentice. And he hoped Wilhelm would be invested with the office since he greatly wanted it to become hereditary in his family so his descendants might acquire the title *Erbmaulwurfsfäuger.*

AN ECHOED WHY.

He was an unusually beautiful boy with a superabundance of dark curly hair, and eyes that sparkled and twinkled like black diamonds. He had traveled just three years down time's path and knew no sorrow save, perhaps, that for him there was no real Papa. For his Dad was a lieutenant in the Navy, and was sent to the Philippines the day Jack was born, and had not yet returned. The mother, who had few relatives or friends in Philadelphia, in her loneliness had accepted an invitation to accompany a German girl back to her home in a quaint, provincial city in South Germany, and there little Jack had numbered the few days of his short little life. His old nurse was a Schwabian peasant woman who spoke the most pronounced dialect and little Jack fairly absorbed it and loved it. The English of his mother was to him a barbarous language, and he even took offense at correct High German. His American dress and looks and his drawling, lazy *Schwäbisch* contrasted queerly, and made him everywhere the center of attraction. He was the best known and best loved child of the city, whom grocery clerks and confectionery maids vied with one another to stuff on sweets. Photographers begged to photograph him, and Jack's pictures, always beautiful, hung in various art exhibitions. There were few inhabitants of the city who did not know him.

The mother was a lonely woman and, besides, somewhat of an invalid. She felt that she had not had her share of woman's wealth—I suspected there was not much love in her marriage. She was cynically inclined, and it was only motherhood's influence that kept her face from showing a sneer. Tiny, radiant little Jack was saving her—her all was invested in him.

But the Lieutenant was now permitted to return home, and he wanted to see his boy. The poor woman unconsciously counted on Jack to bring about the realization of her already once sadly disappointed hope of finding happiness and con-

tentment in marriage. This re-awakened hope seemed to revive a heart that was nearly dead, and her face showed the semblance of joyous expectation as she bade me good-bye and set out with Jack to cross the ocean. He was her pearl of great price, and she hoped he would prove her talisman, though she knew not of her hope.

Days passed and then I received only this card, written aboard ship two hundred miles from New York harbor: "My baby is dead. The kind Captain, who loved him, consented to carry his body on to New York. My husband will meet me and —— tomorrow. My heart is broken."

I have since heard that the Lieutenant is again on a long sea duty. I do not know where the wife is.

WHEN MONEY COULD HAVE HELPED.

It was Decoration Day in Germany, and the huge market hall in the big city was a sight to behold. The section assigned to florists was one great mass of flowers and evergreens. Wreaths there were in profusion, and great bunches of flowers with long ribbon streamers. The flower dealers were reaping a harvest out of the pious custom of the Germans to decorate the graves of their dead. Throngs of purchasers were crowding and jostling one another in their eagerness to receive the most desirable flowers; and many seemed to think the dead were as vain of their coverings as are the living, for all wanted big and showy bunches or wreaths. The sacredness of the purpose for which the flowers was purchased did not prevent haggling over prices, and was finding much amusement in the whole procedure.

But finally a woman in mourning came up—a frail, timid looking youngish woman. I saw her eye beam with eagerness as she picked up a large bunch of handsome carnations. She seemed already to find solace in laying it on his grave. In fearful suspense she asked the price and then placed the flowers reluctantly back with a downcast face. But the dealer, quick to judge her purse, brought out a tiny

faded bunch of pinks and offered it indifferently to her. She paid the price and sadly with a tear in her eye stole away and was swallowed up by the throng, none of whom had seemed to see her. For me, however, all interest in the further purchasers and purchases was gone.

The Song of Man.

BY C. M. HUTCHINGS.

This is the Song of the Fearless ones, the seeekers for lands unknown,
Which the God's of the North had circled round, with a white and pathless zone:
Saying: "*Here*, O Man, shalt thy domain cease; Here shalt thy borders be."
But yet they went up in the Teeth of the Blast, to their death by the Arctic Sea.

(For so it shall be to the end of Time;—hath been since the World began,
That naught can hinder the cyclone's path, or fetter the will of Man!)

A thousand bones bleached white and cold in that bleak and sunless world,
Whose souls had died out in the endless night, by the misty snow-wreaths whirled,
But yet they come on, the Tireless ones, to the land of the sunless sun—
And lo! on the ultimate crest of the Earth floats America's flag. Man has won!

(For so it shall be till the age's death—hath been since all things began,—
There abideth these three: World, Space and Time; but greater than these is Man!)

A Night Spent with Uncle John.

BY W. M. MARR.

Early on a foggy morning last summer Tom and I left Tuckasege, and on that day accomplished thirty miles of travel, arriving at our destination on Brush Creek in the heart of the Smokies. Twilight came as we traveled; and just after it became dark enough a phosphorescent log glowed across our path like burning lime, and through the rhododendrons appeared the sight of cleared land enclosed by a dark forest. The moon and stars made it clearer. In the center near a branch stood a large double loghouse, mud daubed throughout, and a daubed chimney at each gable, above which the sparks were flying and shining, revealing columns of smoke. Light streamed through the two doors which were just then opened. Small windows, better·known as chinks, adorned the sides of the hut, which one would infer were used for other purposes than light, as one could easily stick his shotgun through them to blaze away at an officer, or a wild turkey down in the cornfield. These chinks made the rooms radiant with their filtrations of light. A large barn, crib, somehouse and other outbuildings were in the enclosure.

As our horses struck against a row of bars which were across our trail, the slumber of a pack of unseen dogs was disturbed and a barking startled the quiet of the scene. Presently a bareheaded old woman appeared in the door with her knitting in her hand, and out of the other door walked an old grayheaded gentleman, "smoking his pipe of clay."

"Hello!" yelled Tom. "Does old Uncle John Truitt still live here?"

"Shet up ye old mouths, ye hounds ye, or I'll take a stick to ye!" addressing his dogs; then to us, "Yes, the old fellow still lives here, what there is of him. Who are uns?"

"Tom and Mac Duvall," answered Tom, "and we would like to get to stay all night with you."

These words were no more than said than the old gentleman was at the bars. "Lord bless you, my boy Tom! Course you can stay all night. Lite and come in. Tom, I'm so glad you've come to see us old folks. I am so glad. You and the young man go in the house and take cheers while I have the nags stabled and fed."

Following our directions, we went into one of the two rooms of the cabin,—"the big house,"—leaving behind us night, the pacified dogs, and the chill that comes with the darkness of a summer's night. A very hot log fire, leaping in the old-time chimney place, around which were the cooking utensils, threw on the walls a light that enabled us to distinguish the furnishings of the interior. On the excellent puncheon floor in the back part of the room were two old-fashion bedsteads with high headboards, and fat with feather ticks and thick home-made blankets. Hanging on the wall above the bedsteads were dresses, petticoats, and homespun clothing. A few pictures adorned the walls, and pasted over the room was an assortment of newspapers and almanacs of dates far back. A loft reached over a greater part of the room where were doubtless stored relics and curiosities of ante bellum days. A table with a clean oilcloth spread on it, and set with lye corn hominy, corn dodger, honey, butter, sweet potatoes, boomer meat, coffee and milk, et cetera, stood in the center of the room. On the peculiarly styled invitations of Uncle John and his "old woman," we seated ourselves at this festive supper, the deliciousness of which was beyond description. To get up from that board was almost out of the question, for those old people are so generous-hearted they feel as if you are lacking in some one food or other if you leave any behind. Everything they have in the way of eatings is at your service, the only requisite on your part being "to stay and eat."

Uncle John Truitt and his better half are good-natured people of the old pioneer days. They have always lived in peace with their fellowmen, recognized authority, yet lived in a pure state of natural liberty. He is a man of fine features and physique. He wears a full gray beard, long gray hair, broadbrim straw hat, blue, worsted shirt, and boots. She was dressed in homespun garments, and a bonnet which had been donned since our arrival.

After the feast, we formed a wide circle before the large open fireplace, Uncle John and Tom being in the center of the circle. The conversation was between Tom and the old people,—calling to mind incidents and relating old time pleasant recollections. Uncle John opened the ball by enquiring of Tom's health, business, et cetera.

"First-rate," responded Tom.

"Tom, I'm glad you've come."

"Yes, I am glad to be at the old place again."

"Tom, things have changed mightily here since you was a boy up here on the creek. The old settlers are fast passing out, and we'll all soon be gone."

"Well, we can't expect to live always," remarked Tom.

"You're right, Tom. Yes, you're right; but, Tom, don't you love to think and talk about the old times when everything seemed to be happy here among these old mountains? New fangled notions, tricks and ways adoin' things have come now, and I sometimes feel like I'd like to go back once more to them blessed times. Why, Tom, religion ain't what it used to be. These youngsters now think you are crazy if you shout and get religion. I don't believe it nary bit, Tom. We had our fun and our religion and I guess it will all be dead when we die out."

"Uncle John, do you remember those old prayer meetings we used to have in the settlement?"

"Law, yes, Tom! Ha! ha! ha! ha! Why of course I do, Tom. Ha! ha! ha! Do you remember when Eliza

Jane got religion? Well, I do. Prayer meetin' that night met over here at Uncle Lem's house, you know, on the big creek; and when mourners was called for that night Eliza Jane got happy, jumped up and went to shoutin'. You remember she said, 'I see Jesus,' and Uncle Lem's little gal said, 'No you don't either. You don't see nuthin' but pap's old breeches hanging up thar stuffed with wool.' Of course, Tom, I remember the prayer meetins. Poor old John Edwards is passed in his checks, but do you remember how he used to pray? He would close by saying the same thing every time in his sing-song, old-fashion way—the good old way, Tom—you know,—'O Lord, bless Uncle Lem and his old woman, Uncle John, and old pap and his old lady,' and all the other folks in the settlement except little Jim,—he didn't get a bite. Them was big old times we had way back there, Tom."

"Yes, yes, Uncle John," interrupted Tom, "and what has become of old Jim Tabor, who was so lazy he couldn't live?"

"I wish I may die if Jim ain't living yet, Tom. Ain't he a mess? The same old dried up, good for nuthin' stick. I reckon lazy men can be found in all countries, but I bet ye there ain't no lazier specimen of humanity ever lived than old Jim. He lives over yonder at the forks in a petered out old house that looks like it wasn't ever finished, but it was when his dady lived, and then he left it to this no-countist feller what ever lived. Well, you see there was some woods about fifty yards away, and thet man was too cussed lazy to go to them woods for fire wood, and so tore down the wing of the house piece by piece, floorings, sidings, sashes, doors—everything but the loft and roof, and I natur'ly believe he'd took them if he hadn't been too lazy to climb upstairs. Why, every apple tree on the place has been chopped down but four, yes, chopped down, every durned one of 'em, for the fireplace. Lazy, why, dog my skin!—ha! ha! ha! listen Tom! Awhile back old Jim got so he jest wouldn't keep his

kids in bread—so lazy you know—and so a crowd of fellers went over to Jim's house one day and told the old feller that he just had to get out and get some corn, or somethin' for his family to eat, or they would starve to death,—if he didn't they would take him to the graveyard and bury him alive. Don't you believe, Tom, old Jim jest sorter groaned a little and said,—'Well, boys, take me on.' Shore enough they set him in a wagon and started to the graveyard. But after awhile they met Jerry Nations goin' home, and he axed the boys what they was going to do, and they up and told him. 'Well,' he says, 'if that is all, I've got plenty corn and I'll give him half a bushel if he'll go ater it.' Now, you'd natur'ly expect old Jim to jump out of that wagon and go get the corn, but bless me, he rolled over, raised his head and said in a slow, lazy way, 'Is—it—shelled?' Jerry told him no, but thet he'd have to do it. Jim fell back with a groan and said, 'Well—boys,—take—me—on.' Now, Tom, sich a two-legged bein' as thet is too lazy to kill, too green to burn, and them boys thought so, too, for they set him out there on the bank of the river to let him bite at the flies."

After this story the conversation lagged, and hanging our coats for screens over the back of chairs, we jumped upon and sank from sight into the featherbeds.

At an early hour next morning, awhile before the light of day had sifted through the chinks of the cabin, when all outdoors was still wrapt in darkness and but one lonely cock had crowed, I heard the barefeet of an occupant of an adjoining bed hit the floor, immediately followed by the thrusting of legs into pantaloons. Then there was the sound of a shovel at the fireplace, and soon there was a roaring fire, which warmed and lit up the room with its glow. When the light became bright enough, I saw that Uncle John was up and stirring, and soon I perceived the white night-capped head of Aunt Martha, the head of the house, shoot up above

the cover. Before I could gather my wits the lady was up in her morning dress complete, even to her shoes; and quietly rolling up her sleeves was making active preparations for breakfast.

Cornmeal, water and salt were soon stirred up for the dodgers, the small skillet—the Dutch oven—was set over a bed of coals; the teakettle was singing merrily and a piece of mutton was boiling in a pot.

While Aunt Martha was thus busily engaged with breakfast, we began cautiously to crawl out of bed one at a time. Breakfast was ready by the time we were dressed, and we then moved around the neatly spread table, which was very similar to the supper of the evening before.

The hour of our departure soon came, and altogether too quick to suit our inclinations, but when we told our good old friends good-bye, we stepped from the cabin's door into the gray light of morning. Black shadows still hovered over the peaks of the Smoky, while toward the east, the rim of the mountains was tipped with fire, and the sky above us was cloudless. Below us, the fogs of the lower valleys, lying along the stream, appeared like great rivers of melted silver. This effect was caused by the sunlight streaming through the gaps of the mountains upon the dense vapor. The glory was beyond description.

Being surrounded by this beauty of the natural world, we wended our way slowly, on horseback, down the rough, precipitous mountain road, thinking of the old human monarchs of the forest and asking ourselves the question, "What is it to live genuinely happy and know no trouble?"

A Reverie.

BY MARY LOOMIS SMITH.

When the sun has sunk in splendor,
  An' the birds have gone to rest,
An' a little cloud of crimson
  Still's alingrin' in the west;
When the stars peep out atwinklin'
  In the blueness of the sky
An' the silver moon comes sailin'
  In among 'em, slowly, why!

Then's the very time for thinkin'
  On those days that have gone by,
When you hear the cows alowin'
  An' the crickets in the rye;
When the chorus of the froglets
  Comes afloatin' on the breeze
An' the katydids are singin'
  Mournful like among the trees.

Then akinder lonesome feelin'
  Comes acreepin' in your heart
An' you most wish you're back agin'
  At life's unclouded start;
When the days were always happy
  An' the fields forever new
An' above your joyous pathway
  Smiled a sky of azure blue.

Then your fancy goes aroamin'
  In those times without a fret,
That you just can't quite remember
  An' you never can forget,
An' the busy worl' aroun' you
  Sinks into oblivion vast
When your thoughts they go awandrin'
  In the rev'ries o' the past.

A Glimpse of Holland.

BY LOUIS I. JAFFE.

A mere slip of a country is Holland. A sort of sturdy plodding, well-fed little youngster tilling a tiny gap between the blustering domains of Father Neptune on the north, and the mighty acres of Uncle William on the south. A mere slip of a country with a mere slip of a queen, who has a mere slip of a baby that the good burghers idolize.

The time was July of the summer of 1908, more particularly very early one morning in the teens of that July, when my good friend Siler and I, late of Trinity, still later of London, walked down the gang-plank of the steamer that had brought us across from Harwich over night, and set foot on the Hook of Holland. It was not yet six o'clock, and the chill misty morning was anything but cheerful, yet I was never so glad to disembark from a steamer in my life.

She was one of those long, narrow-beamed channel steamers operated by the Great Eastern Railway in connection with their terminals. All night long her engines, like a quivering, pulsating, shaking herd of demons, had made my berth well up in the forward part of the vessel a veritable rack of torture. Sleep was impossible. Nothing but a drowsy semi-consciousness, alternating with a state of keen nervous cognizance, as the temporary lull of the pounding pistons gave way regularly to the powerful forward leap of the vessel under the renewed spurts of the twin propellers. Added to this was that uncomfortable feeling of solicitude for the last meal that hung like a sword of Damocles over my head and made me wonder how long it would be possible for me to keep it down. Others were not faring any better, as I could tell by certain suggestive sounds that came from the berth above me every time the nose of the steamer rose skyward at an angle more acute than usual.

It was therefore with a keen sense of relief at having con-

quered that intense feeling of solicitude I have mentioned above, that I lugged my heavy suit case down the narrow swinging gang plank into the raw chilling atmosphere of a Dutch morning. I even looked with a sort of gladness upon the uniformed emissary of Wilhelmina, who stopped my further progress on the dock with a peremptory command to open my baggage for customs inspection.. Satisfied at length that we had no undue amount of tobacco concealed about our respective persons, and finding no long-necked schnapps bottles sticking out of the corner of the suit case, which he carefully examined by lifting up one corner of a night shirt and then carefully smoothing it down again, he nodded to us in Hollandish and permitted us to go our way in peace.

The train which was to take us to Rotterdam was already in waiting—a long, dingy, low-lying train quite in harmony with the murky flat country that surrounded us on all sides. Once in the cars with our heavy bags deposited in the racks overhead, our spirits rose rapidly. They looked lots more cheerful on the inside. The seats and furnishings were scrupulously clean, and the window panes spotless. On the door of the compartment was a shiny brass sign the legend of which, from its resemblance in phraseology to the German, and from the general absence of cuspidors, we translated to read "Don't Spit on the Floor." It seemed after all then that Dutchmen and Americans possess some traits in common.

Only one other passenger was in our compartment—a young fellow on the way to his day's duties in a neighboring village. He possessed, to paraphrase him of the learned sock, little German and less English, although from general appearances he appeared to be a man of some education. We, on the other hand, possessed some English, little German and no Dutch, so our conversation was conducted under difficulties. However, we did very well considering that

this was our initial attempt to put into economic use two or three years of college German. It is a curious fact that when one wants to say for the first time, to a German such a simple thing as "I'm very glad to have met you," phrases and idioms come flocking in veritable phalanxes, but never the one that is needed. However, in such a dilemma, one can always have recourse to the word *"bitte,"* which, delivered with various voice modulations and appropriate gestures, can be made to mean a gratifying number of things in German. With this word and several others that I do not now recall, for the reason that I uttered them with many misgivings, we bade a cordial adieu to our young Dutch friend, fifteen minutes later.

A Dutch landscape, as we had abundant opportunity of observing from our car windows during that morning ride to Rotterdam, looks very much as it is represented to look on those beautiful genuine Delft, dinner plates made in Trenton, New Jersey. One does not have to go to Holland to know what it looks like, for no country in the world presents such sameness and uniformity in landscape, and has had that sameness and uniformity so faithfully portrayed on canvass, as Holland. One wonders how it is possible for a country to be so flat, so beautifully green, pastoral and flat; so canal-riven, red-roofed, windmill-studded and flat. A traveller of international fame has suggested wittily that Holland adopt for her national seal the motto chosen by a newly married couple to adorn their suite of rooms,—"God Bless Our Flat."

A land that draws twenty feet of water and is forever springing a leak; a land where canals serve the double purpose of country highways and fences between pastures; a flat land where the very cows are low and flat and have flat horns; a land whose houses are flat and roofed with bright red tile; a land where the country folk navigate in large boat-like wooden shoes; a land where the waist line of the

country women never fluctuates and the trousers of the country men remain perennially generously wide—this is Holland.

The train stopped for a minute at a junction—hardly a stop, for it was supposed to go through to Rotterdam without stop—it hesitated for a minute, I should say rather. A goodly number of artisans and husbandmen were on the platform. For the most part they were dressed in the regular European fashion of the day, short sack coats with tiny lapels; tight, almost skin-fitting trousers, and long, pointed shoes. Only five or six wore the picturesque garb of the countryman, a sort of cross between a football costume and bloomers. One of them in particular, a man of sixty perhaps, whose trousers or divided skirts, whichever may be the more apt term, were more aristocratic in width than those of the others, and whose broad-beamed shoes seemed more seaworthy than those of the rest, drew my attention especially. His old face sadly wrinkled, yet still ruddy, looked out from under the peculiar wide visored cap that he wore, with that warm geniality of expression that is instilled by good cheese and good beer. It was one of those kindly low-country faces breathing a wholesome familiarity with good schnapps and good tobacco, that Rembrandt loved to paint.

An hour after leaving the Hook, we rolled into Rotterdam, a city of many canals and more bridges. From our first position as we alighted from the train we could count a dozen different bridges in the immediate foreground.

We found that it was necessary for us to get to the central station a mile distant in another part of the city, in order to catch the train that was to take us into Germany. To carry a fifty-pound suit case that distance was clearly out of the question. At this juncture entered the altruist. He came in the form of a dark, wiry little man who spoke a doggerel that sounded in spots like English. At other times it sounded like water flowing out of a bottle. After a

voluble polemic, accompanied with much gesticulation and shrugging of the shoulders, he finally made clear to us his willingness to convey our luggage to the station for a shilling each. We could follow at our leisure in a hansom for a like amount. We asked innocently about tramcars, but he answered in terms that were as unintelligible as they were swift and vigorous.

Just as matters were getting strained a trolley car hove into view, and without further ado we boarded it, taking our chances of getting to the right place. The look he shot after us as we left was glowering enough to have made us fear for our safety had we been compelled to remain in his vicinity longer. We breathed a sigh of relief as the car rounded a bend and shut him off from our sight.

The conductor approached us and asked for our fare. Dilemma two—we had no Dutch money. He understood a little German and we finally made him understand our position and induced him to accept an English sixpence for our fares. He did not ring it up and we made no comment. As chance would have it, we had boarded the right car and were put off a few minutes later, bag and baggage, at our destination, the terminal depot of the German railways.

The uniformed Portier (the man at all large continental railway stations who speaks your tongue no matter where you come from, and looks after the convenience of the traveling public) directed us in fairly good English to the first-class waiting room and informed us that our train would be along in about two hours. In the waiting room we breakfasted on hot coffee, Swiss cheese, bread and butter, and tendered a half crown in payment. This time the English money was accepted without question, and the waiter returned a few minutes later with our change, a handful of small copper and silver coins. We noticed with a sense of kinship the fact that here, as over in America, one's change in a restaurant is always brought in small pieces. With

what was left after we had given him the expected tip we bought two post cards and two stamps. I still had five or six copper coins left even after the last purchase; with these I tried to buy a London paper from the newstand lady. She smiled sadly and shook her head.

"Eet is feefteen cent, Mein Herr," she said, with a quaint little bob of her head. · Further conversation with her was impossible, for her English vocabulary was limited to post cards and newspapers.

We took a short walk in the immediate vicinity of the station. On all sides were bridges and canals; only here and there a wide paved street, lined with shops whose shutters were still barred and locked. I regret now that we did not stay a day or two in Rotterdam, but at that time we were anxious to get into Germany. Fear of missing our train and uneasiness in regard to our baggage which we had left unchecked in the waiting room, caused us to return to the station an hour later. A few minutes more and we were speeding south on the through train to Cologne.

The change from the Dutch to the German trains was a grateful one. Here at least we could try our German in deciphering the multiplicity of signs that adorned our compartment. On the door was lettered sententiously, *"Für nicht Räucher."* Attached to a stout cord, presumably to keep it from being carried away, was a well-bound book containing detailed information about the hotels and attractions on the route.

We were still in Holland—there was no mistaking that. Spinning eagerly on the distant sky line were a dozen windmills. On both sides as far as the eye could see, were wide green meadows in which grazed herd after herd of sleek, round-bellied Dutch cows. Peaceful, well-fed, short-legged cows such as one can see in large numbers only in Holland. Bright, red-roofed cottages without number, framed in their doorways copiously skirted Hausfraus, who watched us with

good-natured interest as the train whisked by. Everywhere miniature little vegetable gardens, checkered by numberless miniature canals and peopled by miniature little Dutch folk in enormous wooden shoes, who were industriously chopping away the last obstinate weeds from among the cabbage and cucumbers, spurred on perhaps by visions of midwinter sour kraut and dill pickles.

An hour after leaving Rotterdam we arrived at Utrecht. The train stopped only for a few minutes and we caught only a glimpse of this quaint old town of treaties and churches. We passed rapidly through the remaining forty or fifty miles of Dutch territory and finally stopped at Elten, the Prussian frontier station, where our luggage was again gone through—this time by the minions of the Kaiser.

What a difference between the Dutch officials and the German! The first were all kindness and geniality—the latter bristling with importance, brusque and domineering. Mild, easy-going, good-natured Holland was just across the border—we had entered keenly modern, aggressive, militant Germany.

To ....

BY NEWMAN I. WHITE.

The tender, soft smile of spring beauty has fled;
The violets, roses, lilies are dead;
  Their fragrance has faded away.
The winter's dead leaves lying dark on the ground,
Moan low in the blasts, with a sorrowful sound—
  They weep at the passing of May.

But why should I weep? While I think on thy face
Forgotten is spring, with its sweet gentle grace;
  Thy beauty alone ever clings.
I dream of a countenance dimpled, demure,
Where blossom God's lilies and rose petals pure,
  And sigh nevermore for the spring's.

Historical and Character Sketch of Bishop Edward Rondthaler.

BY R. D. KORNER.

Now and then in the distresses of a nation, which tell of "wars and wars' desolation, amid the flash of an arrow and the blast of a trumpet," there appears on the horizon some gifted being in whom men place their confidence. Joan of Arc sprang up at a time when the well blossomed rose of France seemed as though it might wither and die. Under her skillful guidance and excited to action by her enthusiasm, France was saved the bondage of an English King. Less critical times in the history of churches have arisen when men were needed to proclaim the Gospel and to organize and to reorganize the church until it was found that it rested upon a firm foundation. It is, then, no wonder that Bishop Edward Rondthaler has been able to give to his people such a deep insight into the religious life of today, coming as he does from an ancestry of nearly 150 years of active service in the Moravian Church.

Bishop Rondthaler's grandfather, Emanuel Rondthaler, was pastor of a Moravian Church in Sarepta, Russia. After loyal and faithful service for several years, expounding the Gospel as he believed it to his people, he came to America and settled at York, Pennsylvania, where he was made pastor of the Moravian Church. On September 6, 1817, Edward Rondthaler was born. His life was one of veritable toil in behalf of Moravianism and of his people. His undertakings were not as a stroll in the gardens, but a constant toil in the field of religion. At one time he was President of the Moravian Theological Seminary at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. His record was one of patience, courage and a combination of high intellectual and moral qualities.

Edward Rondthaler, the subject of this sketch, was born

at Schœneck, Pennsylvania, in 1842, his father at that time being pastor of the Moravian Church in that town. As a boy he displayed exceptional qualities. He early learned to read and write, and at eleven years of age had entered school at Nazareth Hall. His mother died one year following his entrance to Nazareth Hall, and it was indeed a very serious blow which forced him to continue his struggle in life without knowing the tender caresses and loving advice always coming from a true and admirable mother. Added to this very severe trial, was his father's death in the succeeding year. Such circumstances have handicapped many a young man who is just forming ideas and ideals in the world, which often prove as his guiding star in future life; but through an indomitable will and by the loving kindness of friends and kinsmen, Edward Rondthaler, an orphan boy of thirteen years of age, remained in school at Nazareth Hall until 1858. From this school he pursued his studies in the Moravian Theological Seminary at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and after four years of hard study, spent one year in Germany at the University of Erlangen.

Just two years after he had returned from Germany he was made a deacon, and became pastor of a Moravian church in Brooklyn, New York. While here he married Miss Mary E. Jacobson, daughter of Bishop Jacobson,—a queenly woman of high character, and one who has made the work of her husband her work. After a stay of two years in Brooklyn, which was very fruitful of results and exceedingly pleasing to him, he was called to Philadelphia. Though only having had a few years' experience in preaching, the Bishop had already acquired that divine insight into the revelations that lie beyond, and so vividly did he portray his characters that oftentimes the listener would imagine he saw before him the incarnation of the coming Messiah,

> "As though an angel in his upward flight,
> Had left his mantle floating in mid air."

It was indeed with a great spirit of reluctance that the people of Philadelphia bore the severance of his relations with their church; and were forced to see him on October 21, 1877, give up his pastorate in Philadelphia and go to Salem, North Carolina, the Moravian district now known as Wachovia.

Rondthaler's advent to Salem meant much to this community. For just at this time a man familiar with new ideas was needed to take charge of the Salem Female Academy. Through the superior training he had received in Northern schools he was in 1884 made Principal of this Academy. Immediately after he had taken charge of the Academy, systematized its workings and inspired new hope, it began to attract publicity. From that day unto the present it has ever been on a steadfast march upward, and parents have felt an abiding confidence in the character of the work done at this institution. Four years prior to his appointment as principal, however, the University of North Carolina conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon him, an honor justly merited by hard and consistent labor. While he was yet serving in his new capacity as Principal of Salem Female Academy he made extensive trips to prominent universities abroad, and always returned with some new ideas that meant additional advancement for the college. He was elected at this time President of the Board of Trustees, and continues to hold this honor even to the present day. After he had served as principal for about four years, the many outside duties devolving upon him forced him to resign. Rev. John H. Clewell was called from the West to take charge of the Academy. Two or three years following this action Doctor Rondthaler was consecrated Bishop of the Unity by Levering, Bachman and Van Vleck, and is today the only Bishop in the Southern Province of the Moravian Church.

In his work as Bishop he has been greatly aided by his

trips abroad. In 1880 he visited Egypt and Palestine, making a thorough study of all the minor details connected with the birth of our Saviour. His mind was more than ever filled with an everlasting love for his people. Aside from the enjoyment arising from his frequent visits to the old country, there comes to the Bishop a peculiar pleasure in narrating even the most minute incidents of his trips; and one does not have to press him unduly that he may gain information. There is no trace of reticence in his character, but endowed with a ready gift of expression, he has been likened unto Samuel Johnson as a conversationalist.

And his people being fully cognizant of the riches which lie in store for them, have always urged him to make frequent visits to the Holy Land. Actuated by such impulses and the desire to learn more of the Christ life, Bishop Rondthaler attended the General Synod of the Moravian Church, which meets every ten years at Herrnhut, Saxony, for four successive meetings,—the years 1879, 1889, 1899, and 1909. Here he has vied with the greatest of America's sons, and his influence and quick foresight have helped to make the actions as taken by this Synod highly acceptable to the Moravian world.

His work, however, has not been confined strictly to the Home Moravian Church in Salem, but he has also been the head of the Linguistic department in Salem Female College, and for a long time met the Senior Class of the Salem Boys' School once a week and discussed with them the live topics of the day. It was here I learned to know that not only was he an adept in interpretings the Scriptures, but that he kept in touch with the great movements of the world. Once a week the students of the Salem Boys' School and Salem Female College are assembled together in the large chapel hall and hear from the lips of that divinely conscious man sweet words of hope and good cheer. It is here, perhaps best of all, that the Bishop's narratives have

found a welcome in the minds of his eager students. His graphic descriptions, his wonderful aptitude for figures of speech, and his remarkable memory enable him to arouse even the dullest laggard. So clearly and forcibly are presented the geographical conditions of that country "over whose acres walked those blessed feet, which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed for our advantage on the bitter cross," that it does not require the imagination of a Burke to appreciate the simplicity and grandeur of his narrative. The students of these Moravian institutions have become all the more endeared to the Bishop because of this "Chapel-meeting" hour.

And when he has left the girls and boys to other instructors, he enters into the many duties which lie before him with a great deal of pleasure and earnestness. He may be seen coming from the darkest parts of Winston-Salem late in the evening, with a quick, firm step, carrying always his Bible under his arm. He is a very dear friend to the poor and gives freely his advice to those who may seek it. His recognition of old friends is marvelous. He possesses that remarkable faculty of remembering names. This has been shown on a number of occasions, and particularly in Charlotte in 1907. After having delivered the Baccalaureate Sermon at the Presbyterian College, people thronged to grasp his hand. He was here heard to call ladies by their maiden names, some of whose faces he had not seen for years,—at the same time recalling little events that had happened when they were last together.

Not only is he admired when seen walking down the street, but in the pulpit he commands death-like silence, his deep sonorous voice penetrating into every nook and corner of the edifice. When he is heard saying, in the beautiful cemetery at Salem, on the occasion of the Easter Morning Service, which is witnessed by thousands of people throughout the State every year: "The Lord is Risen," one is thrilled with

the solemnity of his utterance. This service has created a great deal of interest throughout the country and is today recognized as one of the prettiest known to the religious world. So unique and widespread has its fame become that often during this service strangers are turned away from hotels and private houses for lack of accommodation. His "Good Morning" on the street casts aside every feeling of melancholy and bitterness and lights up within one's soul a spirit of cheerfulness. His mode of prayer is out of the ordinary, for he prays with his eyes wide open. His work has been thoroughly systematized and his zealousness to accomplish all the good possible has kept him ever on the alert.

Bishop Rondthaler's personal appearance is altogether prepossessing. He is of more than medium height, his face somewhat full but inclined to be long. His eyes are large and keen, his nose a little above the common in size, and his expression bright and cheerful. His step is quick and firm, his aspect manly, and his voice clear and strong. His excellent health and his physical endurance alone explains the astonishing quickness with which he has moved about his province, conducting meetings at distant places with unfailing punctuality.

But the Bishop has at last laid aside active work as Pastor of the Home Moravian Church at Salem, entrusting this to the care of that eminently fitted man, Rev. J. Kenneth Pfohl. He still, however, continues to have general supervision over the Southern Province as Bishop. He now moves among his people, visiting the sick and offering words of cheer to those in distress. A great and noble man, possessing just those qualities which make us love and esteem a fellowman. Such a personage is Bishop Edward Rondthaler. Though he has ceased active duty he will always hold the strongest affections of his people.

His Divine Antagonist.

BY C. M. HUTCHINGS.

"I wish you would please take a look at this letter, old fellow," remarked Maurice Landon one morning at breakfast, tossing an open note across the table to his roommate and fellow artist, "Bull" Stephens, as they used to call him at "Old Eli." The two chums having been deluded into the belief that in their souls lay dormant the artistic powers of a Botticelli or Corot, had departed from college the previous year and after a brief tour of the continent had settled down in that Mecca of Bohemians, the Latin Quarter of Paris. Thus my story finds them.

Stephens, picking up the billet, bestowed upon it an amused persual. It ran as follows:

MONSIEUR:—It is my unpleasant duty to inform you that the Compte de Chalons refuses point blanc your challenge. As he states no reason for his refusal, I fear that a very uncomplimentary interpretation must be put upon his action. As his second, I regret this culmination of the affair exceedingly.

Yours, etc.,

GASPARD BEAUMARCHAIS.

"I expected something of the kind, Maurice," laughed "Bull." "Evidently your friend de Chalons is a coward."

"Well, I'm glad it has ended as it has, though nothing would have given me more satisfaction than to fill some portion of the d—d scoundrel's anatomy full of lead," replied Maurice.

And here we will have to pause and get our bearings. The "affair" that the letter mentioned was one of those trageo-comic ones which are now being laughed out of existence even in Europe. Even the events which lead up to, and culminated in, a challenge on the part of Maurice Landon to de Chalons, bordered closely on the ridiculous. Of course they were undeniably serious to the parties concerned,—but wait a minute.

The two young adventurers into the kingdom of art and Bohemia with whom this story opens had in their employ a professional artist's model, Sophie by name. Of a classically beautiful type, she had already graced the canvasses of many of Paris' greatest artists, and was much sought after in consequence. The two Americans, having the "dough," secured the prize, and proceeded to wear their brushes down to the handles, in their effort to make good their opportunity.

But others were interested in Sophie, and for other reasons. The Compte de Chalons' reputation as a lady-killer was well founded. His successes with the fair sex were the talk of the city. What more natural than that he should be attracted toward the equally famous Sophie? With the arrogance of long success, the young roué proceeded to add one more feather to his cap,—one more conquest to his string. And right here, as Uncle Remus says, he broke his molasses jug.

Landon and Stephens had taken more than a mere professional interest in the girl. There was something pitiful about her—a child of the slums, raised amid the most evil surroundings, and yet keeping her innate purity of heart and mind uncontaminated; she was one of those rare beings which do now and then exist, all cynics to the contrary notwithstanding,—like a lily growing in a swamp, white and innocent.

That Landon in particular had acquired a powerful influence over her was evident. He was so different from any of the men she knew, in his treatment of her. Where others looked upon her as an object to be admired for her physical perfection,—or to be pursued, Landon had always been toward her as a friend, a comforter, a scolding, blunt, but open-hearted elder brother. Stephens might murmur silly things in her ear, or surrepticiously squeeze her hand ("Bull" was always susceptible to feminine charms)—Landon was her *friend.*

Consequently, as soon as the latter heard of the attention

she was receiving from the Compte, his anger flared up like a Bunsen burner. From the heights of his worldly wisdom of twenty-six years he lectured her upon the choice of companions, ending up by a flat injunction never to speak to de Chalons again. Imagine the result upon the Count and his subsequent feelings toward Landon. This was the beginning of the whole matter. Now for the climax.

One evening Stephens took Sophie to an after theatre supper at a small café in the Quarter,—Maurice Landon going along as chaperon. As it happened, le Compte de Chalons and several friends were at a table adjoining that of the three. Both parties expected trouble, and as a result it came in abundance.

Raising his voice to a purposely high carrying pitch, the Count made a coarse bon mot about the two pigs of Americans and their *femme de la rue.* The next instant Landon was standing by his chair. When he spoke his voice was even and low, but with a deep undertone of menace:

"You are going to apologize for that remark, my dear sir, and spare me the trouble of throttling you."

"Apoligize? Sacre bleue, but I am not in the habit of apoligizing to canaille, you—"

Whatever epithet he was about to make remained unsaid. With a blow of his foot Landon jerked the Compte's chair from beneath his body, depositing the latter upon the floor.

For a moment, nothing happened, and then things began happening at a surprising rate. The Count's friends, coming to his rescue, interposed themselves between the angry American and the prostrate scion of nobility. The proprietor came on the run, adding his voice to the general confusion. Stephens attempted to interpose, but Sophie, going into a momentary fit of histerics, engrossed all his attention. The other guests of the café added their uncalled for assistance in preventing further bloodshed.

Suddenly the comic side of the affair seemed to strike

Maurice, and throwing back his head he collapsed into a fit of weak-kneed laughter. This was the last straw!

Springing to his feet, apopleptic with rage, the Count exclaimed: "What? you laugh at me, you dare to mock me, you dog, you pig, you wretch," and catching up his wine glass he flung its contents into the astonished face of his "insulter."

And only the combined forces of those present prevented Landon from making piecemeal of that ill-advised *gentil homme.*

This was the provocation which called forth a challenge from the American. At first he was inclined to "take it out" on the Count in a more characteristically national manner, but found this somewhat difficult to do under the circumstances. Then he realized what a fine chance presented itself for a duel, something to talk about "back home,"—something genuinely European and Bohemian, without which, he suddenly realized, his European stay would be stale and uneventful. Coupled with this reason, we must confess that he was moved by a more vindictive one. He was but human, my dear reader!

But, as was indicated in the opening of this story, his hopes were doomed to failure. In the words of "Bull" Stephens, the count was a coward. Having had some indication of Landon's prowess, he prudently decided to risk nothing further at the hands of the American "savage." And thus the matter rested, until—

Several days later, Maurice again tossed a letter across the breakfast table for the perusal of his friend. This second letter, in a neat feminine hand, ran as follows:

Monsieur:—I am astounded! I am overwhelmed! I have just been informed that my cousin, le Compte de Chalons, has refused to meet you on the field of honor. Ah, Monsieur, I must perforce admit what you already believe, that my cousin is a coward!

By this action on his part my family name is dishonored, my

honorable escutcheon besmirsched! Were there any male relatives left to the count, they would gladly sell their life's blood to retrieve our sacred honor. But alas, only I remain, and I am a woman.

Now, Monsieur, I must ask of you a boon. Will you not grant me the honor to cross swords with you, that the honor of our race be not disgraced? Believe me, the act would not prove you a coward, for that the whole world knows you are not, but it would be the greatest of favours to me.

Therefore I challenge you formally to fight the duel which my cousin refused. I take up the gauntlet in his name. Please, Monsieur, do not refuse. Yours gratefully,

Aurorie de Chalons.

"Well, I'll be—hanged," ejaculated the reader. "Did anything ever beat that. Of course you will have to refuse the little Amazon?"

"Refuse her? I guess not. Why, man, don't you see what the family disgrace means to the girl. Do you think I would have the heart to refuse a request couched in such pitiable appeals to my chivalry?"

"Well, go ahead, my imbecil friend, and make yourself the talk of the Quarter. 'Maurice Landon wounded in a duel, by the fair Aurore de Chalons.' Wouldn't that look nice?"

"Aw go to Halifax. There's not going to be any duel."

The very morning just mentioned Landon sent his answer to the "challenge," stating that while the case was rather extraordinary, he appreciated the Madamoiselle's feelings, and therefore accepted the honor proferred him at her fair hands. One motive, however, he did not mention, for his acceptance. Maurice had taken a sort of long distance fancy to his fair challenger, "the plucky little kid," as he called her, and considered this a good chance to get introduced, and settle the matter amicably.

We will now skip the intervening formalities of arranging the "affair d'honeur," and bring the story down to the morning of the eventful day. Stephens, accompanying his friend in the coach as his second, still continued to pour jokes and sarcasm into the ears of his principal. Landon maintained

a sullen silence. Truth to tell, he was growing a little ashamed of the matter himself.

The rendezvous was the private house of a mutual friend. When the two Americans arrived, they found the other party already on hand. As the porter showed them into the "chambre de combat," Maurice cast an inquisitive eye about in search of his feminine antagonist. He was not long in the search. A glorious personality suddenly seemed to fill his entire visage,—a glorious combination of golden brown hair, against which her pale skin showed like ivory. Two hazel eyes swept him half scornfully, half fearfully. A pair of shapely arms were locked across her breast, definantly. And *this, this* was to be his opponent.

"Gentlemen," he found himself saying, "I wish to explain the circumstances of this affair. I came here at the earnest request of Mmdle. de Chalons, to give her satisfaction for a family quarrel. I protest I do not wish the matter to continue further. Let Mademoiselle consider her honor and that of her family vindicated at the expense of mine."

"Not so, Monsieur." Her eyes were flashing now. "I will accept nothing at the hands of an insulter of my cousin. Monsieur will find nothing disgraceful in crossing arms with me, I assure you. Few men can handle the blades more skillfully than myself, woman that I am."

("Look out, boy. I believe she's going to beat you," whispered Stephens).

Still dazed by the "vision beautiful," half conscious of what he was doing, Maurice found himself stripped of his coat, led into the center of the room, and handed a light 32-inch duelling sword, which his numbed fingers clutched automatically. And then—

It had happened. At the touch of the blades Aurore de Chalons had opened her attack. As he paried a dangerous lunge in second he realized that she had spoken the truth. She *was* a match for most men, this termagant with the hazel eyes.

For a very few seconds the bright blades played, though to one of the combatants it seemed a century. Suddenly, making a feint in the tierce position, she quickly passed the point over Landon's guard and lunged in high carte. There was the flash of steel, Maurice felt a sudden burning pain, then—oblivion.

Still those hazel eyes! This was the first conscious thought that returned to the unconscious Maurice. Others of similar nature followed it. A pair of soft white hands were rubbing his forehead. A wisp of golden brown brushed his check. At first he could not remember where he was. Then it was plain. This was Paradise, of course, and he remarked the same, half to himself, half to the glorious personage with the hazel eyes. She blushed profusely,—and divinely.

"No, *mon chere,* this is still the house of that unfortunate occurrence. Can you ever forgive me, Monsieur? I, who might have killed you, in my blind and senseless passion against you?" Her eyes sought his imploringly, tear-stained.

"Forgive her? Could he forgive her, this peri who rubbed one's forehead, and whose golden brown curls brushed one's cheeks? Before he knew what he was doing, he had caught both her hands in his. *Then* he knew.

"And to think that I might have killed you before we had been really introduced," murmured Madame Aurore Landon, neeè Chalons, in the arms of her husband, several months later. What might have been expected!

Aftermath.

BY "J."

Sometimes Fate deals us such a hand
  As would move our souls to laughter,
If we could but forget, my merry friends,
  The things which follow after!

When the toiler in the open
  Has cleared out field and path,
Up crops a second growth of grass,
  Known as the aftermath!

When the world's old tongue has wagged awhile,
  Soiling your name, mayhap,
And you think the gossips must be tired,
  Then comes an afterclap!

When the day is almost finished,
  And the sun is sinking low,
Appears an evening twilight—
  It is the afterglow!

When in youth our feet have wandered
  From the ways our elders taught,
In age our slumbering conscience wakes,
  And we have an afterthought!

When the actors have grown weary,
  And the play's about to cease,
We must have patience yet awhile
  For that farce—the afterpiece!

When our days have all been numbered
  And this world we're soon to quit,
We're oft just learning how to live—
  Too late—an afterwit!

Then when the game is played out,
  We throw down the cards,
Our good hands and our bad hands,
  To face the afterwards!

An Ideal Mill Community.

BY L. HERBIN.

The rapid increase of cotton mills in this State within the past few years has given rise to problems which have brought to us greater responsibilities than has the increased wealth of which we so fondly boast. In the agitation of the mill question various remedies have been suggested. The experience of England and the New England States has taught us that there are but two methods by which the status of the mill employee can be permanently improved. These are by legislation, and the voluntary acts of the mill men themselves, in shortening the hours of labor, for women and children especially, in improving sanitary conditions, and in the education of their people. In this paper I wish to show briefly the advantages gained by a pursuance of the latter method.

I wish to show in detail what the Proximity Manufacturing Co., located at Greensboro, N. C., is doing for its people, as I am inclined to think that but few people in the State know what they have accomplished, since it is a Company that makes no boast as to what it has done or intends doing in the future. The Proximity Manufacturing Company operates Proximity and White Oak Mills, aggregating 100,000 spindles and 3,100 looms, and works over two thousand operatives. For some time both mills have maintained regular, well-organized, welfare departments. Young women graduates in domestic science are employed in the roll of social secretaries, to devote their entire time to the welfare and social betterment of the people. Cooking and sewing classes are operated for the school children, the mill girls, and the older women. There are garden classes for both boys and girls. For several years past the articles made by the children of these mills have taken the leading prizes offered at the county fair in open competition with not only the city of Greensboro, but adjoining counties. At each mill

one of the regular operatives' cottages has been set apart for these social secretaries.

Every spring notices are posted offering prizes for the best kept and most beautiful premises. Under the supervision of the social secretary grass and flower seeds, plants and shrubs, are furnished to all the people who want them, and their front yards plowed. All this is done free of charge by the company. Then, on the fourth of July the company appoints a committee of disinterested parties to award the different prizes for the best kept premises. These prizes range from $5 to $25. It has been the custom of the company, now for four years, to give its employees an annual picnic on the fourth of July. They have a regular picnic ground set apart by the company for that purpose. They usually prepare food and refreshments on these occasions for between five and ten thousand people. To give you some idea as to what they have and how they serve it, I will give you the bill of fare for July 4, 1907: One thousand watermelons, twenty thousand bannanas, fifty bushels of roasted peanuts, forty boxes of lemons, one thousand pounds of cake, and ice cream enough for eighteen or twenty thousand saucers. I have not been able to get the bill of fare for the last picnic of 1908, but I have been told that it was considerably larger than for 1907.

At Christmas every family in both villages is given a turkey, and where there are two families in one house, or where there is a large family two are given them. Then the Christmas exercises at the schools include a Christmas tree with a gift for every child in school. Both mills have a regular well-organized band consisting of the very best instruments, the two sets costing more than a thousand dollars each. The company pays for all instruments, keeps them repaired, and furnishes a teacher and music free of charge. When the band has an engagement, whatever pay they receive for their services goes to the individual mem-

bers. Each mill has a separate baseball team, with uniforms furnished by the company, and inclosed ball parks. In fact the only park in Greensboro is given and kept up by Proximity Manufacturing Company.

A source of general complaint about the average mill village is the bad condition of its streets and sidewalks (if the average one can be said to have streets and sidewalks). This company employs five or six men the year around to give their entire time to improving the public highways. Nothing that could add to the comfort and convenience of the people is left undone. The secret organizations are well cared for at both mills. Commodious rooms are furnished by the company free of charge. The company has donated sites for three churches at each mill, and also contributes largely to their support.

It is not uncommon in cotton mill villages of this kind to see every few days a petition being circulated asking for help for some family in case of sickness or death. But at these mills you see nothing of the kind.. It was stopped several years ago, and since that time has been absolutely prohibited by the company. A local insurance company was organized to take the place of these petitions. Every employee was allowed to pay a small amount into this fund each week, which entitled him to a certain specified sum in case of sickness or death in his family. This was, of course, optional with the people, but the most of them took advantage of it, believing that the company was sincere in its efforts to help them. And, for a company to get the confidence of its employees in this way is, by no means, an easy undertaking. The average factory hand is skeptical of every effort his company makes for bettering the condition of its employees. They think the company has an axe to grind, and every move is only turning the stone for this purpose.

Each mill employs a police health officer, whose business it is to keep order and look after all sickness and deaths in

the village. The company has also taken great interest in the education of its people. They have a well-organized graded school at each mill, with school terms lasting for nine months in the year. These schools, of course, get their pro rata of the county school fund, but this would not last more than three and a half or four months; all the expenses for the remaining five months being borne by the company. Besides the regular public school course, they have kindergarten work, music and normal training. These three courses are supported entirely by the mill owners. All included, they employ twenty-five teachers. I should have added that each school building was erected by the management, independent of the county fund. The school building at the White Oak Mill is one of the best of its kind in North Carolina. It is a brick and granite structure, erected at a cost of between twenty and twenty-five thousand dollars. A. Y. M. C. A. building is to be erected at the White Oak Mill soon by the company, costing twenty-five thousand dollars. Both mills close Saturday at twelve o'clock. Proximity being the first mill in the South to establish that rule, the custom now being pretty general.

What this company has done is a strong argument in proof of the statement made in the beginning of this paper, that the class of moneyed men, who are willing to express their sense of responsibility to those who have made their fortunes possible, are in a position to do more than all the laws on the statute books can ever do. Who can doubt but that this one company has done more for the cotton mill people of this State than the Legislature has ever done or can do; the improvements instituted being in no wise compulsory. But some of the other mill men in the State are learning that they must do the same things for their people if they expect to get the best help and keep it. Other mill men say that there is a selfish motive behind all this company has done for its people; that it is only a scheme of the

company to get the best help from other mills. Granting for argument's sake that this statement is true, the results are the same. The people are being benefited. If a man gives me three meals a day, why should I worry about the motive prompting the gift. I know there is a saying that "the gift without the giver is bare," but that appears to me to have more sentiment than practical common sense in it.

WALTER B. WEST, - - - - - Editor-in-Chief
EDWIN S. M'INTOSH, - - - - - Associate Editor

Dedication.

On the flyleaf of this issue you will find a most beautiful dedication to teachers. It is not only fine in sentiment, but it is exquisitely worded. This dedication is taken from "The Dark Corner," by Zach McGhee, Washington correspondent of the Charlotte Observer. The little book is a story of a dark corner in South Carolina. It treats of the ignorance and primitive customs of a certain section of the Palmetto State, and tells how education transformed the place, revolutionizing a county. But it is not my purpose to give a synopsis of the story. Read it. You will find it very interesting, and it should be the more so because it is true. I only wished to call your attention to the beauty of the dedication. In a few heart-felt sentences we have a picture true to life. Hundreds of men and women have renounced all that seemed dear to them, and have given their lives, everything, that the sunshine of education, of enlightenment and of civilization, might shine into some dark corner, isolated, and shut in from the world, by a dense wall of ignorance and superstition. Many such places have been opened up by unassuming, unpretentious, self-sacrificing men, whose incalculable service to humanity and to posterity will ever remain unheralded.

Co-operation.

In the very beginning of history we learn that men were associated together, not only for protection against the common enemy, but for their economic welfare. Even at that primitive time man had learned that individualism, while beautiful in theory, was far from practical in application. In all spheres of the world's activity the greatest success has ever been due to coöperation. In the industrial world the coöperative system has always been preëminent. In the intellectual realm coöperation is paramount. We have inherited the combined accumulation of the learning of the greatest minds of all time. Even in the religious world our marvelous success has been due to the unified labor of numberless, big-hearted, whole-souled, men. Almost everywhere we turn we see the beneficial effects of coöperation.

However, it seems to me that there is a decided lack of coöperation in a college community. Especially is this true with reference to publications. Though many students have literary ability, it is difficult to get them to exercise their talent along this line. There are so many interests at college, that men who can write either do not have time or will not take time to develop their powers of literary production. It is an indisputable fact that a very small per cent of the student body has to shoulder the onus of responsibility, not only of the college publications, but of the society work, and of the various other organizations. There should be a common interest in these things. Would not infinitely better results be obtained by the earnest coöperative efforts of the student body as a unit? Some men who have talent for composition go through a four years' course and make absolutely no effort whatever to improve this very rare endowment. There are others who, though they do not possess this gift to such a great extent, by devoting a little time to literary effort, would eventually become good writers. There have been very few geniuses in writing in any age. Many of our greatest men of letters composed only with the most

painstaking effort. This truth ought to be a source of encouragement to many of us and should add impetus to literary endeavor.

The ARCHIVE is exceedingly desirous of securing the coöperation of every student in college this year, regardless of the class to which he belongs. For several years past some very creditable articles have been published in this magazine by first year students. I am glad that in this issue that class is represented. Let us hope that others may contribute.

While it is not altogether true that college publications serve as indices of the work done by the institution, yet they have a much wider circulation than many suppose, and in a sense, a college is judged by the character of its literary products. Probably this matter has never occurred to most of us in just this light before. From a sense of college patriotism, if from no other motive, every student should feel obligated to lend his very best efforts in making the ARCHIVE the greatest success possible this year. This can be accomplished only by our undivided coöperation. We realize that many of us cannot contribute matter for publication, but each one can give substantial aid in another way. It is the duty of every student in college to subscribe to his college publications. This is the very least you can afford to do. The business manager has a much harder road to travel than the uinitiated imagine. It is lined with anything but roses. To run a periodical successfully the financial obligations must be met. The managers of The Chronicle and the ARCHIVE say that there is great difficulty in securing subscriptions this year. The students seem to have no interest whatever in these organs. In conclusion, if you are too modest or too indolent to write for your college publications, let me urge each of you to give your subscription to them. It is the privilege of every student to do all that lies within his power for his college.

MARY M. TAPP, - - - - - - - - MANAGER

Perhaps the most notable characteristic of the list of publishers' announcements of new books is the great variety and interest of the biographies. Readers of the next few months may revel in this form of literary enjoyment, since all tastes seem to have been provided for.

In searching among these biographies for "the book of the year" one would not go far astray in fixing upon the "Retrospections of an Active Life," by Mr. John Bigelow. This important work is in three volumes and covers a period of over fifty years' activity on the part of its distinguished author. This old man, now completing his ninety-second year, in telling his life story, has brought to bear new light on vexed questions of history, and it can be safely said that no future history of the period covered can be written without a considerable dependence on the authority of his valuable work. This publication cannot fail to be of interest to all American readers..

Among biographies of famous Englishmen we are to expect one of Henry M. Stanley, written by himself and edited by Lady Stanley. We have already been told a part of his notable and adventurous career in his famous book, "Through Darkest Africa." But here, for the first time in his own words, we have the complete story of his life written in a vivid and telling manner. We also have told, for the first time, in his autobiography and the supplementary narrative which is made up from his letters, the inner history of many important events and espisodes which have not hitherto been

made public. This interesting and valuable autobiography will have a wide and powerful appeal to all classes of readers. It should take rank as a book of permanent importance in its field.

Another forthcoming biography, which will prove of great value to students of oratory and American history, is "Wendell Phillips, Orator and Agitator," by Lorenzo Sears, of Providence. This is the first attempt at a serious study of Phillips' remarkable personality and career, and it sums up with authority the achievement of the great orator and reformer from the standpoint of the present day.

In the field of literature the most important single announcement seems to be the publication of "Emerson's Journals," edited by Edward W. Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes. These hitherto unpublished journals will be of exceptional interest. Begun in boyhood and continued through fifty active years they reflect the great man's thoughts, questionings, reading, and impressions of men and things. Among the notabilities mentioned are Dr. Channing, Everett, Webster, Carlyle, Thoreau, Alcott, Father Taylor, Ellery, Margaret Fuller, and Hawthorne. The first two volumes, covering the years from 1820 to 1830, will be ready this month.

October also sees the addition of a new volume by Rudyard Kipling to the Outward Bound edition called "Actions and Reactions." This new volume is of the utmost importance and interest, being the great writer's first collection of tales since the Nobel prize was awarded him. It contains eight new stories and a number of new poems not before brought into available form.

In the wilderness of fiction we may entertain great expectations of many new books, especially "Bella Donna," by Mr. Robert Hichens. This is a powerful drama infinitely more human than the "Garden of Allah." The scenes are laid in Africa, a setting peculiarly suited to Mr. Hichens' talent. This book will be ready early in October.

Another new work of fiction is "The Calling of Dan Matthews," by Harold Bell Wright, author of "That Printer of Udell's," and "The Shepherd of the Hills." This story is largely concerned with the commercialization of the church. Its hero is the son of two chief characters in one of the previous books. What little plot there is in the book is handled more skilfully than the plots of the other novels, but the characters lack the illusion of reality. In this respect the book is not equal to Mr. Hichens' former novels.

Perhaps after all, books of travel will occupy the foremost place in the public eye. We may hardly conjecture what volumes may be brought forth by Messrs. Cook and Peary, but of books actually in sight we note "The Land of the Lion," by Mr. W. S. Rainsford, formerly rector of St. George's Church, New York. This book tells with graphic clearness of the great game hunt as it is now in Africa. It also contains interesting studies and observations of African native life and is generously illustrated with photographs taken at close quarters. The reader for pleasure, combined with instruction, will find this book of much interest.

Another book of travel widely advertised is "Italian Hours," by Henry James. The author starts with Venice, after which follow delightful pictures and personal impressions of other cities and towns in Italy. The book is rich in illustrations and will prove fascinating in its interest and appeal to all who have journeyed to the Mediterranean.

"The German Element in the United States," by Albert Bernhardt Faust, professor of German in Cornell University, is a work in two volumes that will undoubtedly prove of great value and interest. It is the first to deal at length with this subject, and is at once a piece of important historical research which will be indispensable for students of history. The first volume deals with the history of the Germans in this country from the earliest times to the present. It is well arranged and thoroughly documented. The second volume makes a

searching analysis of the influence of the German element in our American civilization. This work will be of interest to all American citizens, and especially to those of German descent.

We read that the firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Company has in preparation an entirely new and complete edition of the novels of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, which will be issued in the autumn of 1909. This edition will have many new and important features, among which are the new introductions and illustrations.

Harper & Brothers are bringing out a new edition of the Bronte novels and poems known as the Thornfield Edition. It contains the complete writings of the Brontes, also the "Life of Charlotte Bronte," by Mrs. Gaskell. There are seven volumes in the edition.

Scribner's Magazine announces that in its October number will begin Theodore Roosevelt's own and exclusive account of his African trip. The articles will run a year. This announcement doubtless proves of much interest to all Americans.

JAMES L. HUTCHISON, - - - - - - - MANAGER

Beautiful illusions! There are usually two classes of the great untried who cherish illusions: the sport and the reformer. The sport says that he will not be satisfield until he sees all phases of life. Every time he sits up until the wee small hours in a smoky, stuffy room with the rest of the would-be's he sees more of this thing he calls life. Beautiful illusions of youth! He now does it on seven dollars per.

Sometimes you have come out of the library with that depressed feeling, wondering whether it is all really worth while or not. You have seen too many books at one time. Go up and shine your shoes.

He wrote a book. It wasn't about a tailor-made man who followed an alabaster-browed woman through Europe in order to win her hand. No, it was a fairly good book. It was human. The characters were well drawn and true to life.

He was found dead not very long ago—starvation.

The young fellow who was going to reform the world hasn't time right now. He is too busy reporting for the "Podunk News."

To write a best seller: pour a little red ink on some yellow paper, and illustrate here and there with fashion plates.

It is all very well to come to college with the intention of becoming a man; but those dignified "prep" school airs will not help. Drop that sober, melancholy look and be natural.

If a man under thirty years of age tells you that he is a student of human nature, leave him. Forever afterwards shun his company. Nine times out of ten he is a gossip and a scandal bearer.

Don't take it so hard. Even if the other fellow has a pair of silk hose, he had to have them charged.

We want everyone who will, to contribute to this department. Anything but a pun will be gladly and thankfully received. So, when you feel extraordinarily bright or witty, write down your wit and hand it in.

The Awakening.

You placed your small white hands in mine,
And raised your mouth, lips half apart,
And smiled; and mine they scarce touched thine,
Glad little heart!

Half 'fraid, you laughed in sundering,
And hushed of sudden with a start,
And clasped my hand, dazed, wondering,
Mad little heart!

Then gave you me your lips, red, warm,
And kissed away your yearning heart,
And cried it out upon my arm.
Sad little heart!

The Way of a Maid.

At first thy prudish heart would not
  Let thee get close to me,
Until I *held* thee close, God wot,
  And forced a kiss on thee;
And now thy foolish heart cannot
  Get close *enough* to me!

ARTHUR M. PROCTOR, - - - - - - MANAGER

For this, our first issue, the Exchange Editor has nothing to do since, until now, the exchange desk is empty. The Editor cannot enter into his real work until the next issue, but as a foreword we would like to state that in so far as we are able we will make a diligent examination and will try to render an impartial criticism of all exchanges which we receive. The task of a critic is no easy one and some of our contemporaries may find occasion to criticise the critic, since he is a new man at the job and one who has none of the qualities of critic, unless it be that of seemingly knowing how a thing should be done, but cannot do it that way himself.

In our criticism and discussion of the magazines which reach our table we shall endeavor to point out, not only the good qualities which we see, but also the bad ones. We hope to be able to make our criticisms instructive, and if in doing so we are sometimes rigid we hope that the author will try to place himself in the position of the one who looks at his work from the outside and will try to see his deficiencies as the other person sees them.

A great deal of matter published in college magazines is of necessity very mediocre and some of it should not be published, but now and then we run across some rare gems, and it is the business of the editors of the magazines to try to find and develop those who are capable of producing such work. We hope that we will have the pleasure of reading many of these gems during the year. If we should be apparently too severe in discussing those articles which we do not consider worthy, remember that we have set a very high

standard, and, too, perhaps the author of the article may not have the proper talent for the work he has undertaken.

Many of our magazines start out with a rush and have the first few issues crowded with good material and then when the holidays begin and the managers begin to fill themselves with good things they cease to give out good things. Or when springtime comes the "fever" gets into their system and they cease to give out anything at all. They should endeavor to have out every issue on time.

To the Exchange Editors we send greetings and best wishes for a great year's work.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

WALTER B. WEST, - - - - - Editor-in-Chief
WILLIS SMITH, - - - - - Business Manager

MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the college.

Subscription price, $1.25 per scholastic year. Single copy, 15 cents.

Changes in advertisements may be made by notifying the Business Manager.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *alma mater.* If you do not wish to become subscribers, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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"There is no plummet line to measure excellence, for the varying natures of men confuse our reckoning. Oft have I seen the son of an honourable father nothing worth, and again good children sprung from evil parents; I have seen leanness in the soul of the rich, and a large heart in the body of the poor. How then can we surely discriminate the good? Is it by the test of wealth? Then should we indeed employ an unjust judge. Is it by poverty? But this, too, has its weakness, and makes men mean by its necessities. Shall I take the test of arms? Who, looking to the array of battle, could testify to real worth? It is better to leave these things undetermined; for here is a man, not great among his fellows nor supported by the pride of family, yet he has been found among the crowd a man of the most sterling worth. Will not ye learn wisdom, that speculate full of vain theories, and will ye not judge men by personal experience, and the noble by their characters?"—Euripedes.

OF
TRINITY COL
NO. CARO

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., November, 1909.

CLAUDE B. WEST,
MATILDA O. MICHAELS, } - - - - - - MANAGERS

Two Days in Siena.

BY DR. H. H. VAUGHAN.

The day was on its decline. The sun was sinking behind the purple line of the mountains of the Maremma, which stretched their deep shadow already to the foot of the ramparts of S. Barbera. Alone on the heights the city of Siena stood, lighted up and tinted with the rays of the setting sun. Soon its lower parts were already in the shadow, and only the lofty towers of the Campanile and the Mangia received the light of day. Then, too, the Campanile lost its glow. For a minute the brazen bell of the Mangia shown like a star over the quiet city, then twinkled and went out.

The ancient fortress of the Medici, S. Barbera, is now used as a barracks, while on its massive ramparts there is a beautiful public promenade. From here one can see the entire valley of the Arbia from Monte Amiata on the south to the mountains of the Maremma on the west and northwest; while through an opening in the hills to the north can be distinguished the distant outline of Monte Pisano. It is a view conducive to meditation; for here we are in the heart of Tuscany, the Tuscany of the Middle Ages, which for so many centuries led the entire world in its course of education. And

the Tuscany seen here has not changed since its golden age. The rest of the world has left its teacher and gone on, but the old master has remained the same.

Everything here recalls the Middle Ages. Here there still dwell the Buonsignori, the Piccolomini, the Ptolomei, the Borghesi, the Sarracini in their great silent mediæval palaces. Even the black and white stripes of the cathedral and of S. Francesco seem to refer to Monteaperto and the great struggle between Guelph and Ghibelline.

The language has changed but little, and it is only here that one hears spoken the majestic tongue of Dante as it was spoken six centuries ago. The customs have changed even less; and, although Siena is now only a third as large as formerly, it still retains its seventeen divisions, *contrade,* which contest as furiously as ever over the banner called the *Palio.* The *contrade* have various ridiculous names, *Oca,* "goose," *Montone,* "sheep," *Lupa,* "wolf," *Acquila,* "eagle," *Nicchia,* "sea-shell," and so forth. They come together twice a year, on July 3 and August 16, to run a horse race in the principal square of the town. The winning *contrada* considers the victory important enough for a continuous festival until the next *Palio* and the *fantina,* or jockey, is easily the most important man in his *contrada.*

It was in order to see this race that we had come from Rome, and the setting sun shone upon us as we stood on the fortress of the Medici. Soon we heard distant strains of music. We aroused ourselves and began to retrace our steps towards the city. In the park on the way we found a military band playing the concordant strains of *Aida* and assembled to listen was the populace. We stopped and listened with them. There is a peculiar charm about the manner in which these people enjoy themselves. They have a park, among the most beautiful in the world, and they there put a band which plays the finest music, throw off all their cares and enjoy the evening fairly intoxicated with their surroundings. We, too,

felt that delight and it was already late when we tore ourselves away to look for our inn.

The next morning we did not rise early, for we were tired. After coffee we went into the street, and had not gone far before we were confronted by a long flight of steps. These we ascended—and entered a square, where we stopped in amazement. The Cathedral stood before us. Its great colored facade arrested our gaze. One cannot comprehend it all at once and remains overwhelmed, not knowing whether this work is a masterpiece of art or a dismal failure. Art critics have wrangled for centuries over the respective merits and demerits of this facade and of its sister at Orvieto, and they will continue to discuss this point as long as these cathedrals stand. The truth is that at first sight the one at Siena does not please, because it is too complex, too detailed to be grasped immediately by the understanding. And as we gazed upon the monument for the first time we did not appreciate it; we thought that it was overdecorated and ugly. In short, we were profoundly disappointed in it. We sat down on the steps of the hospital opposite and looked at it in scorn. "Is it possible," we said to ourselves, "that this is the wonderful work of which we have heard so much? We never before saw so much labor put into such bad taste." And the hot August sun beat down upon the dazzling marble so as to blind one and conceal every beauty hidden in this world of architecture.

We rose, crossed the square, and entered the cathedral. The interior, while not so complex nor difficult of comprehension as the facade, fills one also at first with astonishment rather than admiration. Who could have had the audacity to construct an entire church of those black and white stripes of stone? Isn't it ugly? Isn't it too bold? We asked ourselves these questions as we stood in wonderment in the centre of the nave. But look at that pillar! The morning sun entering through a stained-glass window paints it with every

color of the rainbow, and these tints seem set off and made more beautiful by the black and white pillar. As we gaze down the central aisle the boldness of the stripes disappears to our eyes and we have the whole church blending into one harmonious unity. Those paintings at the ends of the side aisles are lit up by the morning sun and seem animated with divine life. The cream-colored pulpit of Niccolo Pisano is given more prominence by the striped surroundings, and thus the real gem of the cathedral is accorded the place due to it. The whole interior is at first astonishing, then pleasing, then divine. As one gazes down its aisles one perceives every moment something which one has not before seen, and which adds materially to the artistic beauty of the whole. One can visit this church every day for months and each time discover something new to please and delight one.

From the Cathedral we passed into the Library, which is hardly less wonderful; then we visited many of the palaces of the town.

Towards evening we strolled into the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, the principal square of the town and the field of the contest to take place the next day, for which the rows of seats were already erected. The piazza is almost semicircular and is lower in the centre of the circle in the manner of a sea-shell. This resemblance is accentuated by lines of whiter marble in the pavement running from the circumference of the circle to the centre, and representing the ribs of the shell. On the east side of this square rises one of the noblest buildings of the Middle Ages, the Palazzo Comunale, an enormous semi-gothic structure crowned by mediæval embattlements. At one end of it rises, or rather soars, the graceful Mangia, slender, tall, erect, "seeming like a flight to heaven rather than an earth-born tower." The rays of the setting sun struck the palace and tower, giving them a richness of tone and a beauty of tint which can be found in no other structure. The golden Mangia and the rose-

colored embattlements stood out against a soft blue sky. We had our supper in the square where we could gaze upon the picture before us, and when night had fallen and the full red moon shone over the palace we went back to the *Piazza del Duomo.* This time the Cathedral seemed very different from what it was in the morning. It was outlined against a starry sky and its white marble facade was set off by the rays of the moon. It seemed like a marvelous piece of the finest Venetian lace. All its beauties which had been hidden by the glare of the August morning sun were brought out and set forth by the soft light.

The following day was that of the *Palio.* The great square in front of the Palazzo Comunale was crowded. The single hand of the great clock in the Mangia marked five o'clock already past. We had taken our places at the window in the house of a friend and were anxiously awaiting the arrival of the procession, which was to precede the race. Finally we heard a blast of trumpets, and from one of the little side streets emerged three mounted men, dressed as mediæval knights and each representing one of the three greater divisions of the city. Then followed a great car, said to be one used by the Sienese at Monteaperto. Following these were the representatives of each of the seventeen *contrade.* Each was dressed in the colors of his *contrada,* and the jockey was escorted by six other men, two standard bearers and four guards. In solemn procession they marched around the square and entered the Palazzo Comunale, while a band stationed in the middle played the historic march of the *Palio.* When the last of the procession had entered the palace the standard bearers of the seventeen *contrade* took their places on the roof of the palace. The jockeys drew up in line—the pistol was fired. Never had we seen a race so fiercely run—up and down hill around a semi-circular course with two acute angles, upon a cobblestone pavement! The jockey of the *Acquila* fell on the steep descent. That of the *Montone*

was dashed against one of the barriers at a corner, and the third time around only three were left. *Oca* was in the lead when the goal was reached. The jockey rode up to the judges' stand and the *Palio* was given to him amid the deafening shouts of the crowd.

That evening we were invited to a banquet at the *Oca.* The narrow steep street of Benincasa was brilliantly illuminated with thousands of little candles placed in glass lanterns of various colors. The banquet tables were spread in the middle of the steep street and at one end of them was a band of music which played for those who wished to dance. As the evening advanced the spectacle grew merrier and merrier until about midnight, when one by one the lights went out and the crowd slowly scattered.

At about half-past twelve we found our way to our inn and the next morning left for Rome by the early train.

The Vampire.

(With some more apologies.)

BY H. E. SPENCE.

A fool there was who was heard to swear,
(Even as you and I)
He could have a gay time with a lady fair;
She was only a girl with a wee bit of dare,
But he called her his "Lady who didn't care,"
(Even as you and I).

Oh the time we waste and regret we taste
And the failure of heart and hand,
Because of the women we do not know,
(And we're some so dull we never can know
And can never understand).

A fool there was who his efforts spent,
(Even as you and I)
'Gainst honor and faith was his foul intent,
And it wasn't the least what the lady meant,
But a fool must follow his natural bent,
(Even as you and I).

Oh the toil it cost and the spoil it cost
Of the devilish things he planned
Belong to the fellow who never knew why
(Why she should tease he never knew why)
And never could understand.

But the fool with zest chased his fruitless quest
(Even as you and I).
He could never relish a teasing jest
But the devil rankled within his breast
And he lived and died in a wild unrest,
(Even as you and I).

And it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame
That burns like a white-hot brand,
It's gloating over innocent jests that were flung
And coming at last to know he was stung
For failing to understand.

Irwin Russell.

BY J. N. AIKEN.

Irwin Russell—to every one acquainted with Southern Literature this name immediately calls up the rollicking poem, "Christmas-Night in the Quarters." It is by this poem that Russell is known everywhere. It is one of a series of seventeen dialect poems in which he has set forth, clearly, the principal characteristics of the Southern negro. The negro's superstition, religious practices, his love of music, his ideas of law, his methods of bartering, and his attitude toward the white man are all brought out. These seventeen poems constitute the only real contribution which Irwin Russell made to literature: when he went out of the realm of the negro for his subjects and wrote in the ordinary language of composition, he failed to give his work the rhythm and the vital interest which are in a large degree the attraction of his dialect poems.

The first quality of his verse to strike the reader is its rhythm. All of his dialect poems have a certain swing to them which remind one of the banjo or the guitar.. His description of the banjo's invention has been quoted wherever Russell has been discussed, but it will bear quoting again as an example of the rhythmical movement of the poems:

"He strung her, tuned her, struck a jig,—'twuz 'Nebber min' de wedder,'—
She soun' like forty-lebben bands a-playin' all togedder;
Some went to pattin'; some to dancin': Noah called de figgers;
An' Ham he sot an' knocked de tune, de happiest ob niggers!"

All of Russell's figures are drawn from the daily life of the negro; his characters make frequent allusions to the familiar parts of the Bible; their illustrations are taken from bits of farming experience, horses, hunting, and fishing. Sometimes the figures seem incongruous and harsh, as in the poem "Going," where the following lines are introduced into a death-bed scene:

"Hark!—de angels is a-comin'—heah 'em fly, *kerswush!*
Dere mus' be a mons'ous covey, comin' wid a rush!'

But what could be more apt than this passage from a negro preacher's sermon in "Half-Way Doin's":

"Dis worl' dat we's a-libbin' in is like a cotton-row,
Whar ebery cullud gentleman has got his line to hoe;
An' ebery time a lazy nigger stops to take a nap,
De grass keeps on a-growin' fur to smudder up his crap."

or this, from "A Sermon for the Sisters":

"O sistahs!—leetle apples (fur you're r'ally mighty like 'em)—
I lubs de ol'-time russets, dough it's suldom I kin strike 'em;
An' so I lubs you, sistahs, fur yo' grace an' not yo' graces—
I don't keer how my apple looks, but on'y how it tas'es."

The poem, "Christmas-Night in the Quarters," which has made a more lasting impression on the public than anything Russell wrote, gives a picture of the Christmas festivities which formed the great event of the year for the negroes of the old Southern plantations. In this poem are illustrated the negro's love of music, his delight in a story, and his *naiveté* in matters of religion.

The principal event of the occasion is a dance, which was, then as now, looked upon with suspicion by the church. Nevertheless, one of the colored brethren leads the assemblage in a prayer just before the beginning of the "fust kwattil-lion":

"O Mahsr! let dis gath'rin' fin' a blessin' in yo' sight!
Don't jedge us hard fur what we does—you knows it's Christmus-night;
An all de balance ob de yeah we does as right's we kin.
Ef dancin's wrong, O Mahsr! let de time excuse de sin!

"We labors in de viney'ad, wukin' hard an' wukin' true;
Now, shorely you won't notus, ef we eats a grape or two,
An' takes a leetle holiday,—a leetle restin'-spell,—
Bekase, nex' week, we'll start in fresh, an' labor twicet as well."

In this passage not only are the qualities of the negro referred to above shown, but also Rusell's very familiar knowl-

edge of the negro has intimated his love of a *little holiday, a resting spell,* and his desire to *eat a grape or two,* which all who have any acquaintance with negroes at all, have noticed even in this day. In almost every stanza of Russell's poems some phrase like these is found, showing that he was a close observer of negro customs.

Russell had also a great gift of imitating the style of other writers. His "Poems" contain one written in imitation of Burns, from which Baskervill, who has written probably the most important criticism of Russell, cites the following stanzas as most like the Scottish poet:

"The warld, they say, is gettin' auld;
Yet in her bosom, I've been tauld,
A burnin', youthfu' heart's installed—
I dinna ken,—
But sure her face seems freezin' cauld
To some puir men.

"In summer though the sun may shine,
Aye still the winter's cauld is mine—
But what o' that? The manly pine
Endures the storm!
Ae spark o' Poesy divine
Will keep me warm."

This bit might be said to really touch some poetic chord. There is also a short poem in imitation of Herrick, of which this is the first stanza:

"O Man! if hard thy fortune,
However fate importune,
Turn not to wrong—none find, or will,
Their good enlarged by doing ill."

Russell's own life lacked that element of joyousness which is so prominent in his writings. He was born at Port Gibson, Mississippi, on the 3d day of June, 1853. His father was reared in Ohio, while his mother was a native of New York. The same year that Irwin was born, his parents moved to St. Louis, Missouri, where they resided until the beginning of the war; it was in St. Louis that Irwin went to

school. When the Civil War broke out the Russells went back to Port Gibson and remained there during the four years of strife. At the end of the war Irwin was placed in the University of St. Louis. He was a good student and showed special proficiency in mathematics. Baskervill says that Russell was capable of hard application and made a close study of several old writers, Chaucer among them. In 1872 he was admitted to the bar by a special act of the Mississippi Legislature, as at that time he was only eighteen years old. But his was a roving disposition, and he tried his hand at many trades, printing being notable among them. The yellow fever epidemic of 1878 took his father and Irwin himself was weakened by the strain. After it was over he went to New York to try his fortune as an author, but after he had been there but a short time an attack of fever overtook him, and when convalescent he wandered down to the docks, and shipped as a coal heaver to New Orleans. There he secured a place on the staff of the *Times,* remaining there in poor circumstances, wearing himself out with hard drink, until the end came on the 23d of December, 1879.

After his death the Century Company issued a collection of his poems, with an introduction by Joel Chandler Harris. The following paragraph from Mr. Harris's short appreciation is significant as coming from one who himself has made great contributions to the delineation of negro character:

"Irwin Russell was among the first—if not the very first—of Southern writers to appreciate the literary possibilities of the negro character, and of the unique relations existing between the two races before the war, and was among the first to develop them. The opinion of an uncritical mind ought not to go for much, but it seems to me that some of Irwin Russell's negro-character studies rise to the level of what, in a large way, we term literature. His negro operetta, "Christmas-Night in the Quarters," is inimitable. It combines the features of a character study with a series of bold

and striking plantation pictures that have never been surpassed. In this remarkable group,—if I may so term it,—the old life before the war is reproduced with a fidelity that is marvelous."

Russell has touched no depths of passion or of sorrow; he has reached no heights of joy; but in a simple, narrative style he has written pieces of broad humor and lively interest. It seems strange, too, that the great amount of suffering which he underwent did not bear fruit in some serious work of abiding merit, when we see what poetry the inspiration of negro life could produce. Possibly he died too young for any remarkable development of poetic powers to be shown. Probably he had none, but he was a true artist in that (to use the expression of a prominent Southern educator) "he saw straight and described well what he saw."

The "Morning After."

BY C. M. HUTCHINGS.

Cold grey clouds when the dawn should be;
  Mist that hinders the swallow's flight;
These are all that are left to me;
  These; and the thoughts of yesternight.

O, what fools we were, you and I,—
  Laughed, and quarreled,—and were gay.
Every whisper, and kiss, and sigh
  Mock us now, in the garish day.

O, what fools we were, you and I,—
  Hearts unbound to passion's sway. . . .
Just six hours have since passed by?
  And yet it seems so far away!

Eyes grown lusterless (can it be?);
  Cheeks grown pale in the pitiless light;
These are all that are left of me;
  These; and the thoughts of yesternight.

The Tragedy of the Nameless Club.

BY E. S M'INTOSH.

The memory of the days of that quintette is to me the most pleasant, and, at the same time, most horrible reminiscence of my otherwise uneventful life. I was the sorriest one in the crowd. I say it was a nameless club for want of a better term. In fact, one would hardly call it a club at all. If it had been an organized society with a catalogue of requirements for eligibility, I am sure I would never have been able to be one of the elect. As it was, however, we never sat down and deliberately planned anything at all, but, since all of us lived in the same house, by a sort of common consent, we fell into the habit of dropping in Will Bronson's studio every Saturday night, because at that time we had nothing in particular to occupy us. As I said, there was no organization or requirements, strictly speaking, but after we had got accustomed to going around there pretty regularly, there came to be a sort of unexpressed understanding that we five were all there were, or were to be, to this crowd.

Will had been already in Paris for three years and had knocked about the world a good deal, to boot, so naturally he was our director and protector. And how he could play a violin! When he touched an instrument it was more human than it was wood, and more divine than either.

The others were Dick Salmon, Albert Sankey, Camille Rhea, and my humble self. Dick was painting pictures, and adoring Camille, while Camille was studying music and tolerating Dick. Albert had sung on the American stage for a few months, and was spending this year in Germany and France, to gain prestige. And I? Well, I was trying to pick up enough of French to earn my bread as a teacher in America, and since I did nothing more disturbing than to sit around and smoke bad cigarettes, I was allowed a seat on Saturday nights.

I remember well that last night we were together. I can see it all now. There is Camille swaying over her keys and behind her is Will coaxing and caressing his Stradivarus as it cuddles close to his ear and laughs or crys at his touch. Dick sits on the couch across the room with his hands clasped around his doubled knees, languidly puffing a cigarette and watching Camille, through the smoke, with amorous eyes. Albert sat in the corner exchanging an occasional word with me.

We dispersed about ten o'clock that night because Will had some work to do, preparatory to spending next day in the country, with a friend. He was to leave at daybreak the next morning, so we bade him Godspeed and wished him a pleasant day before we went down.

Late the next afternoon, when we thought it was about time for Will to return, Albert and I went upstairs to Will's studio and built a fire in the stove, so it would be comfortable when he came in. It was just dusk, so we smoked and chatted in the twilight without lighting the smoky little brass lamp, that hung from the ceiling in the middle of the room. In a few minutes Dick and Camille came in, too. Dick sat on the couch, and Camille played snatches of various operas at the piano. We waited for Will until it became very dark, but he did not come, and we wondered what was detaining him. Presently Camille stopped playing and Dick moved. There was a heavy thud of something dropping to the floor. Everything was instinctively as hushed as the grave. When Dick finally struck a match there was a sight to freeze a pirate's blood. Dick had dislodged, from the couch, the dead body of Will Bronson, by which he had been sitting for the last hour. It was the most horrible sight I have ever seen. Only one end of the body had slipped from the couch so that only the head rested on the floor, while the feet, since the corpse was already perfectly rigid, stuck almost perpendicularly into the air. The wide eyes protruded like great

marbles, staring with as unchanging expression as the grin on the mouth, and more horrible than all, there was the wound in his throat, that stretched from ear to ear.

The police were informed, but no clue was found except that his violin was missing. We all exerted our utmost powers to discover the assassin, working early and late. In one week poor Dick was no more than a living skeleton, so great was the strain on him. Every time the four of us would get together our meeting eyes told a tale of despair, and Camille would leave the room, crying.

We had resolved never to enter Will's studio again, but shortly a strange phenomenon compelled us to change our course. One night I heard strains of a violin in the studio. You can never know the chill that sound sent down my spine. It was very late, and I had been asleep for several hours when the music awakened me. I listened for a moment and the music ceased. I thought I had been mistaken, perhaps, or dreaming, but I could not go to sleep, so I went to Albert's room and found that he had heard it, also. Together we went upstairs to Dick's room next to the studio, but found him asleep, and he had heard nothing. We waited in his room until daybreak, but the music was not repeated.

The next night, however, I was awakened again by this strange music. I sprang from my bed and started for Albert on the run, and found him already in the hall. Again Dick had heard nothing. We three finally decided to enter the room, however, and if possible discover the source of these nocturnal concerts. Cautiously Dick turned the knob and opened the door and Albert and I followed with a light and revolver. To our surprise and intense relief we found no one in the room, but still it was rather disconcerting to dwell in a house wherein were heard strains of musicianless music.

The following night all three of us waited and watched in Dick's room next to the studio, but not a sound was heard.

For three nights we held a fruitless vigil, so on the fourth we decided that our strange musician had deserted us, and did not watch.

It was long after midnight, when I found myself suddenly and unaccountably wide awake. I sat up in bed and listened, but could distinguish no sound in the oppressive silence, for a minute, then clearly the strains of a distant violin floated to me. Without waking a soul I took my lamp and revolver and mounted the steps to the studio. Before I could reach the door the music ceased, and I saw a white figure flit suddenly down the hallway and disappear. I set my lamp down and waited until almost daybreak, but neither saw nor heard anything further.

The next day I said nothing about my experience of the night before, but I made up my mind to sleep in that studio until I learned the secret of the mysterious musician.

That night, then, when every one had retired, I went silently into the studio to begin my first night's vigil. I had been sitting on the couch for half an hour and nothing happened. It was not very pleasant, either, for I seemed always to see Will's feet sticking up beside me, and his great glassy eyes staring from the floor. The raw red gash in the throat, too, seemed to grin at me. So presently I moved my seat, and I had hardly found my stool beside the stove in the darkness, when I heard the knob of the door being softly turned. I was tense with excitement and my hair felt as if it were about to rise, so I pulled my hat down on my head tight to relieve the sensation. The door slowly opened and a white figure closed it and walked to the piano. I kept perfectly still, clinching my revolver in one hand and dark-lantern in the other. The figure struck a note on the piano, and, tuning a violin, began to play. I listened and watched for a moment, then very cautiously covered the player with my spotlight and revolver, and spoke. "Who are you?" I asked, but got no response. This was rather disconcerting,

but I was determined to see this affair to a finish, so I approached the figure in white, not without somewhat of fear and trembling, however. My strange violinist continued to play, and when I got within a few feet of him I was satisfied on one point, that he was of flesh and blood. Keeping him covered with my revolver, I reached forward and touched him with the eye of my lantern. He stopped playing and turned, looking at me in a dazed and bewildered manner. There was absolutely no ray of intelligence or of consciousness in this glassy stare. Suddenly he started and looked around him, first at me, and then at the violin, and around the dark room.

"Dick," I said, "are you asleep?" At this sudden flash of truth his face became drawn with terror, and with a mad laugh he fell to the floor across Will's violin, crushing it to bits.

Leap Year? Yas'm.

BY MARY LOOMIS SMITH.

Go 'long nigger, O fer sho'
Dat why yo' hangs 'round' mah do'?
Jes' ter pass er-long de wedder
An' ter spek-late ez ter whedder
    Hit'll sno'.

I ain't got no mite er say
Fer er nigger what all day
Wid er likely gal 'ull set
An' 'ull not no further get
    Den de wedder.

Hit's er wastin' ob mah tim'
Ef yo' doan git up an' chim'
Sumpin' leas' ways kinder tetchin'
On er story what's mo' fetchin'
    Does yo' hyar?

. . . . .

An' yo' says yo' lubs me well?
Ob all folkses—Who kin tell?
Why! I thot yo' was er sparkin'
Wid Miss Arabella Larkin;—
    But I'se willin'.

Social Changes Due to North Carolina's Industrial Transition.

BY CLAUDE B. WEST.

When an old State awakens to her industrial possibilities, and within a period of twenty years erects nearly two hundred cotton mills, besides entering largely into other manufactures, it is quite evident that great economic changes must take place. Another striking feature of this awakening is, that the bulk of money necessary to put the movement on foot, has come from a multitude of small investors within the State. Then again, when hundreds of people leave the farm, where for many years their ancestors have lived and secured an existence, and where their ideas of life have been formed by ancient customs, and rural beliefs, and come to live in towns and factory villages, where they receive pay in wages instead of commodities, the social changes must be equally important.

The State is being affected greatly by the transfer of entire families from the country to the towns. Between an agricultural and an industrial community, there are many striking differences. The manner of life is unlike, the opinions generally opposed, and the ideas not the same. Yet in North Carolina the dissimilarities are more apparent than real. Cotton mills are located in more than half of the counties and the employees are not defined, strictly, as "the operative class." Most of them were born and raised on the farm or are only one generation removed, consequently, the tang of the soil yet remains.

Such a radical change in the manner of living must influence the people from every standpoint. Yesterday they produced the raw material for others to fashion; today they fashion it themselves. Yesterday they were landowners and worked in their own interests; to-day they move at the overseer's nod and receive wages in money, instead of products.

Yesterday they lived remote from neighbors, where social intercourse was rare and difficult; today they are crowded into factory communities and can talk from one porch or window to another. Yesterday they worked in the free, open field, taking in great draughts of fresh air, and laboring at irregular intervals; to-day they move in close, stuffy rooms, spending most of their time within walls, and using complicated machinery instead of the simple hand tools. A complete transformation must take place and an adaptation to the new conditions must ensue. The mental activity of all will be influenced; a quickening or a deadening will follow. The gregarious instinct is quickly developed and solitude, once desired, is no longer endurable. The simple religious rites and ceremonies, sufficient for the rural dweller, are no longer adequate, therefore the church has to resort to other means to hold the working class. The changes in political beliefs and individual opinions are equally noticeable, for when there is an influx of population to a common center, the association serves to generate new ideas. The individual is changed in proportion to the number of adaptations he has to undergo.

This migration of families also has a great influence upon the towns, many of which had not altered since the days of the Revolution. Those that had been stagnant for years, looking with distrust upon any reform movements, were awakened and quickened with the modern industrial spirit. Commerce and trade are being exalted to a position hitherto unknown, and the type of shrewd, intellectual, far-sighted, business man has become the ideal citizen. Many views of life have changed. No longer is a distinguished "war record" necessary for success. Many of the college graduates are preparing themselves solely for a business career. Independent voting is not uncommon. In every phase of life a spirit of progress and growth can be detected. But down beneath it all the power of ancient traditions and old civiliza-

tions can still be felt, and serves as a softening, mellowing influence to the harshness of industrial movements and monetary greed.

The population of North Carolina presents a mixture of many nationalities. Englishmen from Virginia; settlers direct from the mother country; German Palatines; Swiss, French Huguenots, and a few New Englanders. While such settlers were filling up the East and making their way towards the West, pioneers of another type were settling in the latter section—these were the immigrants from the north of Ireland, the so-called Scotch-Irish. The Germans settled in the middle portion, while the Moravians occupied the land around Winston-Salem. The Scotch Highlanders held the land in and around Fayetteville, from which place, as a nucleus, they scattered to a half dozen adjacent counties.

With such a varied citizenship, it is easy to see that for some time North Carolina was to be divided by sectional prejudice. Many of the settlers had inherited a strong dislike for each other, and viewed any movement of a rival community with marked disfavor. Further, in few cases did these different nationalities locate in the same neighborhood where association could wear away the deep-seated aversion for each other. The consciousness of kind was strong enough to segregate those of the same religion, language and habit of mind. There was little communication between them and not until late in the nineteenth century did this harshness and distrust reach that degree of mildness where strictly friendly relations could exist. Frequently idioms and expressions of one community were hardly intelligible in another. Often by astute legislation, one section would gain favors that looked like unfair distribution to the other. Yet with it all North Carolina has made many rapid strides, and since sectional strife has somewhat abated, her progress has been little less than phenomenal.

The idea, so long and industriously fostered, that the South

was destitute of mechanical ability, is entirely erroneous. The Scotch-Irish and German immigrants brought their trades with them, and among the Moravians were skilled artisans of every sort. The Huguenots and Swiss included many fine workmen. European goods were so expensive that there was great need of this ability. What was not absolutely necessary must be either foregone or manufactured at home. All the articles needed for domestic uses were made by the settlers. Of course they were often very crude, but were always substantial and amply sufficient. Spinning wheels, made by local workmen, spun wool, flax, and cotton, which the looms, also made in the neighborhood, converted into cloth. Hats were made from fur, wool or braided straw. Hides were tanned, and boots, shoes and harness manufactured. Early in our history furniture was fashioned from oak, ash, and cherry, as well as from black walnut, and pine; chairs, baskets, wagons, farming implements, gins, gin presses, and heavy wooden cogs for the transmission of power, were constructed. There was an axe factory near Lincolnton in the year 1822, whose product was sought far and wide. All kinds of household and kitchen utensils were turned out. Crocks, jars, and jugs were made in abundance. In 1810 we had eight manufactories of gun powder, and two salt works. In the distillation of ardent spirits, and in the production of turpentine and varnish, the State easily led.

In the year 1813 the first cotton mill in North Carolina, and one of the first south of the Potomac, was constructed near Lincolnton. By the year 1860 there were thirty-nine. The coming of the Civil War put a very great check upon the industry. The mills scarcely supplied local needs and many of them closed or were destroyed by Federal troops. Within twelve months after the beginning of the war, the State dropped back into its self-supplying condition of 1810. Spinning wheels and looms were again brought into service. The cotton mills that survived did not take advantage of the

times to amass great fortunes, but did all possible to supply present wants. During the decade, immediately following the surrender, the textile industry steadily increased. Mills no longer distributed their own products, but shipped them from the State to be used elsewhere. By the year 1880 we had forty-nine mills. The growth was now remarkable. In almost every little town and upon almost every little stream, could be heard the hum and buzz of cotton machinery. But many of them were not favorably located and the success that followed some was not diffused to all. But the prosperity present and the great dividends given out created a craze for mill building and they sprang up like mushrooms. From this it naturally follows that a reaction had to take place. The whole profit, in many cases, was given out to the stockholders, and nothing retained to replace worn-out machinery or to provide a reservoir from which to pay dividends in a less profitable season. The result is manifest, but the construction went on. The low price of crops caused many farmers to migrate to the mill districts, where the small wages received seemed like a fortune. The movement reached its climax in 1903, when twenty-five mills were in the process of erection. Since their completion, there has been a cessation in this wholesale building.

At the present time North Carolina has more separate establishments than any State in the Union, though she stands third in production. Formerly the mills could use wood for fuel, which they could secure in abundance from the surrounding territory; now they use coal. When the mills were first operated, before the villages were incorporated, the taxes were low; now they are high. The fact that dividends were given out, without consideration for the depreciation of machinery, added a hardship on succeeding managements. The cost of experience, necessary to gain the best results, is another consideration. All these things combined makes the cotton industry look much bleaker than formerly.

With these few general remarks about the industry proper, I'll briefly mention the operative in his several capacities, touching upon the transformations he had to undergo in changing from the country to the towns or villages. The statement that the population of the South before the war consisted of two classes, the land-owning or slave-holding, and the "poor white trash," is a rank mistake. In fact the greater portion of the people belonged to the middle class, that strong, sturdy element, upon which the strength and power of every country depends. After the war the farms were broken up, and we had a great mass of men working for others on a share of the annual output. Often they were forced to mortgage their share of the coming crop in order to provide present needs. When the time for payment arrived, very frequently they were unable to meet the demands. To this class, and to the small land-owner, who was barely making expenses, the factory loomed up as a promising refuge. There he could take his family, and, on the earnings of the whole, live in what appeared to him as the grandest luxury. Other considerations, such as better housing, food and clothing, together with the inarticulate social instinct, served to fill the factory tenement.

General observation divides those coming to the mills into five classes: First, those who come, ambitious for their children, and who intend working themselves. Next, the incapable or shiftless, who work hard, but lack the mental qualifications necessary for success. Third, those who are suffering under some real or imaginary physical disability, and think farm work too hard for them. Fourth, the widows who need what their children can earn, but who sew and wash in order to add to the family income. Fifth, the individual who comes with the avowed intention of getting all he can out of his children, thinking they are due him that much for his paternal relations and oversight.

Back on the farm, the people had the simplest kind of food,

and were unused to luxuries of any kind. Many of the most prosperous farmers of the community, probably supported his family a whole year, without handling as much or more than two hundred dollars. They produced most of the things necessary for existence, and exchanged farm products for store goods. Their standard of life being very simple, there was enough food to satisfy hunger, enough clothing to give warmth, and enough fuel for the great fireplace to keep the house sufficiently comfortable. When they come to the mills to live they dwell in houses built by the corporation, and though they are not mansions in any sense of the word, they are, in the majority of cases, better than the dwellers were used to. It is hardly necessary to describe a mill village since everyone is familiar with the long row of monotonously painted cottages, the dirty doorways and the dirtier kids. While the exterior is not always very inviting, sometimes the interior is tastefully arranged, though more generally you will find loud window curtains, loud table coverings, and loud decorations of every kind, while the walls are covered with bright colored "God bless our home" lithographs, or perforated card-board mottoes.

Yet with it all the people dress well on Sunday and seem to be perfectly satisfied with their condition. They are students of style, and especially do the girls follow the fashions observed on the streets, generally emphasizing colors and modes. There are two things a factory operative will spend his money for—to secure food and clothing, and to see and engage in the different sports. The cooking is not of the best. Everything comes to the table swimming in grease, and soup is rarely seen. In the country the open air life aided the digestion, but when the food is eaten by those who stay indòors all day the stomach revolts. The faces of many give evidences of malnutrition. Of course this description is not universally applicable, for in some cases the food is well chosen and well prepared. An explanation, of how the mill

operative has so much to spend for food and clothing, is that his house rent costs little or nothing, and the money paid by others for books, papers and other intellectual improvements, is rarely ever spent by him.

From the standpoint of the employee, the important consideration is the purchasing power of the wage, rather than its nominal size. A low wage in money may be a high wage in reality, because of the fewer demands made upon it. Generally speaking, the laborer in North Carolina has many advantages in this respect, since we are yet an agricultural State and the necessities are easy to secure. Then the wages, as compared to that in other States, do not show to his disadvantage. Again, these people are fresh from the country, where they were unaccustomed to much ready cash, therefore the salaries, though not as great as they should be, are not considered small, but are regarded as a bonanza in comparison to their former condition.

Life on the farm is very lonely. People live far apart, and sometimes for days, no outsider is seen, except the casual traveller along the roads, who halts to talk for a few minutes. The great characteristic of the human race is the social instinct, and unless exercised, leaves a great longing unsatisfied. In one respect the country dweller has the advantage, for when people are living close to the soil and are acted upon by nature's influences, doctrines of Christianity have much greater weight, for having little to attract their attention, religious matters are allowed to take an important place in their life. In a town or city the conditions are different. Even in the monotonous little mill village they find excitement and their starved social natures are nourished. The mothers talk from the windows to their next door neighbors, while in the mill the people are closely associated with each other.

In the matter of education the mill district has the advantage. In the country the school term lasted only three

or four months, but in the towns it continues from seven to nine. Many of the children attend and do creditable work, but before the highest success can be gained, there must be a compulsory school law.

More and more the mills are encouraging care in the surroundings of the tenements. Prizes are sometimes offered for the best kept lawns, and the most attractive flower or vegetable gardens. While much has been written about the dirt and filth of a mill community, in some cases it has been greatly exaggerated. Today many reforms are being inaugurated and a higher plane of living is being sought.

The relations of employer and employed are somewhat complicated, but in the majority of cases the following will hold good. Often the employer is one who has known the operatives for years and is familiar with their family history and traditions. He has risen from the ranks and occupies a position higher than the others, simply because of his enterprising ability. The relations are friendly and personal. The employer looks out for the interest of those under him, calls them by name, and is a sort of family adviser. The great clamor against child labor, the hardships undergone, the lives blighted and a picture of the employer sitting back in ease and luxury, while the wrecked constitution of the poor little children are making him rich, must be taken with a grain of salt. It is true that their condition could be better, but it could be worse. Their life is very little harder than it was on the farm, where they had to work all day, often in the rain and snow, while being imperfectly clad. There is a great deal to be said on both sides. There has been a great deal of legislation upon the subject, and will be much more. This paper is limited, therefore I will not enter into a discussion of the child labor problem, since it has been talked about every day and year for the past half century.

Only recently has the negro loomed up as a competitor. White labor has been so plentiful that the negro has been

unnecessary. Whether he would be a success as a mill operative or not, is a question. He has been tried at Concord and other places, and proved a failure. But this is not conclusive evidence that he is unfitted for the work. In fact there is nothing about it he cannot learn to do. It does not take any great mental ability, but is rather a matter of care and dexterity. The negro is not by nature a machinist, but in many cases has been taught so that he could deliver himself in a creditable manner. Then the difficulty is not an intellectual one. The chief failings of all negro labor are temperamental and moral, and may be summed up under two heads—his dislike to monotonous work, only doing it under compulsion, and his aversion to regular employment. But perhaps the elevation of his ideals of citizenship, and of his standards of life, will eventually enable him to enter successfully the employments, which the growing scarcity of white labor must soon open to him.

We have now traced North Carolina in her industrial development, from one of the most rural and domestic States, to one of great importance in the manufacturing world. We have brought the people from that primitive stage, in which everything necessary for existence was made by hand, and where practically nothing was used other than was fashioned by local workmen, to that condition where nothing of importance is made by hand, but where everything is produced by machinery. We have mapped out the development of the State, from a collection of agricultural communities to a great industrial society, and have tried to show the changes in life, customs and manners of the people that necessarily had to take place in the transition. It is needless to say that the writer predicts a glowing future for North Carolina, and fondly looks forward to the time, when, with her great natural resources developed, she will stand out as a State of financial and industrial importance.

The Flirt.

(With apologies to the late lamented Swinburne).

BY C. M. H.

Lithe arms that entice and embolden;
  Full lips, like a summer-blown flower;
Fair tresses, all wind-tossed and golden,
  That ensnare our blind hearts,—for an hour.
Soft eyes, cast down meekly before her,
  With glances that kiss,—and that hurt;
O, all ye men, kneel and adore her
  For this is My Lady, the Flirt.

The King Manbird.

BY EDWIN JONES.

Swiftly, its arms and tendrils were being flung upward and outward. With inconceivable rapidity, the huge skeleton of steel and iron was rising above the roar and noises of the city. The flight of the merry swallow seemed only half as high as the topmost beam, yet day after day, with unceasing toil, the construction went on. Day after day, the anxious owners watched their leviathan child grow. It was the product of their most feverish dreams. Time meant money, and what mattered it that lives of workmen were being sacrificed daily in the anxiety to complete it a day sooner. They implored for, and demanded, more rapid progress. The unions made a feeble protest, but the calm builder sent for the boss, who, after lovingly caressing a new check in his pocket, promised no further meddling from the unions. After that, the work went on faster and faster. From early dawn until darkness made further effort futile, the workmen labored aloft.

Jack Dock, boss of the constructing force, was perhaps the most skilled workman among the men engaged on the Trust Building job. It was only after years of hard and unremitting apprenticeship and labor that he had acquired his present position, and enviable reputation. He was a good example of his class, a class of men unknown to America thirty years ago; a Samson physically; quick as a bird, and as sure-footed as a Rocky Mountain burro; his eagle eyes took in every detail; he was utterly fearless. These men, at the beginning of each day's work, took their lives in their own hands and defied death at every turn. Only a handbreadth of steel divided them from eternity. They were either intensely religious, superstitious, or extremely degenerate, and every one, very imaginative. Jack Dock was no exception; he could tell the most improbable, weird and bloodcurdling

yarns. It was a delight to him to recount the strange death or sudden madness of this old fellow workman, or of this old friend.

The work progressed rapidly. As the time became more and more limited, Jack was putting forth his mightiest efforts. The strain was beginning to tell; often he caught himself up sharply and cursed inwardly for napping. He was losing too much sleep. Gloomy forebodings filled his mind, and he began to have a secret dread that his wife and children were slipping away from him. In his heightened imagination the shadowy outlines of the distance took fearsome shapes. As he sat on a girder waiting for the beam which the monster crane was swiftly bringing up from below, the atmosphere grew strangely dark, the structure lost its rugged outlines, and stood an indefinable, blurred mass before him. Then with a roar, the darkness as suddenly disappeared, and his eyes were dazzled by the bright light.

He sat quietly, and gradually the impression grew upon him that it was a cloud on which he was resting. Away in the distance, it rose in majestic, rugged beauty, its top tinted with gold and silver. A strange exultation filled his heart, and the notes of a mocking bird warbled from his lips. He looked down at the eminence he seemed to be sitting on, and discovered that it was a raised platform, on which he sat in a golden cloud-throne. Beside him was a vacant counterpart of the throne occupied by himself. Then all faded from his eyes.

When next he became aware of things around him, he could scarcely believe his senses. A majestic eagle sat in the throne beside him, grouped around him were his ministers, the condor, and other birds of the richest and most beautiful plumage. Immediately behind the throne on a tall stand sat an ancient owl, and on another, but smaller, stand, sat a fierce hawk. Then stretching out from the platform, as far as eye could see, were birds, millions and millions of them;

this was evidently the council chamber of Birddom. Suddenly every wing ceased rustling, and every head bowed low as the king arose. He was speaking:

"O my children, my most loyal subjects! I have called you here from the rising sun, and from the setting sun, for no small reason. Listen! When my most honorable father was king, man ruled but very little of Birddom. In our empire were vast trackless forests, fertile fields, well-watered valleys, and majestic mountains. Dominion was ours by priority of possession. Food was ours for the taking. No tariff affected our food supplies. No corners were formed on the grain market. Homes were built in absolute security. What is left of Birddom to-day, O my children? Our forests are cut down, our fields and valleys are plowed up, our mountains are torn asunder, our homes are destroyed, and we are hunted even from tree to tree. Man kills us for food, his dual nature wears us on her hat. We cannot raise our young, for man's government has placed a high tariff on all our necessities. Even now, man is taking our last stronghold. Look! Yonder he raises his home in the clouds, trespassing on our principality of the great free air. At night, blinded by the brilliant light within, we beat out our lives against the structure. Treacherous winds sweep around it and hurl us to the ground. O! my children, my heart is wrung with grief for you. But lo! I have a plan to propose which will give us peace, security, and happiness. We must co-operate with man instead of opposing him; we must ally ourselves with some man, wise, good and noble, who will advise, protect and lead us, so that man will learn to help us. Here is one who knows the mysteries of the new air home of man. My children! I am old. Make him your king. He will show you how to avoid this new danger, to make secure homes, to raise your children in safety; and probably he will win back some of Lost Birddom. What doth the most wise owl say?"

"It is well, most high king."

"Listen, O my children! Is not the saying good?"

For a moment every bird in the entire assemblage raised their heads from king eagle and looked at the occupant of the other throne; a great murmur arose, "It is well," then every head bowed to the man. He was their king now. King Eagle could not be wrong. "Yes, it is well, my children," the aged eagle said, "go in peace!"

Even after every bird had gone, and the great cloud hall was vacant, the king eagle sat among his counsellors, with a drooped head, and a sorrowful countenance. Speaking, as though to himself, he addressed the new man king:

"They are hopeful, they believe, but I know, you will know, that it is useless. We are doomed to annihilation. Probably you will go first. Our dominions are decreasing every day; the last census (yet unpublished) showed a falling off of sixty per cent. You may try, but you cannot stem the tide. Come, follow me, and I will show you your new home, the king manbird's home."

Taken from the *Growington Daily News,* July 1, 19. . :

"Killed yesterday, on the new Trust Building, Jack Dock, aged 41. It is supposed that he went to sleep and fell from a girder on the 18th floor, on which he was working, or that, as is most unfortunately not infrequent, he lost his mind and jumped off. This often happens to men engaged in this work. The builder promptly secured another foreman from Chicago, and the work will not be delayed."

WALTER B. WEST, - - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
EDWIN S. M'INTOSH, - - - - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Misconception of College Life.

When a boy first enters college he brings with him premature ideas of what college life is and of what it has in store for him. Almost invariably such preconceived opinions are incorrect, and it would be infinitely better if every student's mind could be disabused of such false notions before he is ushered into this new world, full of much that is good, also of much that is bad. As to which will be appropriated depends largely upon the student himself, his character, and training in the home. For few men, the new field is a bonanza from which large quantities of pure gold are extracted; for the great majority, however, there is little more than dross.

Most fellows look upon a college career as a period of preparation rather than a period of action; some enter with very vague ideas and more vague aims; others begin this momentous stage, in the life of every individual, with absolutely no thought, whatever, of a purpose or an aim. They are here through no volition or desire of their own—merely sent. Many students, however, enter college with manly ambitions and high aspirations; their purpose in seeking an education is that they may be better fitted and equipped for the conflict which every man has to face. No doubt they have been inspired by some gigantic figure whose example they

are resolved to follow, accomplishing great things, after this period of preparation is past, and life begins in reality.

Alas! What we amount to in the future largely depends upon what we are doing now. Though *well being* is necessarily one of the primary aims of education, *well doing* should be equally emphasized. It is essential that we acquire ideas, but probably more essential that we apply them. The thinker has his place in the world, and an enviable one it is, but it is to the man of action that we are more especially indebted. Then the idea, that we are now getting preparation aside from actual experience, is a misconceived one. If, while here, we merely accumulate ideas and acquire knowledge, with little or no practical application, we are destined to sure, certain, and inevitable failure when we become active strugglers in the seething, bustling, aggressive life, just ahead. If we fail to come in contact with all phases of college life, just in so far do we fail to get the best out of our scholastic course. If any school tends not toward *well doing* there is something radically and fundamentally wrong with that institution. If this fact was more strongly impressed upon college students and even enforced upon them, there would be greater demands for college-bred men in all vocations of life. I believe the reverse is true. Outside the professions the collge graduate has no prestige; in fact, is it not true that he is undesirable?

The aim of education is to adjust the individual to the social, economic, and religious life of the people. In other terms, it is the organization of the habits of an individual. The habits we acquire while here will shape and mould our lives long after we have severed our connection with academic associations. We have already begun the battle of life; already we are building either for good or for evil; if we are a part of that perpetual influence for good, our influence will count for much in the future; if we are a part of that perpetual influence for indolence and ease, our lives will always seek

the line of least resistance, and our influence will hardly be felt in the future. There are thousands and thousands of college-nurtured men in the world today, who lack the mental power and the moral stamina to grapple successfully with the problems that confront them daily. Trace the records of these men while in college, and you will learn that they had erroneous conceptions of academic training; they had no well-defined purposes or aims; as students they led easy, indolent, careless, inconsequential lives, studying a *little* perhaps, but neglecting to make practical application of the knowledge gained. As a result very little of the essential things taught them was retained.

If we take a lively interest in all college activities, both intellectual and physical, making an effort to contribute something worth while; if we endeavor to live forceful, energetic, positive lives of action, we will continue to live such lives of usefulness, when we become citizens of the commonwealth. But if we persist in leading negative lives, taking no aggressive part in the various interests all about us; if we neglect to improve our opportunities as they present themselves; if we make no contribution to others, our future existence will be of very little or practically of no value to mankind, and we will derive from life infinitely less than there is in it, for us.

MARY M. TAPP, - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER

In the field of recent American fiction, all tastes are provided for. The historical romances are abundant. For more serious biographical and historical studies cast in the form of fiction we are busier than ever. Political novels continue to pour forth. A notable characteristic of the greater part of this fiction is the increasing interest with which it concerns itself with the questions of the day.

Of all the novels of the season dealing critically with American life, the "Martin Eden" of Jack London is likely to create the most stir. It purports to be the biography of one Martin Eden, which the critics are saying is in part, at least, the autobiography of the author himself. The story intends to trace the making of a great literary genius out of a common sailor in the course of a very few years of hard study and desperate striving. As a consequence of this lack of reasonable time for the transformation of the hero, the tale is rather absurd. Martin Eden is a boy of twenty when the tale begins and in a very short time after he has become an author of world-wide fame, a philosopher, a poet, a disillusioned genius ready for suicide. Much of the book is taken up with the detailed history of the grim determination with which he continues to write and struggle for literary recognition, although he is turned down by editor after editor. Finally he has a book accepted, makes a great hit and becomes very popular. But Martin is now a disillusioned man. Everything for which he has been struggling has become common clay and in high disgust he dives out of sight in the waters of the South Pacific. The book is not very sane or

well balanced, but contains much wholesome truth. What will chiefly interest people in it, is the suspicion that there is a touch of autobiography. No doubt Mr. London's personal experience has supplied him with many of the incidents. Therefore, the story may be interesting to the great army of struggling and unrecognized authors.

Another new work of fiction which has been attracting the attention of the public is Thomas Nelson Page's "John Marvel, Assistant." This book promises to be one of the greatest novels of the year. It is a splendid live story of life and love in a great western city, with vivid and imposing discussions of our social problems. The characters are of the North and the South, of many classes and kinds; the plot is swift, dramatic and absorbing. Those who have followed the varying fortunes of the characters have been in close touch with many aspects of the life of our time, full of interest and appeal to the sympathies. Mr. Page, one feels, is deeply concerned in presenting his views on the subjects indicated. He does not hesitate to indict many modern conditions and is very much in earnest in his exposition of the theories of Socialism. The author has written his masterpiece in this great novel. It is as typical of today as "Red Rock" was of Reconstruction, and promises to be one of the American novels of great and permanent value.

A book now taking hold of the reading public North and South is "The Southerner," recently issued by Doubleday, Page and Company, of New York. The publishers call it "A Novel: Being the Autobiography of Nicholas Worth." A small part of the story ran serially in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1906 and provoked quite a discussion in some sections. This novel will sooner or later attract considerable attention from the press of the South. Dr. Charles McIver, in the name of William Malcolm Bain, is said to be the hero and Walter H. Page the author. The book will be abused by some classes of Southerners, but to the average man who sees

two sides of a question "The Southerner" will be interesting, for it is well written. It contains a great idea, a simple plot and a delightful narrative style. The characters are interesting, the love stories of the simplest sort. The author has been fearlessly frank in his analysis of public opinion in the South, but he has also given a view of Southern life hitherto neglected in fiction—the constructive, successful struggle of the builders since the war. He has dealt fairly, truly and convincingly with the South as it has been and as it is. Without doubt, "The Southerner" is a great book.

"Forty Minutes Late and Other Stories" is the title of a new book by F. Hopkinson Smith. There are nine stories in the volume, differing widely in plot, character and background. The scenes range from a New England village to Venice and Athens. There are tales of artists and of travels, of the sea and of the inland country, of city people and of country people, but all marked by the good fellowship and human sympathy which have made the author's stories so well liked and so well known. These stories are sure of their audience among those who know "Peter," "The Old-Fashioned Gentleman," and his other books.

Under the title of "The Shadow of the Cathedral," Mrs. W. A. Gillespie has given us a translation from the Spanish of "La Catedral" by Ibanez. The translation is reasonably adequate, but by no means free from blunders. In this book we have no ordinary *novela de costumbres* of romance, but a tract for the times, a bold discussion of ideas, which are fermenting in the Peninsula. It has been put into English at a time when its themes are even more to the fore in Spain than when it was written. Although as a story it is dull and tedious, it has had a great vogue in Spain on account of the marked *Tendenz* running through it.

November sees the publication of "The Heart of the Antarctic," Lieutenant Shackleton's own story of his voyage to the South Pole. The appearance of this work by a discoverer

whose achievements have placed him on a plane with such explorers as Peary and Cook is very timely. It is not merely made up of newspaper articles and fragmentary sketches, but is Lieutenant Shackleton's own account of his experience. This is the first exhaustive work on a subject that is creating a veritable sensation in all parts of the civilized world at the present time, and with the important scientific facts and the discoveries revealed in its pages will undoubtedly be recognized as the greatest work of exploration of the year. The work is in two volumes, and has more than three hundred illustrations.

Many books for youthful readers appear among the autumn's output of juvenile works. These are the days when a boy likes "stories that are true" rather than fiction, and he can easily be provided for among the many admirable books of biography, historical tales, exploring expeditions, wild animal trapping, and other adventures, all written for young people. We mention a series of six books under the title, "Retold from St. Nicholas," which contains historical stories of the ancient world and the Middle Ages, a series translated from German by George B. Upton, called "Life Stories for Young People," and a series by Etta Blaisdell McDonald and Julia Dalrymple, known as "Little People Everywhere." "A Child's Guide to American History," by Henry W. Ellson, gives simply, yet vividly, those incidents in the history of the country most likely to hold the interest of a child. "The Science of Trapping," by E. Kreps, and "The Wolf and Coyote," by A. R. Harding, will be of special interest to boys. These books mentioned are only a few among the great number for young people.

The Lippincotts have just brought out a handsome edition of the "Mystery Tales of Edgar Allan Poe." There are sixteen of the tales in the selection, and each is illustrated by Mr. Byram Shaw. The book is a worthy memorial volume, very appropriate to the centenary year of the author.

JAMES L. HUTCHISON, - - - - - - - MANAGER

It was in Boston and the prim little thing of two years was put on the car at the corner of a fashionable street by the neatest of women. She was the perfection of propriety. Then in stepped a great black negro, dressed in long black coat and silk hat, and took a seat beside the little girl. At once the Boston indifference and stolidness were gone. She could no longer govern her eyes, which at first glanced shyly up at the great black face and then rested on the hands beside her. Then she slyly, cautiously touched the tip of one finger on the hand and eagerly looked to see if the rosy tint were not colored. A look of surprise shot over her face.

But the big black gentleman, who had seen all out of one corner of an eye, smiled kindly and continued reading his *Transcript.*

Follies of 1909.

(Collaborated by M. and H. with due apologies).

Being a play in three acts, portraying the corruption of modern society.

Dramatis Personæ:
Mrs. Gotta B. Smartt.
Mrs. Guiltrox-Splurger.
Mrs. Van Brassmug.
Time, Present.

ACT I.

(*Street scene. Mrs. Gotta B. Smartt and Mrs. Guiltrox about to enter carriage*).

MRS. GOTTA B. SMARTT: Yes, I attended the Club this morning and we read Harold Barr McChambers' latest book, "Her Mad, Mad Love," and decided it was extremely strongly written.

MRS. GUILTROX-SPLURGER: I think Harold Barr McChambers is perfectly darling. You know—(*Mrs. Van Brassmug passes in an automobile*).

MRS. G. B. S.: There's that Brassmug woman. I *must* call on her, but I would as soon talk to my husband for the same length of time.

MRS. G.-S.: I'd rather. Let's call while she's out.

MRS. G. B. S.: Perfectly grand!

ACT II.

(*Home of Mrs. Brassmug. Enter Mrs. B.*).

MRS. BRASSMUG: Oh, dear, I've been shopping all morning. Tomorrow is my husband's birthday and I bought him the cutest little pink and yellow tie at the bargain sale. I had no idea that I could get such a perfect little dear for twenty-eight cents! (*Picks up cards of Mrs. G. B. S. and Mrs. G.-S.*). Oh, Mrs. Smartt and the Guiltrox-Splurger woman have called. I'm so glad I was out. I could cry for joy.

ACT III.

(*Street scene one day later. Enter Mrs. B. from left. Enter Mrs. G. B. S. and Mrs. G.-S. from right and meet in center*).

MRS. B.: Oh, Mrs. Smartt, I was so sorry to have missed you yesterday,—and you, too, Mrs. Guiltrox-Splurger. It's such a rare treat to talk to such ladies, you know, etc., etc., etc.,

Mrs. G. B. S. and Mrs. G.-S. (in unison): My dear Mrs. Brassmug, it was such a disappointment to find you out. We had hoped so much you might be at home, etc., etc., etc.

Mrs. B.: Do call again when I am in; I shall be so glad to see you.

Mrs. G. B. S. and Mrs. G.-S. (in unison): Thank you so much. We will certainly call and we hope that we shall be more fortunate. Good morning!

Mrs. B.: Good morning!

(Curtain).

And you must know, Belovéd, that a Student is a thing that wears a Bohemian hair-cut and pants rolled up from two to four times, also an extreme pipe. It is harmless, but doesn't know it, and at times it even talks sensibly. There are three kinds, Belovéd: the Freshman, the Sophomore, and the others, who are not worthy of notice. As for Freshmen —well, as Shakspere said in Act II., Scene IV., "Freshmen and mules; these two, Freshmen being the stubborner." Sophomores, Belovéd, you will always recognize as the Broad Grins that hang around the depot in early September watching the Will Be's arrive. Look and marvel, Belovéd, for the ways of the Student are strange indeed.

Si gemmam quaeris, in hoc stagnum ne te demerge.

—*Taurus.*

ARTHUR M. PROCTOR, - - - - - - MANAGER

University of Virginia Magazine. Among the best of the college publications which have come to our desk this month, *The University of Virginia Magazine* stands at the top. It is an issue full of good things well written. It is no easy task to write a short story for a college magazine and make it interesting to all readers. There is the danger of too much local color, or in an effort to avoid this the writer is liable to omit all local color which, after all, is the core of interest in a short story. The articles in this publication are well balanced in this respect. The make-up of the magazine is excellent, and the cover design modest, yet attractive. The story of Hans in "The Oath of the Landesvater" is well told and interesting, but a trifle too dramatic. We admire Hans when he refuses to take the oath, but are disgusted at his treatment of the wounded Frenchman who calls for water. A man who could refuse to take the oath under the circumstances which the author pictures would hardly be capable of treating a poor wounded man in such a manner. "Ashes of Empire" is a poem of much merit. It is sad, yet inspiring. We were glad to read the "Sketch of General Turner Ashby." It presents him in a new light and is well written. "The Sacrifice" and "Captain Crack" are above the average stories of a college magazine. The negro dialect poems, "Mammy's Philosophy" and "Dem's Zurbs," are not so good. It requires a genius to write a dialect poem or piece of prose, and geniuses are hard to find. The editors of the different departments do their work well.

The Wake Forest Student

The opening number of *The Wake Forest Student* is a most creditable issue. There are some little faults we might find with it, but we are all prone to have our faults. The cover design might be a little more attractive if the subscription price and heavy lines were left off. The two poetical translations, "My Fatherland" and "Whither" are well done. "My Fatherland" is the better of the two, for it comes nearer rendering the spirit of the poem, but, of course, this is almost impossible to give in a translation. "Journalism—A Career," written by an alumnus on the staff of the New York *World,* is an excellent and very interesting article. We congratulate the editors on having begun this series of articles by the alumni, and shall watch them with interest. The poem "Forgotten" is good, and true to human history. We feel sure that the author would not venture to assign any particular spot as the scene of "The Break Down and Throw Out." The story is rather crude, yet withal interesting and lively. "A Song to the Lumbee" reminds us very much of John Charles McNeil's poem on that same subject, and we would like to see the beauties of that river. The poem contains a new word for Webster's dictionary, but we allow the poet that license. "Was Anything Compulsory?" is one of the best short stories which has appeared in any of the college magazines which have reached us. The plot is a fine one, and it is developed well, but the story could have been improved by leaving out just a little of the sentiment, or, better, by making it more lofty. Almost as good as this is "The Novel Is the Thing." It has a novel plot well worked out. The article on "Forest Preservation and National Prosperity" is well written, and a most timely article.

Southwestern University Magazine. It seems to us that this magazine might have been improved a little by having more than one short story; at least, it would have been more interesting to the majority of those who read it, unless the students of Southwestern are different from those of other institutions. However, the issue is a worthy one, and contains a number of serious and helpful articles, which is more than can be said of the majority of college magazines. The cover design is the most attractive one that has come to our desk, and we are glad to notice that the issue is not spoiled by an advertisement on the back of it. The opening poem, "Meditations of a Senior on Commencement Day," dedicated to the grad. from Scissortail Creek, is quite a travesty on Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," but it touches our humorous vein, and we have to smile as we picture the graduate from the backwoods. "The Negro and the Liquor Traffic" is one of the most timely topics discussed in any of the magazines, and we are sure the author has found one method of helping to solve this all-important problem. "The Macedonian Cry" is a poem of merit, and we would like to see it worked over again and some day placed in our hymn book. One of the most original and interesting short stories it has been our pleasure to read this month is "The Problem of the Universities." Its originality is shown in the very title, as no one could guess from the title what the story would be, and yet after reading the story one has to admit that the title is quite appropriate. The fair author evidently believes in co-education and we are inclined to be of the same opinion. The writer of "Shakspere and His Contemporaries" is indeed well versed in her subject, and we would advise those who are taking a course in Elizabethan Drama to read this article. It is one of the best short sketches of this period of literature that we have had the pleasure of reading. "By the Camp Fire" is good, but an overworked subject. The style is a little hackneyed. "Paternal Correspondence" is original and

contains some good advice. The oration, "Heir of the Ages," is an interesting oration, rather too optimistic, but containing a great deal of truth. We fail to agree with the writer that the time has come when all men are born free and equal. The editorial departments are well conducted.

William Jewel Student. The editor's number of the *William Jewel Student* is a new idea in the way of a college magazine, and one worthy of emulation by their contemporaries. As a whole the issue is excellent. It contains some commonplace parts, as all of our contemporaries do, but these are hard to find. The opening poem, entitled, "The Green and the Gray" is an excellent little piece of short verse; in fact, we consider it a gem. "Tonight," the story of the young lawyer waiting for a chance, is well told and is the kind of material that a man who is not an expert in story writing should try to handle. The sadness of a hasty judgment is pictured to us in "A Little Late," and we cannot help saying to ourselves, "It served her right." "A Forgetting" is a tantalizing narrative, as it does not satisfy your curiosity, but we suppose that was the purpose of the story, and we can readily point the moral to the tale. It is a good thing to have "A Quiet Hour" both in a poem and in reality. We enjoy one either in our room or in the *William Jewel Student*. "An Automobile Tire" is well written so far as form goes, but we must confess that we know very little more about them now than we did before we read the article. It seems to be too technical a subject for a college magazine. We hope that the sentiment of "When College Men Get Together" will be carried out among all students. The article is a timely one. "Rosedale Ranch" is interesting, and of course, ends in the proper way, although "Jill" didn't deserve "Jack," she got him. "Alkrina" is a weird story, but a most excellent one both in plot and language. We, too, have asked in our thoughts, "Will the Westward

Course of Empires Cease?" but we would rather fear the supremacy of Japan than that of China. The dangers pointed out in the article are threatening the very heart of our Commonwealth, and the article is most appropriate. The various departments are all well handled.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: *The Georgian, Emory Phoenix, The Haverfordian, The Criterion, The Erskinian, The Lenorian, The Record, The Boononian, The Red and White, The Buff and Blue, The Randolph-Macon Monthly, Davidson College Magazine, The Intercollegian, Old Penn, Niagara Index, Guilford Collegian.*

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

WALTER B. WEST, - - - - - Editor-in-Chief
WILLIS SMITH, - - - - - Business Manager

MANAGER'S NOTICE

The Trinity Archive is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the college.

Subscription price, $1.25 per scholastic year. Single copy, 15 cents.

Changes in advertisements may be made by notifying the Business Manager.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *alma mater*. If you do not wish to become subscribers, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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The Nativity

And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for him in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: For, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., December, 1909.

CLAUDE B. WEST, MATILDA O. MICHAELS, } - - - - - Managers

On Christmas Eve.

(An Adaptation from the German of Helene Stökl).

BY RUSSELL D. KORNER.

It was the day before Christmas. In the ladies' compartment of a train, which was hastening from the capital city into a land of snow and mountains, sat a pale young woman. With a dark fur cloak closely drawn about her and a veil over her face she seemed to shrink from the tumult which at every station greeted the train, as the different compartments unceasingly emptied and filled.

She seemed much relieved when she finally reached the little station where she had to change trains. Here it was quiet. There were only a few passengers and of the few only one in the compartment with her. Relieved at being alone, she leaned back in her seat and allowed her eyes to follow the several objects as they flitted by the window until she lost consciousness of her surroundings. Suddenly she became awake. The clear, glad note of a child's voice reached her ear. She looked out the window. Upon the platform at a small stopping place stood a young woman in winter attire, holding by the hand a blond-haired boy of about four years. Longing for the train, he cried out, "This is Christmas eve! Papa is coming home today!"

When the train had finally stopped, a stalwart young man

jumped from the car. In the next moment he had seized the boy, who in childlike glee had exclaimed, "Papa, papa," and torn himself from his mother. The father was greatly rejoiced at seeing his son, lifted him up in his arms, drew him to his breast and covered his face, his curls, his hands, with kisses; then without allowing the boy to escape he turned to his young wife, who, smiling in tears, had awaited her turn to be pressed to his breast.

With a low moan the lonely woman sank back into her seat. Had there not been a time when she, too, with a blond-haired boy at her side full of joyful impatience, had hastened to meet her husband on his return home on Christmas eve? Where was her boy, where was her husband!

With burning dry eyes she looked out upon the winter fields, over which the sharp wind swept along, driving before it the snow in wild play. Yes, just as these flakes, so had her happiness been blown away and lost. Before her mind arose a picture of the past. She saw herself as she grew up in the house of her father, the rich old merchant, surrounded by luxuries, spoiled by flattery; and yet, in the midst of all her wealth, poor, because of no mother to care for her. She saw herself hardly come to maturity, pressed around by crowds of suitors, who sought to win her hand, without love and indifferent toward every homage. But soon there came into her circle one who took her captive without resistance with the first glance from his sunny, joyous eyes. No matter how high public opinion placed the young man who had won her heart, no matter how completely his talent freed him from the cares of life, he was not the husband that her father had wished for her. He had never opposed the impetuous, passionate will of his daughter, but when she followed the beloved man into his house as wife, then she could not escape the conviction that, while she had won a husband, she had lost a father. It grieved her, but what sacrifice was too great for her love? The more she gave up for her husband's sake the more he would have to love her. And as she had

entirely given him her young heart, so she demanded his undivided heart in return. But she did not know that the heart of a man, and especially of an artist, must have other interests than the love of his wife, though he loved her ardently; and when this did dawn upon her she refused to realize it.

Her husband was accustomed to seek his recreation amid congenial companions. He rejoiced, now that he was married, at being able to offer to his friends in his house a pleasant rendezvous; but the licentious, loud tone of the young artists did not please his wife, and still greater was her dissatisfaction at her husband's frequent outings with his friends. She forced herself to be polite towards the guests of her husband, but these gentlemen noted her reserve and withdrew. When they no longer came to his house, he sought companionship with them beyond her sight.

"Am I not more to you than your friends?" she entreated. "Give them up for my sake." He laughed at her. "If I always remained at home with you, it would soon be all over with my art." Yes, his art! How beautiful she had thought it to be his Muse,—by her very presence to inspire lordly creations. Once, however, while she sat near him in his studio he had kindly but positively told her that he could only do his work when alone. This she could not comprehend. She ought to have realized, too, from his very naivete when he suddenly let go her arm on the streets to hasten after some beautiful woman or girl and then return to praise to her the beauty he had seen, that there was no cause for jealousy. But this naivete she had long lost and had grown jealous of everything that threatened to take him from her—his friends, his art, and finally their child.

With a proud feeling of joy she had been well aware of the fact that the boy whom she had borne him, whom he in overflowing paternal pride with tears of joy had pressed to his bosom, gave her a double claim to his love. But this happiness had remained only for a short time entirely unclouded. The child was an exact likeness of his father. Just as it had

inherited the color of his hair and eyes, the ring of his voice and the manner of his smile, so the child appeared nowhere better satisfied than near its father. Scarcely was it able to run when it followed him, or sat patiently upon the steps awaiting his home-coming. In vain she sought to make the child exclusively her own; the happy, constant kindness of its father exercised far greater attraction for the child than the passionate, agitated tenderness of its mother.

"Which do you love better, papa or mamma?" she asked with trembling heart, if she were alone with the child. "Both of you and then papa," said the child, looking out of its bright, large, honest eyes.

"They are enough for each other; they do not need me!" This was the self-tormenting thought which she could not get out of her mind. Her health began to decline. "You are sick. The winter was too long and severe for you," said her husband, looking sorrowfully at her pale cheeks. "Let's go to the mountains; there you will recover." She eagerly accepted the proposition. Yes, away, away into the mountains! Perhaps it would be better there!

The village they sought was almost wholly surrounded by mountains and accessible only from one side. It was both a romantic and peaceful resort, but her ardent soul did not find rest there, either. It was the same village in which her husband before he was married had spent several summers as a gay young artist. All knew him here and all loved him. When he passed through the village men shook his hand, women brought their children to show them to him, young ladies secretly from behind lattice-fences threw roses after him, only to disperse laughing if detected. The pale wife beside him, however, was scarcely noticed.

With the remembrance of old times there came over him a spirit to wander about. He saw that she suffered, however, and sought to limit his excursions as much as possible. Several objects of study, such as beautiful old trees and cleft boulders, he found in the neighborhood of the village. She

had several times accompanied him upon his walks, but to sit for hours watching him absorbed in his work, without ever so much as a glance for her, caused her passionate love to revolt. She remained at home, and in her stead the child accompanied him. Leading it carefully by the hand over steep places, or, when its small little legs became tired, carrying it in his arms, he took it to the place where he was working. Playing with stones and flowers, the child waited patiently, however long it might be, until its father had time to turn to it. They were so very happy upon these excursions that she began to fear lest the child might cease to love her.

"Let the child remain here," she said when he wished to take it the next time.

"But for what reason?"

"You cannot watch after it while you paint. It might come to some harm in the mountains."

"Why, indeed!" He laughed heartily. "It doesn't get out of my sight."

"No matter, I do not wish it. Let the child remain here." She saw his surprised face and continued fervently: "It is my child as well as yours! Or will you also take from me the love of my child?"

He shrugged his shoulders and turned away, but took the child no longer with him.

And then came the end! With what terrible vividness each detail of that awful day was imprinted on her mind. It was Sunday. She was hoping that he would at least remain at home this day, and with particular care she had dressed herself. "I am going to church. Will you not come with me?" she asked, faint-heartedly.

"Not today. I must go to the Red Cliff to complete a sketch. I can only use the morning light."

She turned away, disappointed.

"Are you going to take the child with you?" he asked.

"No, it shall remain behind with the maid."

"Do you think the child is safe with the maid? She is nothing yet but a child——"

"Why not? She has nothing else to do except to look after the child."

He made no further objections and went away. The church was situated at the extreme end of the village. Before she returned more than two hours had elapsed. "Where is the child?" she asked the maid, who stood before her frightened and perplexed.

"It went with your husband," stuttered the nurse. "I had just gone beyond the gate, and when I came back your husband and the child had disappeared."

What! In spite of all! She pressed her lips tightly together. Against her expressed wish he had taken the child to spite and defy her. Had it come to such a pass with them? In feverish impatience she waited. Midday came and still both remained away. She had the food placed upon the table, but she was unable to eat anything. Uneasiness drove her restlessly up and down the room until finally she could bear it no longer.

She took her hat and went out to meet them. They could only come by this road, and, sure enough, there they came! A small procession of boys and men hove in sight, her husband in front. But was this her husband? Without hat, his clothes hanging about him in tatters, blood flowing from a wound in his forehead, trickling down in great drops upon the child in his arms. And the child! Gracious God, what was the matter with the child! Why did it lie so motionless? Why did its head hang down over its arms so limp? She could not take a step. As in a fever her teeth chattered, while a convulsion shook her body and cold beads of perspiration appeared on her forehead.

Now her husband stood before her. "My child, my child!" she cried. He wished to speak, but could not. With trembling lips he bowed down over the child, which lay pale and rigid in his arms. Before her eyes everything flickered and

danced. Only indistinctly as from afar sounded the murmur of the bystanders: "It fell from the Red Cliff." Then, with a piercing scream, she fell down into the dust of the road.

When she was brought home they succeeded in restoring her to consciousness, but not entirely from the deep apathy which had taken possession of her. Indifferently she looked on as the little body was prepared for burial, placed in the coffin and covered with flowers. No tears came in her eyes. Silently she sat there. Only when her husband wished to approach her she turned away with a shudder. When the hour of burial arrived, by sheer force she aroused herself. Without accepting the proffered arm of her husband she followed silently and gloomily the small coffin and saw it sink out of sight into the earth and the mound arched over it.

Now the grave digger had finished his work, the people, who had followed either on account of curiosity or sympathy, had departed; she stood with her husband alone at the grave. He extended his hand full of ardent pity. "Why will you bear your grief alone, Anna?" he asked, while his voice trembled with emotion. "Do not I suffer as you? Is it not the child of both which we have buried here?" She rejected his hand. "You have no more share in the child," she said, apathetically.

"Anna!" he cried, horrified.

"You are to blame for its death," she continued, with forced calm. "That you might vex me, that you might give me pain, you carried the child with you, and it came to its death. There is no reconciliation across this grave."

"You say I was responsible for its death. I am not. Listen to me——"

She interrupted him with passionate impetuosity. "And if you were not! What difference could it make, since the dead body lies between us?"

"Anna, Anna! You know not what you speak!"

"Indeed, I know it only too well. You have ceased to love

me,—if, indeed, I have ever possessed your love, and—I love you no longer. Our ways must part."

"You know not what you say. When you become more quiet, you will be of a different mind."

"Never!" she cried, trembling from emotion. "Did I not tell you that I love you no more, have long ceased to love you? Will you force me to live by your side with a heart that hates you? If it is on account of my property——"

He rose quite erect and strode away without even once looking around. And on that evening he travelled to the capital. She followed him several days later, but found him no more. He had left behind a letter which contained the necessary arrangements in order to place her again in sole possession of her fortune; and in it he referred her to a lawyer who was empowered by him to carry out everything that was necessary, as soon as she wished her divorce. He had gone upon a journey.

Three years had passed and she had not seen him again. From time to time she read notices concerning new pictures which he had painted, or had even seen such pictures in some exhibition or other,—that was all. She, too, had not remained at home. Her health was seriously impaired. She spent the first winter in Nice, the second in Meran, the summer months at different resorts. She had not sought her divorce. If he didn't do that, she did not need her freedom. What was she to do with it!

It was her first winter in Germany since the death of her child. So long as she had lived in foreign lands, sometimes here, sometimes there, it had been fairly easy to refrain from thinking the thoughts she did not wish to think; now at home, everything strongly reminded her of the past. That she might free her mind from such thoughts she devoted her time to charity,—by nature her heart felt for the poor and needy. For a time she succeeded in forgetting other matters; but when the time came to make preparations for the Christmas festivals, her heart and strength failed her. The remem-

brance of the past rushed in upon her with a force from which there was no escape. How happily she had once celebrated a Christmas with her husband and her child! Each other thought of the past was embittered for her; only the recollection of Christmas time shone bright and clear out of the darkness.

Suddenly an irresistible desire had overcome her. She would go to her child! On Christmas day she would kneel at its grave; perhaps there consolation would find a way into her tired and despairing heart. So she had left behind rich presents for her proteges among the poor, and, quite alone, had departed on the morning of Christmas eve toward the mountains and the little village where her child was buried. Now the train of the branch line had reached the last station. She got out. From here she had about half an hour's walk over a lonely heath grown up with fir trees, before she reached the village. She had taken a little refreshment and departed, not heeding the well-given counsel of the station-master to take some one along with her. Whom did she fear? Those who were as unhappy as she feared nothing.

A biting wind blew in her face, but she did not mind it. On the contrary, the physical exertion helped her against the struggle within. With the mantle securely wrapped about her she stepped along briskly. She need not go up to the village, for the graveyard was this side of the village, somewhat aside at the foot of the mountain; she was glad that this was so. It would have been intolerable for her to have the people in the village staring at her, questioning her, and perhaps even accompanying her to the churchyard. No, alone, quite alone, she wished to be there with her child.

Faster and faster she had gone; now she stood struggling for breath before the churchyard gate; she raised the handle of the gate, but it would not give way. It was locked. She had not thought of this possibility. She looked around and concluded that she must, after all, expose herself to the curiosity of the inhabitants of the village. Then her eyes fell

upon a little house which leaned against the hillside about two hundred yards distant. She remembered having heard that a wood hewer dwelled there with his family. The man who kept steadily at his heavy work for weeks at a time would, indeed, scarcely know her. And even if he did?

With somewhat faltering steps she started toward the hut. The door was ajar. She cautiously felt her way along a small path leading up to the door. The noise which came from within made her knocking in vain. Slowly she pushed open the door and looked in. Near a large wooden table in the middle of the room sat an old grey-haired man with a flowing beard; an empty sleeve hanging at his side characterized him as an old soldier. Cautiously pressed between his knees was a child which he was eagerly endeavoring to feed with a spoon. With a rapid movement peculiar to a man doing a woman's work, he proceeded to blow upon the broth in the spoon, testing it first by his own mouth, and then putting it into the eager open mouth of the child. He chatted loudly with the child and soothingly spoke to it while he put the well-filled spoon into the mouth of the chubby-faced youngster who stood beside him, while a number of larger children ran about the room, and a girl, perhaps about eleven years old, sat by the window, attentively knitting.

"Shame on you, you little cormorant," scolded the old man. "Do you envy the other the smallest bit? Eh, Mary, you like the sweet broth, too?" Suddenly his look fell upon the strange woman who stood hesitating upon the threshold. Somewhat astonished, he let the spoon sink in the broth, and attempted to get up with the child. The stranger quickly motioned him to keep his seat.

"I intended going into the churchyard, but found the gate locked. Haven't you some one you could send to the village to fetch the key for me?"

"The lady wishes the key to the churchyard gate? Well, well! Little Anton will bring it for you—Go, Tonerl," he turned to a half-grown boy who had pressed around curiously

with the other children, "run for the key! Just say it is for a stranger who wishes to enter the churchyard. You can bring it back in a short time. But do not remain too long, you hear!"

The boy seized his cap and went out hurriedly.

"Won't the lady have a seat? Helen, bring a chair."

The old man fished eagerly for the sunken spoon in the broth, since the child on his lap would not patiently endure the interruption of its feeding.

"Such a little screamer can't be quiet a minute," he said after he had gotten possession of the spoon. "Daughter has gone into the village to buy the bread for the Christmas holiday, and my son has not yet returned from his work; so the grandfather must be the nurse, whether he wants to or not."

"Are all these your grandchildren?" the young woman asked, looking tenderly around the room.

"Yes, indeed! Seven in number they are. All healthy and blessed with good appetites, eh, Mary?"

"And can the father provide bread for all?"

"It is right hard for him, but he does it with a greeat deal of joy. Daughter helps him as much as possible. In the summer time, when the little ones do not need so much attention, she goes out into the field with him. However, most of it falls upon him."

"And is he good?"

"He is good, quite good, everybody must admit that; and he is particularly fond of the children. He would sacrifice almost anything he has to give one of them happiness. He should be at home by now," he continued, looking around at the children mysteriously. "But it is Christmas eve today, so I suppose he will have something to speak about with Santa Claus. Hey, Francis, where are you going? Going to meet father? What things do occur to you! You stay right here, or Santa Claus will not bring you anything. The children are very much attached to their father. They want to be running after him when he goes to his work. It gives him

joy, and they know it; but I do not like it. Since I saw that strange child fall to its death because it ran after its father, and saw it lying before me,—since that time I haven't any peace when I do not know the children are with me."

The young woman had suddenly become pale without the old man's noticing it.

"Of what child are you speaking?" she asked, with constraint.

"Has the lady not heard about the little boy who fell to his death over the edge of the Red Cliff? It happened this coming summer three years ago."

"Do you mean the child of the artist who was living here at that time?" The voice of the young woman trembled slightly. "Why, you will remember that the child had not run after its father, but the father had taken it along with him, and through his carelessness the accident occurred."

"Indeed, you are mistaken as to what you say," cried the old man eagerly. "The people said so, because the maid, whose duty it was to care for the child, had in her excitement said that, since she had left it alone. However, I was there at the time. I know how it came about."

"Were you there at the time?" The eyes of the young woman rested wide and fixed upon him.

"To be sure I was there, and if the lady wishes to hear how it happened—"Go, Helen," he said, turning to the girl who was knitting, "lay the babe in the cradle, it is fast asleep!—It happened one Sunday," he began then, after taking his tobacco pouch and filling his pipe. "I had gone to church, and as I passed by the Red Cliff I saw the strange gentleman sitting there painting, and because he usually had his little boy by his side, I went up to him and asked: 'Where is your little son today, if I may ask?'

" 'My little boy?' he said, and laughed, 'I had to leave him at home today. My wife doesn't want him to come with me any more. She thinks something might happen to him here in the mountains.'

" 'Your wife is quite right,' I was on the point of saying, when the gentleman at my side started. 'Didn't you hear something?' he asked me. At that moment it seemed as if I had heard some one call, and when we were quite still then we heard 'Papa! papa!' called quite plainly. We at first looked around and then over us, for it seemed as if the voice came out of the air. And as we looked up, we saw the little boy, far up above with his hands holding to some shrubs and with his little feet against the rocks, he hung directly over the precipice, and his fine little voice cried: 'Papa! papa! I was looking for you, when I fell down here and cannot get up again; you must come and get me.'

"The gentleman's face became as white as chalk. Only for a moment was he unable to speak; then, that the child might not become frightened, he cried out: 'I am coming at once, Charles; only hold fast, right fast, do you hear? In a moment I shall be with you!'

"With long strides he hastened through the briars up the mountain, and before I had supposed it was possible, he was already up there. Cautiously he knelt down and leaned over the edge of the Red Cliff; but he could not reach the child with his hand.

" 'Just hold fast a moment longer, Charles,' he cried. 'I'll get a stick!' But when the child suddenly saw his father above him, he cried aloud for joy, and let loose with one of his little hands in order to grasp his father's; but the other hand could no longer hold the body, and his little feet glided forth over the slippery stones. 'Papa, papa, catch me!' he shouted, and then fell down into the abyss. From below I could not see in what direction he had fallen, but I could hear the sound of the body striking on the stones.

"I hastened up the mountains as quickly as I could, but the father was already coming toward me. He was unable to reach the child from above,—and at the same time his attempts from the side and below were equally futile. It was not possible. Then he ran to the wood-cutter's camp to

bring help. The men brought along a rope, which the gentleman caused to be fastened to himself, since he would not permit any one else to fetch the child. I stood close by as they drew him up. The rope had become twisted and in turning had caused his head to strike against the rocks, so that the blood ran over his forehead; but he kept his eyes fixed upon the child so that it might not bump against anything.

" 'It is not dead, it is only stunned,' he had said when he handed it up. However, as its limbs hung so limp by its side, I knew at once that it had broken its back, and that nothing could be done for it. Quite silently he pushed aside those who wished to carry the child for him, took it in his arms and carried it down into the village. I did not go along, for I was unable to look at it."

The old man put his empty coat sleeve to his eyes. When he again looked up, frightened by the deathly pale look upon the lady's face, who had fallen back in the armchair, he cried: "Helen, Helen, quick, a glass of water! The lady is not well."

She drank some of the water. "It is nothing except the heat in the room," she said, endeavoring to control herself. "Yes, yes, it is hot in here," said the old man, "the little ones and I like it warm, and since there is no lack of wood, I suppose we are inclined to overheat the room. God be praised, here is little Anton. Shall he go along with the lady so that he may bring back the key when she is through with it?"

"No, no, I will bring it back myself." She drew her mantle about her and hastened with quickened steps to the churchyard.

At last she had heard what she had long wished to know; at last she knew how her child came to its death; and she knew also what a grievous, never-to-be-righted wrong she had done her husband. He had dared to risk his life for the child; and when he stood before her, bleeding in body and heart, to seek consolation in her love, then she had thrust him aside

and had accused him of being responsible for the death of the child.

For some time she labored vainly with her trembling fingers to unlock the churchyard gate; at last it gave way. After she had wandered about the churchyard for sometime, surveying each grave, finally she was able to identify a small one as that of her child.

With a cry of pain, she fell down in front of the grave. All the grief that she had borne through these years, all the bitterness and despair that had been heaped upon her, and which she had forced back within herself, came out in deep lamentation as she knelt beside the small knoll, under which her child slumbered, awaiting eternity. Embracing the grave with both arms, her face pressed closely upon the cold earth, she broke out weeping, so bitterly, so convulsively, that her entire body quivered, shook and tottered as if moved by a storm.

"My child, my child, why were you taken from me! My life is desolate and empty since you are no longer with me. What shall I do upon earth? With you is peace and rest. Oh! have pity upon your mother and draw me unto you!" Her voice died away in violent sobbing.

She had not heard the creaking of the churchyard gate and the slowly approaching steps over the snow, yet she became frightened. Did not some one call her name? Half erect, her hand upon the grave, she looked around, disturbed. Directly opposite her, partly concealed by the twigs of the arbor vitæ, stood a dark form. She sprang up. Was she not really deceiving herself? Was it really her husband, who, with an earnest and pathetic look, stood before her?

"Richard!" she cried, in her first astonishment, advancing toward him, as if she were going to leap into his arms. But she immediately controlled herself. "Why are you here?" she asked, stepping back.

"Driven by the same wish as you, to visit our child on Christmas eve."

"I did not hear you. How did you come in here?"

"The gate was unlocked. The people told me in the village that some one had already fetched the key. I did not suspect that it was you, else I would have come later—however, I can go if I disturb you," he added, bitterly, after he had vainly waited for an answer.

"Why should you disturb me?" she asked slowly without raising her eyes. "On the contrary, I am glad to have met you here. I have longed to tell you something."

He bent forward, expectantly.

"I have just now for the first time learned," she continued, with quivering voice, "how our child was killed. I wronged you greatly when I blamed you for its death."

"That you did," he replied in muffled tone.

"Why did you allow me to believe this?"

"You would not listen to me!"

"You should have forced me to hear," she said, convulsively clasping her hands. "You were not the cause of its death; no, I, who left the child with the careless maid, I killed it."

"Why do you torture yourself with such a thought? I, too, might say: had I taken the child with me, the thought to seek me would never have come to it. God has willed it thus, and—perhaps it were better for the child that it died."

There was such a pensive sound in his last words that she raised her eyes and met his glance. How changed he was! She saw it now for the first time. Between his eyes was a deep wrinkle, and these eyes had lost their sunny splendor, and around his mouth lay a bitter expression which she had never known in him. It cut her to the heart to see him thus.

"I have made you very unhappy," she said softly.

"Have I made you happy? Neither of us has known how to guard our happiness."

"It is not your fault, but mine," she whispered, almost inaudibly. "I demanded too much, only to lose all." She looked down sorrowfully for a moment, and then, suppressing

with difficulty the tremor in her voice, she said: "Today is Christmas. Won't you extend your hand across this grave as a sign that you have forgiven me? I think we should then be able to separate with lighter hearts."

He did not answer. She looked at him anxiously. He stood breathing heavily. "Must we again separate?" came slowly from his lips. She looked at him as though she did not understand him. His eyes, full of compassion and tenderness, met hers. Suddenly a fiery wave of emotion overwhelmed her. Was not that the old look of love which came to her out of his eyes, the look with which he had once wooed her, with which he had won her heart and made her happy a thousand times, and which she had thought never to see again?

"Could we not go out together, Anna?" he asked again, slowly stretching out his arm toward her. Her knees failed her, she tottered and would have fallen, had he not caught her in his arms.

"You can love me no longer," she stammered. He tenderly laid her head upon his breast and, kissing the tears from her eyes, said softly: "I have never ceased to love you." . . .

It might have been a quarter of an hour later when husband and wife groped their way through a dark passageway to the sitting room of the wood-cutter's hut. This time no noise sounded from within, but again the inmates were so busily absorbed in their work that the young woman opened the door unnoticed. Upon the table in the middle of the room stood a small Christmas tree. Beneath it were apples and nuts, while several pieces of cheap gingercake were suspended from its little branches by strings. A woman, by her resemblance immediately distinguishable as the daughter of the old man who had previously sat there with his grandchildren, was endeavoring to light the small candles upon the tree by means of a candle end, while her husband decorated the small treasure with those things which he had brought

along for the children; cheap pictures, trumpets, little whistles, a pair of small wooden horses and lambkins; from time to time anxiously looking toward the chamber door, which seemed to offer but little resistance to the attack of the children.

Now the little candles burned. The parents stood aside, surveying the tree with pride and satisfaction; then the young woman hastily approached from the door. She stepped up to the table, opened her pocket book, placed a banknote under the tree, larger than had ever before been seen in this poor hut, and large enough to become a nest-egg in the hands of these industrious, frugal people. Before the recipients had recovered from their surprise and could stammer their thanks, the door had closed behind the young woman.

Arm in arm, and nestled closely together, the strangers took the path which led over the heath to the station. The snow clouds had dispersed, the wind had ceased, only a soft murmur floated through the air. Slowly and solemnly night drew on. From the dark heaven peeped star after star in indescribable, mysterious splendor, shining down upon the dark earth, as though they wished to bring knowledge of that night when man, waiting in darkness, had first seen the light of the world. Suddenly the sounds of the village bells rang out through the deep quietude, which to the children in the village meant the announcement of Christmas day. Beginning slowly at first, then becoming louder and clearer, they filled the air far around with their joyous, blithesome sounds.

Overpowered by a holy thought the man and his wife stood still. Moved in the depths of their beings, they rejoiced that hereafter no Christmas should find them aloof from their love, but inspired and saturated by it. Then they continued their walk, hand in hand, their shining eyes gazing on the starry firmament, far over the lonely heath towards the dawn of their new life.

Pearl.

(From the Persian).

BY CHESLEY M. HUTCHINGS.

O pearl from out the Persian Ocean
  How came you by that rainbow hue,
Enclosed within your darksome prison
  In some old ocean cavern blue?

Lonesome and dread beneath the ocean,—
  Yet thou art like a snowflake bright,
A starlet, gulfed in some dim valley,
  In region of unfathomed night;

In some weird city, girt in stillness,
  Far lower than the storm and tide,—
Awful phantoms, silence-haunted,
  Of old vessels, dim descried,

Looming high, the courts of sea kings,
  Over whom one tyrant reigns,
Coral throned, with round eyes gazing
  Down the long, dark, dank sea lanes.

While undines, ghouls of that weird region,
  Sing songs no mortal ear can know,
Songs of all the old sea wonders,
  Songs of wisdom, fear and woe.

And their voices, thinner, fading,
  Ring along those sea caves far,
Roam among those dim sea shadows.—
  O pearl who knoweth what you are?

"Hilligenlei."

BY E. J. LONDOW.

Of all the serious German novelists of today, Gustav Frenssen is perhaps the most discussed. Beginning with "Jörn Uhl," the works of this pastor-author have displayed a remarkable insight into modern life and present-day problems. It may not be out of place, therefore, to interpret the spirit of one of his strongest novels, "Hilligenlei."

In every age there have been men who pictured for themselves the bright outlines of a happy state, from which many of the evils, sufferings, and injustices known to us will be absent. Idealists observing the Titanic struggle between the selfish tendencies and the nobler sentiments of mankind have dreamt of the ideal man. Prophets there have been, who observing the way of progress now moving forward, now backward, have sought to determine to what end the procession is tending, and to picture the land that will be finally reached. Yet the man of the world, though he may see some visions of himself, seldom strives to search out the land of perfection—indeed, he does not realize the narrowness of his life, and this has made it impossible for him to understand the soul-men who seek and believe they will attain the Holy Land. From the dawn of civilization, no doubt, the world has laughed to scorn the poet who holds out his vision of the ideal as a reality.

Out near the great North Sea, that seethes and roars, where the Germans struggle as primitive man with all the elements to eke out an existence, lies the village of Hilligenlei. Century after century these people have contended with the sea, have died, and have transmitted to their children heroism, energy, and simplicity of manners. The Vikings, the sea-roving Teutons, who were the ancestors of the inhabitants of Hilligenlei, were religious men, and had a faith equal to the precariousness of their existence. Changed to a form

of Christianity, the religion of the Scandinavian was still a religion for heroes. But, as elsewhere in the world, so also in Hilligenlei, "the old order changeth, yielding place to new." With the wonderful development that modern civilization has brought has come a still more wonderful development in the relations between men. Fiercer than the war of man with the elements has become in many places the war of man with man. The old church in Hilligenlei, the motive of whose priests is self-interest rather then the communal welfare, can no longer hold the peasant, the fisher, and the merchant together. Distrust, ill will towards his neighbors, lack of faith—these are the characteristics of the citizen of Hilligenlei.

All the vicissitudes of human existence, however, have not extinguished the spark of belief that Hilligenlei will some day, through the deeds of one of its citizens, be the realization of what its name purports. The oldest inhabitant, Hule Biedewand, counts the days until a hero shall arise and make the city a Holy Land, where sin and sorrow shall be no more. In the very existence of this contemplative Teuton is imbedded this belief—why he believes he knows not.

So these men, whose souls hunger for the realization of such an intangible dream, fall with peculiar enthusiasm upon any idea that seems indicative of the accomplishment of the tradition. Thus old Thom Jans, sitting for months on the Fireship out upon that terrible sea, away from civilization, and revolving in his mind the Holy Land legend, interprets the awakening of the self-consciousness of the oppressed workmen, and the new movement born of it, social democracy; for has not this movement as its end equality of opportunity, means, and conditions? What wonder, then, that he should proclaim with the fire of a prophet that this is the Holy Land?

Such is the Hilligenlei with all its tribulations, poverty, dreams, seclusion,—a sequestered nook on the great North

Sea, where Kai Jans grows up. With eyes that seem to penetrate the very soul of men he observes the life of his fellow men, and drinks in with a wonderful thirst the tales of the Hilligenlei that is to be. Who can understand the child who talks of a marvelous future to his playmates on the shore? Surely no good will come of the boy, who idly sitting in the village blacksmith shop, insists that there is a land of holiness.

And so the dreaming youth with burning soul grows to young manhood. He must go out in the world and face realities—and how these realities tear his heart! Surely somewhere is Holy Land! On the Chinese Sea, where the sails of the *Klara* droop, and the sailors curse and drink, and curse and fight, Kai Jan seeks to pacify the wild seamen with his soft voice and thousand acts of kindness. Is this the Heilig Land where it is possible for men to sink into the degradation of beasts?

Still, like Parzival in quest of the Holy Grail, Kai Jans, fired with the spirit of learning that a Latin book has inspired within him while on board the *Goodefroo*, advances from the village school to the university. Perhaps salvation lies in science and theology. After the university course comes a pastorate among the humble workmen and peasantry, but to this he finds himself unsuited: too far has he departed from the simple teachings of the priests. Far is the church from the lives of the workers, in whose minds the new social ideas are producing a contempt for the pastor's teachings of humility and submission to fate. Theirs is a new religion. "The employers persecute us," exclaims a labor leader in all the anguish that the misery of a strike has occasioned, "because we have a new faith." Though his father holds the views of the strikers, Kai Jans sees that these, too, are slaves to selfishness, and that they are as narrow and circumscribed in their opinions of the welfare of mankind—and mankind includes all classes—as the employers. Where, then, is the

Hilligenlei, where all the crimes and immorality among the workmen shall cease?

While the dreamer is wandering from one class to another, from one mode of living to a different one, now believing that his dream is about to be realized, now seeing the Holy Land vanishing from his sight, his former companions at Hilligenlei have been pursuing their way through hardships to advancemeent. Men declare that Hule Biedewand's prophecy is coming true in the return of Tjark Dusenschön to his home. Of mean parentage, he had left his native village with Kai Jans, and now has come back a wealthy man, ready to invest his money in industrial enterprises, and promising to secure the government's help in deepening the harbor. Here, then, is the culmination of Tjark's ambition; his goal has been attained: to be a respected, wealthy man of the world.

Piet Boje, another comrade of Kai's, gaining the mastery over the wild seamen on the *Klara,* has mapped out for himself a career of usefulness of which an honorable position in the Navy is the climax. He, too, has had a vision; in this Holy Land, however, Piet Boje is the only hero.

Kai Jans alone bears upon his shoulders the burden of humanity. A mankind with altruistic motives, a humanity of kindness, a universe with lofty aspirations—only when he finds the way to these can he be happy. Once in a walk with Heinke Boje, Piet's sister, Jans discusses Biblical characters. That impression which the heroes of the Bible had stamped upon his mind has not lost its distinctness. His father, Thom Jans, still sits in the corner reading the Bible, which had been his only companion on the terrible North Sea. By Heinke's encouragement Kai resolves upon studying the life of the Nazarene, and in this study comes up an idea that rids him eternally of that heart-longing and ceaseless, vain searching for the Holy Land. This is but a new-old conception of Jesus. It is only His message of love, Kai Jans writes in his humanizing account of Christ, that can

become the warm, genuine faith of this faithless, suffering, dissatisfied world.

At last he is a free, normal man, though only a few short months are permitted to him. Has his life been in vain? What if Tjark Dusenschön, standing over the grave of the young Kai Jans, should say: "It is a pity he became nothing; he never rose"?

. . . .

"We do not demand, indeed," says the author of "Hilligenlei," "anything superhuman. We do not demand that men go out with the plan to seek a royal crown. But we demand while they pursue their way in error, they have a hope that they can find upon the next meadow a group of angels instead of a herd of asses, and that at the next turn in the road, the Eternal Spirit can be standing under an oak, and be holding peacefully in His holy hands a thousand mysteries for all worlds, and can tell them the solution of some of these."

By the Light of the Christmas Fire.

BY MARY LOOMIS SMITH.

It was Christmas eve and the night was bitter cold; outside a snowstorm was raging, and the wind, as it came rushing from the north, whistled a weird strain for the whirling snowflakes. In strange contrast with the desolate voices of nature I could hear, in the momentary lulls of the storm, the merry jingle of sleighbells and joyous bursts of laughter. Truly the Spirit of Christmas pervaded the world, and made young and glad the heart of man.

Within all was peace and warmth, as I sat by a roaring fire in the old parlor and watched the fantastic figures that the flames cast on the walls. Ever since I could remember I had loved the firelight in that old room and the shadows had always held for me a strange fascination. And, indeed, it was quite a quaint and picturesque place with its high-pitched ceiling and large dimensions. The furniture was mahogany, very old and so highly polished that it reflected every flicker of flame; on the walls hung several choice oil-paintings that greatly added to the severely simple and, at the same time, elegant aspect of the apartment. When a child I had spent whole hours creating imaginary stories about these people that looked down at me from their frames; especially had I been attracted by a large portrait of a radiantly beautiful girl, that hung just above the mantel; nearby was that of a gallant young fellow, and somehow those two had always been together in my thoughts. But the soul of the room was the fireplace with its warmth and light; the andirons, on which the great logs were placed, were curiously wrought of hammered brass in the likeness of demons that grinned at one from the midst of the flames.

As I was thus gazing into the mystic depths of the fire and weaving therein odd fancies for myself the door quietly opened and Mammy stood in the threshhold.

"Dis sho am er cole nite—min's me ob fo de war—lor, Miss Liz'beth, yo settin' hyah in de dark? I clar' fo grac'ous ef dese free niggers ain't de no-countest things. I dun tole Ang'lina ter lite dese hyar can'els haf-'our er go!"

Supreme indignation was in Mammy's voice as she moved across the room to light the silver candelabra that adorned each side of the mantel, but I stopped her—"Mammy, let's don't light the candles tonight; let's have just the firelight, and you sit here by me and tell me a Christmas story of the old times—please do!"

Just then a peak of flame darted up and threw a ruddy light on the winsome face above the mantel. "O Mammy," I begged, tell me about by great aunt Elizabeth!"

Mammy settled down in one of the great chairs and gazed long and earnestly at the charming picture. "Lor, chile," she exclaimed at last, and there was a reminiscent note in her voice, "ef dat pictur ain't de libbin image ob Miss Betty—des de way she looked wen she wuz de bell' ob all de country an all de young gentlemens wuz thick ez hops 'roun' here.

"Dat wuz bout wun er two yares fo' de war an' Miss Betty wuz ateen cum nex' Cris'mus Ebe nite. She sho wuz purty den an plum full of life an' happ'ness. Dar warnt no fence en de country wat she an Bluebonnet kan't tak' an' she allus hab sum' sort ob fun gwin' on whar she wuz. An prowd—she rul' ole Marsa an' Missus an' de whol' plantashun des lak er littl' queen an' ebry nigger on de place bow'd down ter her.

"Wel', wen Cris'mus time cum on Miss Betty say she boun' ter hab er big house'-party ter set off her birf'day. Den an' dare sum big fixin's wuz dun. De kook-hous' wuz plum full ob niggers an old Ca'line boss'd em an' dar warnt no triflin'—lemme tell you'. De smels wut cum outer dat place wuz so delic'ous dat all the littl' qua'ter darkeys hab dey noses ter de keyhole ebery tim' de do wuz open'd.

"Den our young Marse Thomas cum hum from schule wid four er fibe ob hiz bes' frien's an' all de young folkses en de

country wuz 'vited ober fer er week. Dar wuz foxhunts an' skatin' an all kins ob parties, an' mo' young gentl'mans wuz ne' 'bout brakin' dey ne'ks fer ter git er fox's tail fer Miss Betty, do I c'ouldn't see whut she want wid 'em.

"De bery han'somes' gentl'man dar wuz Marse Irvin Page, and' he wuz speshaly taken wid Miss Betty, but law, ain't he dun been taken wid her ebery sence dey brot him ober ter see her w'en she wuz er weensy baby an' she des r'ech out her littl' han's an' coo at him. An' Miss Betty lak him pow'ful well I kno', do wil' horses c'uldn't hev drug hit frum her—she wuz dat prowd.

"Cris'mus Ebe nite wuz Miss Betty's birf'day, an' hit wuz de bigges' tim' ob all. Dey hab er big danc' an' Fiddler Bill an' ole Gawge an' all de musikle niggers wuz dar. Hit did dis ole Mammy good ter see all the han'sum youn' mens an' de purty gurls bowin' and curt'sying roun' en de big hall, an' Miss Betty wuz de purtiest an' mos' grac'ful ob all.

"Atter de ball dun ober an' ebrybody gon' upstairs I happen ter go inter de hall fer sump'in' an' dar wuz Miss Betty leanin' ober de banister an' Marse Irvin stan'in' an' lookin' up des lak he wanter eat her up. Wun ob de blush roses whut wuz en Miss Betty's ha'r drop an' Marse Irvin grab hit up an' say sumptin' mitey sof' an' low 'bout hit bein' lak her; Miss Betty des laff an' tell him ter watch out fer de tho'ns, an' wid dat she trip up de stairs wid her laff floatin' down. Marse Irwin stan' dar tel he kan't hyar eben her littl' footsteps no mo', an' den he put de rose in hiz lef' wes'cut poket an' go ober an' set down an' luk en de fire.

"A few days atter dat de party bruk up, an' Marse Thomas went bac' ter schule ergin an' Cris'mus wuz ober.

"'Bout dis tim' Marse Irwin keep de paf hot 'tween we-all's place an' hisen, an' I'se 'ginin' ter wunder w'en de weddin's gwina be—w'en dey had er bus' up. Honey, doant ebber gib me wun ob dese hyah busy-boddes whut's allus meddlin' 'roun! Hyar ole Mis' Baker cum 'long wid er long

face, an' speklate ter Miss Betty ez ter how Marse Irvin dun talk scan'lous 'bout her ter John Baker, an' say he des projeckin' wid her, an' kin hab 'er ef he tuk her 'way, an' all sech trash ez dat. She say John tuk up fer Miss Betty mitely, an' she sho did hate ter tell her, but she felt hit wuz her crischin duti.

"Miss Betty wait tel she git thew, an' den she luk lak she coud refriz an icicle, an' she tell Ole Mis' Baker dat she doant keer ter kno' nuttin' whuts'ever 'bout Marse Irwin Page, an' whut he hez dun an' say'd doan't consarn her in de leas'.

"I tells Miss Betty 'tain't er word ob it so, an' dat ole spite-cat des wanter brek her an' Marse Irwin up, an' is tryin' ter talk fer her own son, but hit doan't have no effect—Miss Betty wuz dat put out.

"Marse Irwin sho wuz worrit at de way Miss Betty treat him atter dat, an' wun day he ax her why hit 'tis. Den Miss Betty ax him hab anythin' ebber pass 'tween him an' John Baker 'bout her, an' at dat Marse Irvin sorter hes'tate, an' say dar hab been sumptin' but he kan't explain hit now. Miss Betty say dat tel he kin 'splain his conduc', kin he hab her frien'ship, an' walk off wid her hed in de air, an' lef' him stan'in' in de paf wid de most hu't look on hiz face, yu ebber see.

"'Twan't so mitey long atter all dis dat we hyar Marse Irwin am down wid de brain feber an' dat he sho is sick. Dey say he doan't talk 'bout nuthin' but Miss Betty, an' how ez she doan't lak him eny mo'. Den Miss Betty look lak she sorry she dun ben so cruel. Ole Margie, whut hop' nurse him tole me atterwards dat he allus sayin' sumptin' bout er hoss-whippin' he dun gib John Baker, an' dat he ain't gwina stan' by an' hyar no man slander Miss Betty, ez good, an' sweet, an' pure ez she is. But Miss Betty doan't kno' nuthin' 'bout all dis, and hit's er blesset thing she didn't, kazen she wuz mos' h'art-broken 'bout him, enyways.

"Wun day we wuz all out on de poach w'en ole Bill ride

up an' say ez how Marse Irvin's lots wuss an' dey doan't thing he kin liv' tel mornin'. Miss Betty tu'n as w,ite ez er sheet an' kinder steady hersef ergainst de pos'. Late dat nite, w'en I wen' ter git er shawl I dun lef' out dar on de poach, I run up erginst sumbody—'laws, Miss Betty,' I sez, 'whut yo' doin' out hyar dis tim' ob nite, chile?' An' she des brak down an' sob an' sob. 'Mammy,' she say, 'ef he die, I ain't nebber gwine ter fergib mysef, nebber.' An' I say, 'Honey, de gud Lawd ain't er gwina let him die 'thout kno'in' dat yo' lubs him.'

"An' sho nuff Marse Irwin did cum thew, do de docters say hit's er mirical. An' Miss Betty dat happy she scase kno' whut ter do wid hersef. He keeps on 'provin', but fo he's out ergin Miss Betty dun gon' ter de city ter holp marry off wun ob her cuzins. She didn't wanter go, kazen she wuz des longin' fer ter see Marse Irvin an' tell him all, but de docter sayd she need'd er chang' an' ole Marsa bundl'd her off.

Marse Irvin wuz gettin' stronger all de tim,' en de bery day Miss Betty cum hum he cum ridin' ober. I'se on de poach w'en he git out de buggy, an' I tell him Miss Betty's in de rose-gyarden an' fer him des ter go 'roun' dar.

"She wuz settin' dar 'mongst de roses an' er lookin' er far ways off w'en Marse Irvin wen' en de gyarden. He des say, 'Betty,' an' his voice soun' mitey lo' an' tender-like. Miss Betty tu'n 'roun an' he des hol' out hiz arms ter her. Den she go tow'ds him, all de hautness and proudness dun gon,' an' wid her eyes des shinin' lak stars.

"Hit seem lak Marse Irvin kain't tak' hit all in at wunst, an' he say, 'But I heven't 'splaint ter yo—' Miss Betty doan't let him go on; lukin' up en hiz face an' puttin' her littl' han's en hizen, she say: 'Whut is de need ob 'splainin' w'en we lub each odder?'

"Wel, dey wuz marrid dat Cris'mus, an' hit wuz de biggest' weddin' dis ole nigger ebber spec' ter see. De whul

cuntry ne' 'bout, wuz dar, an' dey sho wuz sum rejoicin'. Marse Irwin dun luk lak he dun cum inter possesshin ob de whul yerth, an' Miss Betty sho wuz rajunt; dey wuz de happies' peopel I ebber see.

"But dem tim's am dun gon', honey—dun gon' whar dey ain't nebber gwina cum bac' no mo'."

Mammy's voice had sunk until it sounded far-away, and she seemed to be living again in the thoughts of the past. The great log in the fireplace fell apart, sending forth a shower of sparks that faded one by one, leaving the room darker and stiller than before. Outside the snow fell fast and silently, and the wind was hushed into a low, said wail.

When the silver moon floats in the sky
And shadows athwart the pathway lie,
Then, with lighter heart and lengthened stride,
Leave behind the haunts of men and hie,
Where wise Nature's beauties hide
And murmuring brooks musically glide,
Amidst the shadows, over the stones
And in the sweetest, sweetest of tones,
The wondrous Song of Nature sing,
The Beginning and the End of Everything.

—B. J. F.

First Impressions of Germany.

BY LOUIS I. JAFFE.

There was an Englishman once who, after having been served in a railroad station in Hamburg with sandwiches and coffee by a red-headed waiter who stammered, wrote home that the inhabitants of Germany have red hair and stutter. Much of the misinformation that one acquires about customs and peoples in foreign countries can be traced to generalizations which, if not as all embracing as the classical one just quoted, are as delightfully interesting and lacking in truth.

The "personally conducted" tourist touching the high places on the Continent, on his forty-day Marathon, prearranged and warranted ironclad and inflexible by Cook's Charing Cross office, arrives for his thirty-hour stay in Berlin. At three o'clock in the morning, in the region of the Kaiser Galerie, a few of the cafés are still thronged with people eating and drinking while trained bands make music behind banked palms. Straightway he hies him to his hotel and writes home that the Berliner habitually stays out all night; whereupon the folks at home conjure up visions of bacchanalian revelry of which Berlin is perhaps no more guilty than most of the other world capitals, but which nevertheless are not easily dislodged.

A very popular American writer of stories of the better kind, sees in a Hungarian city, a strikingly impressive woman eating on the street. A few weeks later, in an American magazine the marvelous apparition undergoes generalization after this manner: "The Budapest woman can eat a pretzel with an air of romance!"

"Women who eat pretzels with airs of romance!" likely as not muses a youth in Podunk, Iowa, devouring the statement with all the avidity of a titillated imagination, "Ah, that's a country I must see." One can pardon him his visions of

gay, animated streets, beautiful, green parks, magnificent theatres, and teeming shops all filled with lithe, graceful, fanciful creatures, every one with the potential possibility of putting away various groceries with airs of romance. If he has a knack for classification he may even improvise a sort of sliding scale of airs of romance which he may mentally ascribe to the women in various stages of Budapest society. Thus if the society woman immures a pretzel with an air of romance, the shopgirl would probably satisfy the inner woman with an air of melodrama, while the woman who sweeps the streets would doubtless make way with a *sweitzer Käs* sandwich and a glass of Pilsener with an aura which, if not exactly romantic or melodramatic, would yet be infinitely above mere chewing and swallowing.

The narrative of a flying tour of Germany which occupied all told barely three weeks must necessarily be a superficial one. Neither Siler nor I had the time nor opportunity to observe in more than the most cursory manner the life, the customs, and the art, of so great a people as the Germans. Nothing but a series of partially completed lantern slides supplemented here and there by bits of personal experience whose chief excuse for being is a subjective one, will be attempted in this paper. What we observed may or may not be indicative of the German people; what we encountered may or may not be the common experience of others who have been over the same ground—no general application is claimed for them. They are experiences and impressions as such, as Henry James would say. All this by way of preface.

As you travel from the lowlands of Holland with your face turned toward the Alpine glaciers where, somewhere in the region of Lake Constance the infant Rhine is born, the first German city of importance that you come upon is Düsseldorf. It may be mentioned in passing that for the sake of convenience Rhenish cities with reference to their position are always spoken of as being on the right or left bank of the

Rhine according as they are on the right or left bank of the river as you face the direction of its flow. Geographically speaking, then, Düsseldorf is on the right bank of the Rhine at the place where it is joined by the lazily flowing Düsselbach.

A rather imposing central railway station swarming with people; a railway dining room comparing favorably with that of a good hotel on this side; on all sides officials in trim uniforms eyeing the crowds with that characteristic contempt that the wearer of any kind of a uniform in Germany bestows on those in civilian garb;—these were our initial impressions.

After a diligent search of five minutes for the check room we found in one of the wings a man plying his official vocation behind a large counter over which was painted in large characters *Gepäcke Aufbewahrung.* For ten *pfennig* each (about two and one-half cents), which was to be paid when we returned for them, we had our two suit cases *aufbewahrt,* receiving as documentary proof of the checking transaction two sheets of paper each about the size of an ordinary bill of lading in America.

As we left the station and walked into the spacious and imposing Wilhelm Platz, from which radiated in all directions white, tree-flanked avenues to the number of seven or eight, we had in mind two definite things. We had no Germany money and we were hungry. Looking back from the distance of a year and some months I cannot help but think that perplexity must have been patent on our faces that noonday as we stood on one of the street corners of the Wilhelm Platz, for hardly had we been there a minute before a nice little gentleman in a straw hat and a rather shabby alpaca coat greeted us with a,

"Gut morning, gentlemens, you are Americans, not?"

The admission that we were lent fire to his zeal. If we had accepted without question everything that he told us we

would have believed something like this. He had lived in America a long time and had become attached to Americans. He had nothing in particular to do, so he met all the incoming trains with the hope of being able to render some assistance to any travelling Americans. If it was that we desired to go anywhere in particular, buy anything in particular, or see any of the many places of interest in the city, why he would be happy to act as our friend asking only, which in sooth was only just, a mere trifle for his time—nothing more.

We had no desire to begin making friends with the natives thus early in the day and we tried in various ways to shake him off, but all to no avail. Finally, as a last resort we asked him to direct us to a place where we could cash a check or two. He took us to the office of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company, where we obtained without trouble for our blue slips, issued in far-away Philadelphia, a handful of German gold and silver. A ten pfennig piece given to our persistent friend with the intimation that we had now no particular use for him, procured our release. We caught a last glimpse of him around a corner—he was making a bee line for the railway station on the lookout probably for other Americans in distress.

Wandering about the principal streets in search of a restaurant we halted at last in front of a window containing a display of cakes and pastries, well calculated to tickle the palate of even a German epicure surfeited as he is with the many culinary dainties in which Germany abounds. The sign over the door said somebody or other's *"Conditorei."*

Now a *Conditorei* is an institution peculiarly German. It unites to a certain degree the functions of the bakery, the candy store, the restaurant and the delicatessen shop, and is conducted on the general principle of a Baltimore dairy lunch. All of them serve, in the way of beverages, coffee, tea, and milk, while some of those whose owners live directly overhead or in the rear of their shops, even condescend to serve eggs and cold meats. This, however, is the entire repertory.

Our knowledge of the limitations of a *conditorei* was at that time meagre, and upon seeing through the window several neatly set tables in the rear of the shop, we assumed that it was a restaurant, and entered. A nice white-aproned young woman, with what we considered in our innocence a very engaging smile, approached us as we sat down at one of the tables. Later, we came to know that the smile that the smiling waiting maid smiles emanates not always from altruistic motives. Seldom does she smile because she is a glad creature and must. Long, long before we had shaken the dust of Europe from our feet did we learn that her smile was her very simple but effective way of making it impossible for you to leave before delivering up your tip, without feeling like a thief. The size and intensity of her smile varies directly as the size of the expected tip. After countless ten pfennig pieces had gone to countless fair-haired, blue-eyed daughters of the Fatherland we came to regard with suspicion anyone whose smiles seemed more profuse and unprovoked than usual, and even to develop a sort of sneaking admiration for the damsel (she was never young or pretty) who served us with haughty disdain. All of which we came to know somewhat later; this, however, was our first experience with a German waiting girl and we were foolish enough to think her smiles were real.

I asked for the *Speisekarte,* but my lady only smiled cheerfully at our ignorance, and said, *"Wir haben keine Speisekarte, Mein Herr."* We asked her to name over what she had that was fit to eat, and she launched forth into a limpid enumeration of various edibles out of which we managed to catch one—and that one because it was last—*frische Milch.* Fresh milk, then, and three courses of assorted sweetbreads constituted our first *conditorei* lunch. The size of the tip that was expected of us was a poser for a while, but we decided that ten pfennig ought to suffice, and from the exquisite little *Danke schön* with which we were favored when the lit-

tle piece of nickel reached its proper destination, we judged that it must have been entirely adequate.

Our next step was to find a suitable hotel, for we intended to stay here over night. On the Bismark Strasse a short distance from the central station we found a hostelry to our liking, which bore the very honorable name, Hof-Bismark. The Iron Chancellor very likely would have thought twice before putting up with his modest namesake; for two impecunious college students, however, who were not overburdened with fastidiousness, it was very satisfactory. The tariff was *drei Mark, fünfzig* apiece for room and breakfast.

I had been commissioned by our milkman at home to deliver a message to his brother in Ohligs, a small town some twenty miles from Düsseldorf. A dreary ride of an hour and a half on the suburban trolley brought us at last to a quaint, sleepy little town where, as we passed down the street in search of *12 Eintracht Strasse,* we aroused the tradesmen and townspeople to a pitch of excitement and curiosity somewhat akin to that aroused by circus folk in the county seats of some of our more isolated districts. It was evident that American cut clothes and English caps were scarce commodities in Ohligs.

Our milkman's brother, we found, followed as his vocation in life the entirely honorable, but somewhat lugubrious one of digging men's graves and constructing coffins. *Totengräber* read the little sign bearing his name. He was overjoyed to hear from his brother, who had not written home in two years. He quickly laid aside his working jacket, and having dressed for the street—a makeup that will come in for description at some later time—undertook to show us the town. The darling pride of Ohligs, it seems, is an immense umbrella factory. He pointed it out to us with no end of pride, in much the same manner that the oldest inhabitant of a prosperous small town in America "points with pride" to the new standpipe. We bade farewell to Ohligs an hour later and returned to Düsseldorf by train in thirty minutes.

Düsseldorf's claim for recognition by the tourist, aside from its large commercial importance, consists chiefly in the fact that among Rhenish cities it is the greatest art center. The Düsseldorf school of painting ranks in importance with those of Dresden, Berlin and Munich. In Düsseldorf, too, the poet Heine was born, and although some of his lyrics have become flesh and bone of the German people, there is today no public memorial to his memory in the city of his birth. A well preserved old Rathaus dating from the sixteenth century is Düsseldorf's greatest historical treasure.

Our first evening in Germany saw us initiated into two continental institutions, one peculiarly German in character, the other common to all Europe. We sipped our first glass of *Münchner Hofbräu;* and came in clash for the first time with the bothersome un-American tipping system. We had strolled many miles in the beautiful *Hofgarten,* or city park, and along the magnificent Allees in which Düsseldorf abounds—the Königs Allee twice as wide as Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, with its white asphalt pavements in brilliant contrast to the double rows of dark green with which it is flanked, is still a picture clear in mind. Having walked the length of the long Rhine promenade, extending for over a wide porch, the floor of which is on the same level as the o'clock in the evening, again near the center of the town in the region of the more imposing hotels.

We were quite a distance from our hostelry, so we decided to sup in one of those palaces of hewn stone, plate glass, and mirrors that Baedeker, in his book of books, has immortalized with a star. All through Germany in the summer time, in addition to the dining room inside, the hotels have open air dining rooms either in the form of a projecting balcony or a wile porch, the floor of which is on the same level with the street. These ground floor open air dining rooms run hard up to the sidewalk and are obscured, sometimes, from the gaze of the vulgar multitude by a grillwork generally run all

over with growing vines, while in other instances there is no partition between the sidewalk and the dining floor. The latter look like mere extensions of the sidewalk set with tables and chairs. We had not as yet been sufficiently Germanized to enjoy the prospect of a meal on the sidewalk, so we chose the regular dining room.

If we had not been assured by the large number of fashionably dressed women and family groups that were seated at the tables, we would have concluded at first sight that we had stumbled by mistake into some exceedingly fashionable bar room. At the far end of the dining room was a glittering bar, stacked with numerous bottles. Highly polished spigots, clinking glasses, and an array of white-coated bartenders, who seemed to be continually filling, drawing and mixing, gave it the general appearance of a large American soda fountain just after the ball game. On every single table in the room, without exception, stood tall beer schooners filled to various heights with the Teutonic joy fluid in various shades of amber.

Having taken our order, the waiter still tarried expectantly for something that we had evidently omitted.

"Hell oder dunkel?" he asked, in the most matter of fact way.

It took us some time to understand that all he wanted to know was whether we preferred our beer light or dark—that we wanted beer was taken by him for granted. A man that orders supper without that necessary adjunct is looked upon in this land with a sense of pity.

On the principle that when you are in Rome, etc., we adopted the custom of the land and ordered *Münchner*—black as coffee. The German uses his beer as a food. A bite of meat, a bit of bread, chewed swallowed, and then chased down by a sip of beer, seems to be the regular mode of procedure. Usually by the time the courses are finished the schooner is empty—not generally before. Sipped in this way we found

it good and wholesome and we soon acquired the German habit of a glass at every meal.

The bill that the waiter presented seemed rather exhorbitant, even after allowing for the higher scale of prices that must obtain at a hotel of this class. It was badly scrawled in German and hard to make out. All men, particularly Americans, possess an inherent something which becomes aroused and rebels upon the least suspicion that they are being "done." Something of the kind rose in us, but there was nothing to do but pay the bill. In doing so, however, we promised ourselves, with the usual misapplication of justice that mere man doles out, that never a pfennig would that waiter get from us in the form of a tip.

It was a well laid plan—therefore it ganged a-gley. Hardly had we left the hotel a square behind, when we heard quick footsteps in pursuit. It was our waiter, towel still over his arm, the tail of his dress coat flying in the breeze.

"Sie haben vergessen für das Brot zu bezahlen," he cried, out of breath. *"Vierzig pfennig, bitte."*

We had forgotten to pay for our bread! Not in a position to repudiate it, for the bill that had been rendered us had been none too legible, there was nothing to do but pay him forty pfennig more or go back to the hotel and fight it out with the head waiter. We preferred to pay the money, which, after all, was only a small item. Hereafter we took good care never to break the eleventh commandment, which reads: "When thou sojournest in far lands, and among the heathen, thou shalt not depart from the board whereof thou hast feasted without having first left thereupon shekels to the amount of ten, yea fifteen per cent over and above the amount which thou hast consumed, lest when thou eatest there again thou be poisoned. Selah!"

The rest of the evening up till twelve o'clock we spent on the Rhine promenade. It was now in all its glory. Brilliantly lighted cafés and wine halls glittered on all sides.

The quarter of a million of populace was furnishing its usual quota of pleasure seekers. To a German on amusement bent, pleasure means band music, dances, beer and wine. From all directions came the sound of music, the shuffling of feet, and the clinking of glasses. We sought out a more retired spot on the promenade and sat down upon a park seat facing the Rhine.

Pleasure craft of every size and description passed continuously, and once a large double-decked excursion steamer, bound for Cologne, from which the music of the bands on board came over to us only faintly, tempered and softened by the cool wide expanse of water. The garish lights from the wine halls threw long dancing fingers of light far out toward the middle of the stream.

And this was the noble Rhine, for whose possession so much human blood had flowed and which, next to God and the Kaiser, is most holy in the heart of every German. None but the Nile is so rich in history. Not one of its six hundred miles of navigable length but is steeped in legend and history. Its shores have been stained red by Romans, Teutons, Franks, and Normans; on its surface have been tossed the conquerors of Europe from Cæsar and Attila the Hun, to Napoleon, Wellington, and Von Moltke. A river of a thousand songs and ten thousand legends, no wonder that it is dear to the Germans. As we sat there watching the endless movement of the water, and filled with a kind of awe, as if sitting in the presence of some venerable being come from out of an age of storied magnificence, we could not help but feel that the greatest of all privileges possessed by those born in the German realm is the right to speak of this noble stream as *unser Rhein*.

It was late when we returned to the Hof-Bismark. After a good night's rest and a late breakfast of coffee and rolls we repaired to the station and took the ten o'clock train to Cologne.

Mabel.

BY E. S. M'INTOSH.

Beware, gentle and careless reader! Plunge not blindly into this document, lest in perusing these pages you unwittingly blunder into a worn and hackneyed subject! Presently, as you shall see, I shall begin, "'Twas Christmas eve, etc." I neither cast this tale at your head for you to dodge if you can, nor subtly lure you into its depths before you know whither you go. I simply tell you the story as Mabel told it to me.

'Twas Christmas eve and I sat in a café in a certain large city, waiting for the supper which I had ordered. Since I was not likely to be invited out next day, I had selected a rather elaborate meal, and was wishing I had some one to share it, but no such desirable person being at hand, I took a magazine from my pocket, and selecting the story with the most promising title, I forthwith plunged into it.

Presently a young lady came in with a fluff and a flurry and stopped at the table next to me. Being a man, I naturally glanced at her. She was smartly dressed and somewhat prettier than the ordinary girl of her type. Having removed her furs and shaken a few flakes of snow from them, she hung them on the back of her chair. Then, after drawing a deep breath coincident with placing her hands upon her hips to give them a downward press necessary to the preservation of her bodily grace, she glanced in a mirror, adjusted her big black hat, stuck out her lower lip to blow a vagrant lock of blondined hair from her left eye, and sat down. Her cheeks were pink both from contact with the sharp wind which she had faced as she came around the corner, and from contact with something else she had procured at the drug store before she came around the corner. She gave me a friendly glance, then picked up the bill of fare and began chewing her gum vigorously, and I continued my reading.

A few minutes later, as I turned a page, I caught her eye across the top of my magazine. She was looking at me with a quizzical, amused expression, and I said to her in a friendly sort of way:

"It's rather cold out this evening, isn't it?"

"Yes," she said.

"Ideal Christmas weather, though," I further volunteered.

" 'Tis so."

Receiving no more encouragement for conversation, I continued reading. Presently, however, my friend broke in with a question.

"That's a pretty good story you're readin', ain't it?" she said.

"It will do, I reckon, in the absence of something better," I replied.

"Now, if that ain't the modest one!" she said. "Say, I can tell you all about yourself in about two minutes!"

"Fire away, Cassandra," I said.

"Well, you're the author of this story you're readin', an' you want to talk to me, hopin' you may get a line on some new stuff. More than this, you're from the South."

"This is most remarkable," I answered. "I will at least admit that I'm from the South."

"Of course you will," she laughed. "You never talk to a Southerner five minutes before he tells you where he's from. Don't blame 'em much, though."

"Well, if you don't mind, tell me how you came by your marvelous stock of information concerning me," said I.

"Say, that's dead easy," replied my friend. "That's a Christmas story you're readin' there, an' nobody but the author of a Christmas story would read it, an' you writer-chaps are always on your jobs to get next to something new, so I was wise to your game as soon as you spoke to me. Then when you said 'I reckon,' I knew you didn't hail from anywhere north of Mason and Dixon.

"That's good guessing," I said, surprised at her keenness, "but you guessed wrong. I never wrote a line in my life. I'm a clerk in a department store."

"Get out, you're stringin' me. Clerks in department stores ain't usually loafin' around in cafés the night before Christmas! Say, come to think about it, maybe I can put you next to a good thing sure enough."

"Well," said I, "suppose you dine with me while you are 'putting me next.' "

"Thanks," she said, coming over to my table.

"What'll you have?"

"Oh, anything. Whatever you've ordered."

"All right, John, duplicate that order. Now, go ahead."

"That was when I was on," she began.

"On what?" I interrupted.

"O, I see, you're a green one at the game! 'On' means 'on the boards.' I'm 'off' now. Say, were you ever in North Carolina?"

"Maybe."

"So? Well, as I was sayin', I was on, an' we were tourin' the South in vaudeville. We hit North Carolina durin' the Christmas holidays. Christmas night we had a one-night stand in a place called Durham. I remember we played to a full house that night an' got good hands from curtain to curtain. We hit town about ten o'clock in the mornin', an' I never felt rummier in my life. Didn't want to see anybody, didn't want to hear anybody, it even made me mad to hear the gabfest of the girls. Ever feel that way?"

"Sure."

"Well, soon as I'd located my hotel, I beat it off down a side street for a walk. I guess I went a mile or more, hittin' it up good and brisk all the way, an' I came to some sort of a college out in the edge of town. Lemme see, what'd they call it?"

"Wasn't 'Trinity,' was it?"

"That's the spot. Well, I wandered in an' met a nice lookin' party comin' down the walk. I was next to these college wise guys, all right, an' don't you forget it, but this chap looked like a fifty-eight kind—I couldn't place his brand, so I butted in.

"'Pardon me,' I says, 'but is there any regulations against strangers seein' over the place?'

"'No, ma'am,' he says, tippin' his hat an' blushin'.

"Seein' he was about to go on, I says, 'What's that buildin' yonder?'

"'That's the Main Buildin',' he says, offerin' to pilot me around.

"I talked to him about two minutes an' found out this was the furthest he had even been from home, an' he'd come to college with his hand on the family Bible.

"If I didn't string him for fair that day! It was the most real down fun I'd had since I'd been on, but I felt almost ashamed of myself afterwards.

"He steered me around the various buildings there, talkin' all the time, me askin' questions an' him answerin' most of the time. Finally I asked him was he a student there. He said he was studyin' for the ministry an' his name was James Robinson. I says to myself, 'You're a tin angel, all right, all right.'

"After a while he says, pointin' to a buildin':

"'That's where the women students stay.'

"Then's when I got my cue for entrance.

"'So that's where I'm to stay, is it?' I says.

"He began to sit up and take notice right away.

"'You ain't comin' to school here, are you?' he says.

"'Yes,' I says, 'I'm studin' to be a missionary, an' my name is Margaret Blake.'

"Then I went in for the Ananias business for fair. I told how glad I was that I had met him, an' what a fine brave fellow he was, an' how much I admired him. Gee! you

ought to a-seen him swell up when I says how much I admired him!

"Pass me that salt, will you, please. Thanks.

"Well, we were gettin' pretty friendly now, an' when he set down in the window I sat down by him an' snugged up good an' close. Say, you'd a-died a-laughin' if you'd seen how it hacked him. But I kept my tongue goin' glib, an' he got easy directly an' we talked a good while. After a while I pulled out my watch.

" 'My,' I says, 'it's two-thirty, an' I've missed my dinner, you know I'm stayin' at the hotel till school begins again.'

"Every time I said anything about school openin' he swelled up a little bigger.

" 'Ain't there anywhere on the campus I could get dinner?' I says.

" 'I don't think there is,' he says, an' then he added, 'but I've got a box from home in my room. We could eat that, but, of course, you couldn't come up to my room.'

" 'Oh,' I says, 'I don't know. Being as it's you, I guess it would be all right, an' we'll have a nice litle missionary dinner right up in your room.'

"Take it from me, he looked like he was goin' through the floor. I thought the jig was up, but I kept lookin' out the window innocent as a lamb, an' in a minute he says, 'All right.'

"Then we beat it up to his room on the second floor, me swingin' on his arm. When we got in his room I piped the box sittin' in the middle of the stage. Jim—I was callin' him Jim by this time—Jim took a hatchet from his washstand drawer an' broke the top off the box. There was a whole Christmas dinner from turkey an' cranberries to fruitcake! I says, 'Mabel, you're a lucky girl!'

"While we were layin' waste the dinner he kept on talkin' about his plans. He said he was doin' what he could to help the moral atmosphere of the college.

" 'How you workin' it?' I says.

" 'Well, for instance,' says he, 'when a crowd of boys come in the gym singin' some light an' frivolous song, I just start to singin' a hymn.'

" 'That's a fine idea,' I says, nearly burstin' to laugh. 'Would you mind singin' one for me?'

"He blushed awful, but said he'd be glad to do it. So he cleared up his throat and sang four verses in a voice like a wheezy hand-organ, an' without crackin' a smile. When he finally cut it out, I leaned over close to him, lookin' in his eyes an' pressin' my hands over my heart in ecstasy, an' says:

" 'Jim, I could die listenin' at you sing.'

"At that he liked to blushed himself to death. He couldn't look anywhere but right down at the floor, an' he kept chokin' like a rooster that's swallowed a grain of corn with a string tied to it. Nothin' to it, he was goin', bad.

"His hand was layin' on the table, so while he was lookin' at the floor, I slipped my hand over next to his till it almost touched it. In a minute he had my hand in his. Then I says:

" 'Jim, it's time for me to be goin'.' "

"Then I stood up, lookin' at the floor, an' him still holdin' my hand. Then he got up an' says:

" 'Margaret, I lo—lo—I—I—I'm crazy about you!'

"With that I took to his shoulder with my arms around his neck. At first he shied, but I buried my face in his coat an' nearly died laughin', an' he thought I was cryin' and dabbed me twice on my right cheek. Then I kissed him one that woke him up. Then he began to make love again, an' I looked up in his eyes, makin' mine big an' battin' 'em like I did when Jack made love to me on the stage.

" 'Margaret,' he says, 'I—I'm crazy about you, because you are so different from the rest. The girls here are so frivolous I don't go with 'em much, an' the boys are all so bad I can't afford to associate with 'em. Why, they just go to shows, an' use bad language, an' play set-back, so I just can't go with

'em. When I get where they are I try to help 'em by bein' dignified an' serious, an' when they begin to talk about worldly affairs I always branch off on religion, but they're so irreligious they don't seem to like it.'

"Poor chap, he meant well, but like many another, he couldn't see that they an' he were both human bein's.

" 'Jim,' I says, 'I'm glad you think so much of me. I've got to go now. Will you go to the car line with me?'

"He wanted to go all the way to the hotel, but I wouldn't let him. While we were waitin' for the car, he asked me if I thought I could be happy an' be his wife, an' I told him I would give him his answer the next day.

"When the car came, I took out a card just like this one an' handed him, sayin', 'Here's my address.'

As my friend said this, she took a card from her purse, which read as follows: "Miss Mabel Percy, Orphean Comedy Co., New York."

"When he saw that," she said, "he swung around an' looked at that vanishin' street car so quick his hat fell off. An' as the car went over the hill, I waved at him.'

"That's a pretty good tip, indeed," I said, "if I were only not a clerk in a department store."

"There you go stringin' me again," she said, as she got up from the table. "Why don't you put it to me straight? You'll be stringin' somebody when you cash in your final checks. Good-night. I enjoyed this supper."

"So did I," I said, "good-night."

As my friend was about to depart she turned around again. "I forgot to tell you," she said, "that I got a letter from him about a year after that, an' he says: 'Dear Mabel, it took a long time for me to get over it, but I learned more from you in a day than I ever learned from a college professor in a year.' "

WALTER B. WEST, - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
EDWIN S. M'INTOSH, - - - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Christmas.

It is said that Christmas is a peculiarly Christian celebration only in its name, that it was observed long before Christianity, and that Christianity took over a pagan festival of the joyful solstice season, and gave it a Christian significance. Beyond question, in the choice of Christmas on the 25th of December, it was meant that it should take the place of such pagan festivals as the Roman Saturnalia and the German Yule,—days of joy when the sun ceased to decline and began to rise as a promise of spring. The ancient Saxons burnt the Yule log on Christmas eve as an indication of the turning of the sun toward spring.

But whatever may have been the origin of Christmas, we know that now it is a religious anniversary—a celebration of a birthday, which has become almost universal, a day whose purely religious significance, has very nearly been forgotten. The observance of Christmas has steadily grown, and a genuine Christmas sentiment has asserted itself. It has even extended itself to the various foreign element in our country, among whom may be seen Christmas customs the world over. These little dirt-enameled foreigners who make their homes in the streets of the tenement districts of our great cities have adopted many of our beautiful customs.

Simple, hearty, gift-giving, good-wish-bearing, and merry

Christmas—the day of peace and joy, the day for gifts and happy greetings; and above all the day for grateful praise of Him who, from a manger in Bethlehem, brought us the simple faith of the All-Father, and good will to men.

Merry Christmas! a time of home-coming and rejoicing. Let nothing we may do or say mar the beauty of our remembrance of this festive occasion. It is a rare privilege to live in a land which claims the little babe in the manger as the Christ King. We owe all to Him, both material and spiritual—all that we now are and ever hope to be. His religion, a heritage from our fathers, has stood the test of centuries of storm and stress. Let us reconsecrate our lives to the Christ-child, and make a new resolve to copy as nearly as possible the model life exemplified in his brief but eventful career. As he was never happier than when ministering to little children and the poor, may we endeavor to imitate him in this when we distribute our Christmas tokens.

Christmas giving and receiving are beautiful functions. However, in many instances, I fear the custom proves a burdensome rather than a pleasurable one. The Spirit of Christmas has become too commercial, too much of a barter and exchange problem, too much of a give-and-take game. No little of its beautiful simplicity is gone, and it has degenerated into a mere sordid competition in the exchange of costly presents. To give a few beautiful simple things should give equally as much joy as costlier presents convey, which we can hardly afford to pay for; it is the spirit and good will of the giver rather than the gift that should make us feel the Christmas joy. To send a helpful gift to a lonely friend in need is one of the most pleasurable deeds that opportunity affords.

One of the best of Christmas plans is to try and be brother and neighbor to everybody; to cry quits on all fights and quarrels as the Holy eve draws near; to forgive enemies, *not only,* but to square yourself with yourself. This is the only way we can fulfill the Christmas ideal. Get right with your-

self, and then you will feel more like searching out neighbors and getting right with them—the more the better. Exercise Christmas charity; if every individual tried to make some other happy, how much happier all would be! Use Christmas benevolence; all cannot buy presents for each friend, but we can give a smile, a kind word, a Merry Christmas! to everybody, and by this one deed we may add to some one's cup of joy; the divine breath is upon such impulses of love. Dispense Yuletide cheer; in doing little acts of kindness and in seeking out your neighbors and showing them that you are interested in their happiness. Thus in dispensing with a lavish generosity of that which you may possess of Yuletide cheer, you will find the very essence of your own Christmas joy, and the bells of Christmas morning will ring with a sweetness of tone for you, as they have not rung since childhood, when you fancied you could hear the angels' whispers in them.

Happiness does not consist in the number and value of the gifts bestowed upon us, but rather in opening our doors and letting ourselves out to others; when we have no thought of our own happiness and are interested in that of others, happiness enters in; by giving we receive.

The greatest Christmas gift of all is open to poor and rich alike, there is no discrimination, all men stand on the same level. Every year the Christ-child lies in the manger; every year God offers himself to all men; the stars and the angels are ever present; shall we accept Him this Christmas anniversary?

It would be a sad day for us all if we should ever cease to celebrate the Christ-day; it links the past generations with the present; it draws together childhood and age in sympathy and understanding as nothing else can do. May this be a memorable Christmas with each of us—one to which we can always recur with a feeling of happiness, because we have been instrumental in adding something of cheer to some one's Christmas joy.

JAMES L. HUTCHISON, - - - - - - MANAGER

Our Christmas Message.

Now draws near the day dearest to us all; the day of sticky hands and orange peel; the day of joy, sometimes disappointment; the day the dear old people tell us how it happened in '79; the day of noise and burned fingers; the day that gives us a death-rate percentage; but the day we love and celebrate —Christmas.

Let us all leave college this year with a light heart and a few heavy text-books which we never open, and with resolutions, which never pan out, to study better after Christmas.

Let us put on a debonair air, for if examinations came before Christmas we would have flunked already.

And do not you, my dear freshman, enter the house with a "put 'er there ole guvner." He might get sore, and as the time honored, worn down saw goes, "Misery loves company, especially in the woodshed." Also, your little brother might crack stale jokes on your noisy socks.

If your younger brother takes your favorite piece of turkey, don't get sulky; reprove him in a gentle manner by carefully removing the liver from his plate to your own. Show him that you have the right kind of Christmas spirit in you.

And let us not, O martyrs, put on a dark and insinuating manner when the dear little ones eat candy on our boiled shirts, and stick walnut hulls in our pockets. No, rather let us kindly but firmly grasp the little dear by his thatch and shove him under the bookcase.

Again, let us not try to tell all the family how they ought to do it; for, remember, the world would still go around if one or two of us did leave.

Lastly, let us, above all, keep this thought uppermost in our minds, that Christmas is the day of "peace on earth, good-will towards men."

A jolly good fellow—that blear-eyed, sleepy looking cuss over there holding a cigarette in one hand and a vichy ammonia in the other.

A "gal," my dear, is the sweet young thing that wears seventeen puffs, which cost Mayme 15c. She hasn't the toothache; that is only the place where she carries her chewing gum.

"Feller" is a synonym for "guy." The sun doesn't hurt his left eye; he wears his hat over it because he looks meaner then. He isn't humpbacked, either; why, all the Broadway sports cultivate that walk, get wise. When you meet him you will recognize him, for he will call you "beau" or "pal."

I heard a man say the other day that when he gets out of college, he is going to have the walls of his study lined with books. A room with too many ornaments is apt to gather dust.

Bohemia will do very well in its place; but it hasn't any place.

That heart-to-heart talk you were having last night was deep and serious. But you are wondering this morning how you could have said such foolish things.

A professor without sarcasm is like a highwayman without a gun.

Note:—That isn't sarcasm, either.

Open for Bids.

I think I'll buy a winter suit,
And look quite nifty;
The cash I have on hand's about
$11.50. —Ex.

Once upon a time, as all good stories should begin (if you don't believe it ask Æsop or Edward Bok), a young lady took the Higher Education—with capitals—and learned to eat fudge, also the minor accomplishments which include reading McCutcheon, and saying "yes?" But she fought shy of Ibsen and wouldn't wear sensible shoes, which was indeed sensible. As all good stories should end, she ran across a Pittsburg millionaire, married, and lived on champagne ever afterwards.

But there was another young lady. This one while still a "co-ed" began to take on ideas. Now, as every one knows, ideas will ruin a person in less than no time. She ate a certain patent breakfast food in three different languages, wore her own hair, and never had a case of puppy love. From bad to worse! when out of college—she joined a book club. . . . (fill in with some French words of more than two syllables, and containing acute accents). As usual, the outcome was that she joined the ranks of the suffragettes; now—one of those square jawed, broad shouldered women who carry an umbrella, and who can discuss any question, from a comparison of Molière with John Stoddard, to the question of child labor in the South.

Moral:—None, although there ought to be several.

Trinity College campus and flower garden is being made larger, and we are all looking forward for more flowers and prettier ones. Well did Aristotle say that the land that produces beautiful flowers and luscious fruits will also produce noble men and women. And in the production of the finest flowers and fruits man finds his own soul.

—JOHN E. LOVE.

Ineptus est is, qui aliquem eadem quae ipse fecerit facientum corrigat. —*Taurus.*

MARY M. TAPP, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER

This is the time of year when the publishers deluge the market with new books. The Christmas season is approaching and all book dealers are getting in readiness for the holidays. Among the holiday books this year are books of every description, books of travel, poetry, religion, history, biography, fiction. The purchaser is easily provided for.

Mr. W. D. Howells' "Seven English Cities" is a pure delight. It affords pleasant glimpses of towns in England and Wales, for the most part little known to the ordinary tourist, and glimpses also of British characters and manners. There are Liverpool, Manchester, "smokiest Sheffield," a visit to Cambridge and other places. The author offers his comments with the conversational freeness of an old traveler, and always in a kind and lively manner. In passing through these different towns he has caught the spirit of each place and mirrored it deftly and brilliantly. On completing the volume one only wishes that Mr. Howells' "Seven English Cities" were seventeen.

Scribner's Sons are offering a new volume by Dr. Henry van Dyke. This book contains the latest and finest of the author's verse, including what has been written during the last five years, many poems hitherto unprinted in any form, and the patriotic "Songs of America," "In Praise of Poets," "Lyrics, Dramatic and Personal," and others. This is the best expression of the author's talent.

Dr. Abbott's series of Summer Vesper Sermons for the

year just past have had as a generic title "The Temple." They now appear in book form as one of a series of three books which have essential unity. As "The Great Companion" describes the Christian's faith in God, and "The Other Room," immorality, so "The Temple" is a wise and generous dicussion of the life of the spirit as conditioned by its relation to the body. The book is the right gift for any young man or woman.

Among Scribner's new books is "Life-Histories of Northern Animals," by Ernest Thompson Seton, a work of popular natural history and historic value. It treats of some sixty quadrupeds, giving a complete description of their appearance and habits, and taking up very carefully the intimate home side of their lives. It is the most authoritative as well as interesting work on these animals. Seton has done for our mammals what Audubon did for our birds. The work is in two large volumes of over six hundred pages each, with sixty maps and six hundred drawings by the author.

A book of interest to all Americans is "Recollections of Grover Cleveland," by George F. Parker. It is the work of one who, as early as 1892, prepared a brief life of Mr. Cleveland with the President's own assistance, and who was for years close to him in political and other work. The book is an important biographical issue, containing authentic and interesting biographical material from boyhood to death, with an estimate of Mr. Cleveland's place in history, and an appreciation of his achievements and character. However, it not only reveals the character of Grover Cleveland as among the foremost in American History, but also throws new light on the inside political history of our times. Only a part of the book has hitherto appeared in print.

Another biography of the season is the long-expected "Life of Johann Sebastian Bach," whose publication was deferred last year. The author, Sir Hubert Parry, an eminent com-

poser, writer and student of music, and for the last decade professor of music at Oxford, has given us at once a biography and a critical and historical study of the achievements of the great eighteenth-century composer, director, and performer upon the organ and piano. The biographer leads us to see the man as well as the musician, how Bach's temperament and character, all his impulses and energies went to the creation of his music. The analysis of the period that prepared for Bach's coming is splendid. No student of music can afford to be a stranger to this thorough and comprehensive work.

"Options," by O. Henry, is a collection of short stories that represents the pick of two years' work of this popular short-story teller. The stories have all been selected with the idea of making the book representative. The author is determined not to be considered as the prophet of any particular section, so he has brought together in "Options" stories of New York, Pittsburgh, Georgia, Texas, South America, and the Philippine Islands.

Young readers will have their share of fine books published this season. Among Scribner's holiday books is a beautiful volume, "The Arabian Nights: Their Best-Known Tales," edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith, and provided with superb illustrations in color by Maxfield Parrish. Twelve of these famous stories have been fascinatingly retold. Here are Aladdin, Ali Baba, Sindbad, and other early acquaintances. The product of the editors and illustrator is entirely satisfying and is one of the most beautiful of the children's books of the year.

ARTHUR M. PROCTOR, - - - - - - MANAGER

General Comment.

We notice that the majority of the magazines which come to our desk fill up their pages with sentimental slush and stories that give an affected and rather perverted view of life. The editors should attempt to have in their table of content something of a more serious character. Most of the reading matter for the college publications indicates the influence of promiscuous modern novel reading. The author of a short story should attempt to give a true view of some phase of human life. Again, there is not enough space given to essays, historical sketches, literary reviews, and other things of that character. Among those which have divided their space in this way, and thus added much to the dignity of the publication, we would place *The Erskinian, The Baylor Literary, Wofford College Journal, Guilford Collegian, University of North Carolina Magazine,* and *The College Message.*

Davidson College Magazine.

For mechanical makeup and attractive appearance, both in cover design and arrangement, we would recommend *The Davidson College Magazine.* As for contents, the publication would perhaps be improved if the editors would try to procure more essays or some short reminiscences. These add much to a magazine and eliminate the monotony of all short story articles. The poetry of the November issue is not of a very high order, in fact none of it scarcely beyond the medi-

ocre. "When I Proposed" is catchy, but much better is the sentiment and structure of "The Search." Of the prose articles, probably, "Where the Mists Have Rolled Away" is the best. "The Psychoscope," and "The Stone Cylinder" have rather too imaginative plots to be handled well by any other than a Poe or a Doyle. The editorials are among the best of any of our exchanges.

Randolph-Macon Monthly. We always welcome *The Randolph-Macon Monthly.* Its pages are filled with bright snappy articles, even if they are not always up to the standards of literary criticisms. The review of "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam" is well done and full of interest to one who is interested in the poem. "Perplexity" is one of the best poems we have read in a college magazine; it has the true ring. The author is to be congratulated. The plot of "Billy Brint Besmutched" is well worked out and the fun of it is irresistible. "The Fool's Errant" is too sentimental and the plot is unnatural. To make a love story of true value, the author must try to render a picture true to life. "Twin Hearts" is somewhat better in this respect, in that it represents one phase which is true to life.

University of Texas Magazine. A happy mixture of essays, short stories, historical sketches, and full from cover to cover with good articles, is the *University of Texas Magazine.* We love to read such a publication. The short reminiscence, "The Joy of Living," is a rare gem of descriptive literature. One could almost feel the crisp coolness of a winter morning upon reading it, and could certainly feel the joy of living. An uncommon article for a college magazine, and one of unusual interest is the short historical sketch, "Texas, France, and Pigs." There are just such bits of local history around almost all our colleges

and it is a good thing to have the facts published in our college magazines. "Wordsworth's Prelude" is an interesting essay and of commendable merit. Of the other prose articles, "The Fear of God," and "The Measure of a Man" are the two best. Both of these deserve praise. "Evening on the Campus," a poem, shows a great deal of merit and its writer should do more of this work. A poem of equal merit is, "'Tis But a Cloud That's Passing By."

We gratefully acknowledge our usual number of exchanges.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

WALTER B. WEST, - - - - - Editor-in-Chief
WILLIS SMITH, - - - - - Business Manager

MANAGER'S NOTICE

The Trinity Archive is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the college.

Subscription price, $1.25 per scholastic year. Single copy, 15 cents.

Changes in advertisements may be made by notifying the Business Manager.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *alma mater*. If you do not wish to become subscribers, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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Is there but one day of judgment? Why, for us every day is a day of judgment,—every day is a Dies Irae, and writes its irrevocable verdict in the flame of its west. Think you that judgment waits till the doors of the grave are opened? It waits at the doors of your houses—it waits at the corners of your streets; we are in the midst of judgment—the insects that we crush are our judges—the moments that we fret away are our judges—the elements that feed us, judge, as they minister—and the pleasures that deceive us, judge, as they indulge. Let us, for our lives, do the work of Men while we bear the form of them, if indeed these lives are NOT *as a vapor, and do* NOT *vanish away.*

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., February, 1910.

CLAUDE B. WEST,
MATILDA O. MICHAELS, } - - - - - MANAGERS

Unfamiliar Aspect of Ibsen.

CHESLEY M. HUTCHINGS.

I have given to my paper the title, An Unfamiliar Aspect of Ibsen. It is my intention to give, as briefly as possible, a rough account of Ibsen's intellectual life; that is, not of Ibsen as the man, but an exposition of the various phases of intellectual and artistic development through which he passed. It is then my intention to dwell more fully on one of these periods of his life, and to illustrate my characterization by a study of one of his dramas, *The Wild Duck.*

Critics have pretty generally agreed in dividing Ibsen's years of productivity into three general periods, during each of which the plays of that period bore several distinguishing features in common. By studying and comparing the plays of each of these periods, it is possible to trace not only the development of Ibsen's dramatic powers, but the various changes in his attitude toward life, through the three periods of youth, manhood and old age.

The first of these periods, then, occupying the years of his early manhood, was one of more or less unformed style and unrestrained impulsiveness. At this time Ibsen seems in his dramas to be trying to find himself, to crystallize his theories,—to master his art; but as yet his work lacks coherence, self-restraint, and careful artisanship.

His second intellectual period I think we may call one of disillusionment. He is no longer the untamed youth, bursting with idealistic ambitions and poetic dreams. He has seen more of life, and learned to understand it better. He has come in contact with the sordid, hollow, corrupt side of the scene, and his dramas of the period show the result of this contact. He has learned to dissect, to study impassively without personal emotion. This is Ibsen, the cynical man of the world.

The third of these periods is that of approaching old age, —a time when the bitterness of his cynicism becomes tempered, and mollified by a broader outlook and a higher faith in the ultimate goodness of things. He looks at life with more sympathy, more understanding and tolerance for human limitations. Some of his earlier idealism, his earlier poetry again makes its way into his dramas. This, in my opinion, is Ibsen at his best, and it is this Ibsen whose work I wish particularly to emphasize.

As a rule, I think it is the Ibsen of the middle period who is best known to American playgoers and magazine readers. We have all heard of him as a bitter satirist of life, and writer of problem plays, of social and moral studies; an exposer of the evils of society. If we ever get a chance to see one of his dramas on the stage, it is *A Doll's House,* or *Ghosts,* or, at the best, *Hedda Gabler.* It is this Ibsen whom we are most prone to think of first; and unjustly so, I think. It is just as though one were to form a general conception of Shakespere after reading his *Coriolanus,* his *Timon of Athens,* and his *Richard the Third.* And we do just this thing in the case of Ibsen.

Henrik Ibsen first saw the light of day in the small town of Skein, Norway, in the year 1828. Of his boyhood I will say little, as it does not bear upon my subject. Suffice it to say that it was a lonely one, one of "moral isolation," as Edmund Gosse puts it. Between him and the other members of his family and associates there was a distinct lack of

mutual sympathy and mutual ideals, which threw him upon his own inner resources, and tended to make of the boy a retiring and unsociable creature. He was early apprenticed to an apothecary at Grimstad, where the work and the town life both failed to prove congenial.

Grimstad was a typical village, staid, narrow, prejudiced, self-sufficient. The boy Ibsen's unsociable habits made him an unwelcome member of the commonwealth. Cautious parents looked upon him as "not quite nice, you know." Here, then, we see, he had his first experience with the aims, conventions, and self-complacency of society, which in its small way was a perfect mirror of the world at large. In his attitude towards the high and mighty ones of his little village world we find a prediction of the terrible satires he was later to fling against the very things he had experienced in his youth.

And so this mawkish boy, this bashful apothecary's clerk passed his unproductive adolescence. It was in his twentieth year that he wrote his first play, the heroic drama, *Cataline.* This drama is the first in that long series which ended not until nearly fifty years later. It marks the beginning of his first period. I will not trouble you with any more biography except to state that he went to Christiana in 1850, and after several years of hand-to-mouth existence was made dramatic poet of the National Theatre, Bergen. This marked the beginning of his world-success.

I have already characterized the first period of Ibsen's drama as one of unbounded youthful exuberance. The poetry of his nature, so long pent up, at last gave expression to itself in a sort of wild and lilting melody; Ibsen's earlier work sweeps one off his feet with its verve and spirit. The mastery of rhyme seemed to come naturally to him. A second characteristic of his first period is the idealism which permeates and spiritualizes all his dramas. The sort of life he had led at Grimstad, among his drugs and lotions, the commonplace existence of a village druggist, had failed

absolutely to break his spirit, or to stifle his high faith and pure idealism.

Naturally, he turned to the old Norse legends as subjects fittest for his romantic imagination to handle. Along this line he wrote *The Normans (Kaempehoejen), Olaf Liljekrans, The Feast at Solhaug,* and *Lady Inger at Ostraat, Helgeland* and *The Pretenders.* These works are full of the old Norse spirit of wild imaginativeness: dimly lighted castles, sombre settings, idealistic treatment of character, and romantic development of plot. So far, also, blank verse has been Ibsen's natural dramatic medium.

But do not understand me to say that the plays of this period were merely crude, imaginative romanticisms, or that the characters he portrayed were shadowy heroic types, such as we find in the restoration drama in England. Little by little an overmastering love of psychological study, and an intuitively effective power of character drawing was being developed in Ibsen's work. Each play in the sequence showed a gradually increasing mastery of his art, an equally increasing restraint upon his lyric impulsiveness, and a greater and greater tendency toward realistic detail and subtle shades of thought and character. With the next two dramas, *Brand,* and *Peer Gynt,* the transition period begins.

Brand is the first of Ibsen's plays to deal with modern life in Norway. This new departure marks the fact that he, from now on, no longer muses among the legends of the past, but has turned his attention "home to the instant need of things," as Kipling says. Brand, the hero, is a man to whom the ideal is everything. He has conceived a superlatively high and difficult idea of man's duty to God, and not only lives up to it himself, but expects everyone else to do likewise. "All, or nothing," is his slogan, and the renunciation of everything but the highest is his creed. He stirs the people of Norway from their self-complacency, and awakes in them the healthy stimulus of self-dissatisfaction. In the

end, Brand fails because of his lack of sympathy with the weaknesses and limitations of human nature.

This doctrine of all or nothing, of being something,—anything, rather than a nonentity, is the central theme of *Peer Gynt*. Peer is a type of the man who does everything halfway, a man with great natural genius, but with none of the sticking qualities that make a man. In spite of his vivid imagination and boundless ambitions, he would not let himself go, completely, in anything. There was in everything he did, a mental reserve and holding back, a weak sort of precaution. Neither heaven nor the Devil, Ibsen says, has any use for such a half-man, because he has not enough courage to be either wholly good or wholly bad.

With this drama, we may say that Ibsen's first dramatic period ends. This is the last time he uses verse as his medium. He begins to take a more practical view of life, to look at things from the realistic, rather than the idealistic, point of view; his lyric emotions are no longer given expression to; he holds himself in check and looks life squarely in the face. Ibsen the poet, has become Ibsen the student of sociology. But before we take up this period, let me summarize the foregoing as one of lyric idealism.

In 1869, with the publication of *The League of Youth,* the second of Ibsen's great periods opened. I will have to pass very hurriedly over the plays which now follow; and will take it for granted that the reader already knows something of Ibsen as a satirist and problem play writer. Everyone has heard of *Ghosts,* that horrible exemplification of the law that the sins of the father are visited upon the son; of *A Doll's House,* which deals with the marriage relation rather cold-bloodedly; of *The Pillars of Society,* which shows the corruption at the heart of social conventions and trappings; of *An Enemy of the People,* —the most biting of satires. I have already spoken of the plays of this period as written in a mood of disillusionment. We feel that Ibsen has seen more of the stuff men call life, has realized its hollowness, its

grossness, its anti-idealism. We all have to go through such a period sooner or later, but whereas in the majority of cases it crushes the spirit out of a man, and drags him down to the dead level of the commonplace, it was unable to master the soul of Ibsen. The disparagement between his own ideals and the sordid motives of the life around him only served to draw from him those merciless flayings of society and of life which we have in his social plays.

But a man of Ibsen's temperament and genius cannot look always on the dark side of life. Gradually there came a change in his attitude towards life and its great problems. Let us give all due credit to the social satires of Ibsen's middle period. They are matchless. Like the works of a great physician, they expose the cankers in the body social, which must be exposed to be eradicated. Impartially, coldly, he set to work with absolute devotion to truth, and such plays as *Ghosts* are the result. But Ibsen's genius was of finer calibre than to rest upon such productions as *Ghosts* or *A Doll's House.* Just as Shakespere's old age brought about a decided change in his attitude towards life, a change to kindlier, more peaceful views, which flowered in his *Cymbeline* and *The Tempest,* so it was with Ibsen. Social problem studies, he came to conclude, are all right in their way, but the time came when he said: "Enough of problems. From now on I write more about human life for its own sake,—about men and women as such."

It was in the light of this broader, more genial, more wholesome outlook upon life that Ibsen gave to the world *The Wild Duck, Rosmersholm, The Lady from the Sea,* and *The Master Builder.*

I said in my opening remarks that in this third period of Ibsen's dramas, he returned somewhat to the idealism of his earliest days. I wish to modify that statement somewhat. As a matter of fact, even when Ibsen was dealing with the most realistic subjects in the most realistic, prosaic manner, even when he was at the very operating table, as it were,

his idealism remained as high, and stern, and as unswerving. What really took place was this: His idealism had become stripped of its former beauties of poetry and romance, had become cold, bare, almost harsh. In other words, his style and the subjects he felt called upon to deal with had become painfully realistic. Like Tolstoi, his purpose became to show truth in its naked brutality, stripped of the prettiness of poetry and art.

Now, in the transition from the middle to the third period, Ibsen, always a poet, and sometimes a poet in spite of himself, began to grow tired of the very restrictions which he himself had placed upon his work. By binding himself too closely to a strictly realistic purpose, his work had lost some of the fire and spirit of true genius. He now determined that he would once more give the spiritual and imaginative qualities a place in his work. Let me quote Edmund Gosse:

"These qualities had now been excluded for nearly twenty years, since the publication of *Peer Gynt,* and he would not resume them so far as to write his dramas again in verse. Verse in drama was doomed; or if not, it was at least a juvenile and fugitive skill not to be rashly picked up again by a business-like bard of sixty. But he would reopen the door to allegory and symbol, and especially to fantastic beauty of landscape."

Thus we see wherein the imaginative, idealistic works of Ibsen's old age are to differ from the similar works of his youth. As Gosse says, Ibsen realized that the expression of the poetic through the medium of verse was forever lost to him. He now turns his attention to a new medium of poetic feeling; symbolism. Thus it is in this symbolism, this use of beautiful allegory, that Ibsen finds again an expression to his innate poetry of soul. And it is in these later plays, although without the outer allurement of poetic diction, that Ibsen reaches his highest pitch of perfection. Life, he seems to conclude, is not the shallow, commonplace, unpleasant thing

I have been showing you, but there is a place in it for the claim of the ideal.

Thus he wrote *The Master Builder,* symbolizing by the building of glorious mansions his own building of glorious dramas; in this same spirit of symbolism he wrote *Rosmersholm, The Lady From the Sea,* and *The Wild Duck.* The latter of these plays I will treat somewhat in detail, in order to show Ibsen's method of working out an allegory.

In the beginning, I wish it to be understood, that I offer my interpretation of the meaning of *The Wild Duck,* and the symbolistic interpretation of the characters in the play in a very tentative manner. It may be that I have not touched on Ibsen's real meaning in the very least. It is one of the most comforting facts about Ibsen's methods, that they offer to the critics such a wide opportunity for differences of opinion. This is especially so in the drama we will now consider.

After the customary Ibsenian style, the plot of *The Wild Duck* begins about twenty years before the first act. There were, at that time, two business associates, who have entered into some enterprise at the town of Hoidal, old Werle and old Ekdal. Old Werle is a man of great will power, a typical organizer and director of men. But, like many another man of strong will and executive ability, he has been always accustomed to have his own selfish way in everything, and at the expense of anyone who stood in his way. Not naturally evil, a man of boundless egotism and unswerving determination, he is typical of the man who has allowed selfish indulgence to dominate him, a man who knows no law but his own will. This, then, is old Werle.

Old Ekdal, on the contrary, is much weaker, and a much better character in some respects. He is the type of man who is always content to drift with the tide, and if the tide goes against him, to sink into the slough of degredation without an effort. He is a lover of the woods, a harmless, peaceful

sort of person, a dreamer of old days, a harborer of barren regrets.

These two business associates have each a son, and the young men are chums at college. Gregers Werle, son of old Werle, is a half-baked idealist, filled with noble impulses, but absolutely lacking in practical common sense. He is typical of the average reformer, the well meaning meddler in other people's affairs, who always means for the best, always acts in accordance with some abstract moral or sociological principle, and who always makes a mess of whatever he butts into. Hialmar Ekdal, the central figure in the drama, is like his father in his weakness of will. He is the man with a sick conscience, a man whose egotism, uncoupled with any will power or moral stamina, takes revenge upon itself by a continual gnawing and pricking of conscience; a sick conscience, always acutely conscious, with sensibilities morbidly sensitive, but who lacks the power of rising to any kind of emergency. He, like his father, is a drifter with the tide, a peevish, discontented egotist, who thinks himself a genius.

Old Werle becomes engaged in some sort of illegal procedure and drags in the weaker Ekdal. A discovery is imminent, and Werle manages to shift all the blame on Ekdal's shoulders, the latter being sent to the penitentiary. From thence he emerges at last, with honor and fortune gone, unable to do more than potter around the earth for the rest of his days, a wreck. He allows himself to sink deeper and deeper, becomes a drunkard, and so stifles his honor as to accept a menial position at the hands of his former associate and destroyer.

Meanwhile, old Werle has in his employ a servant girl, Gina, a child of the slums. Werle, self-willed as was his wont, ruins the girl. In order to hush up any possible scandal, Werle makes use of his former associate's son, Hialmar Ekdal, who has had to leave college. Hialmar, always weak and pliable, allows Werle to lend him money, to set him up in

business, and finally Werle brings him, half against his will, to marry Gina, whom he thinks a virtuous girl.

Soon after, Mrs. Werle dies, due in part to the neglect and infidelity of her husband. Their son, Gregers Werle, whom I have called a half-baked idealist, accuses his father of having broken his mother's heart, refuses to live with him or to accept his money, and goes to Hoidal, to live on a small salary and to attempt the intellectual evangelization of the laboring classes, by preaching the claims of the Ideal, as he calls it.

The drama opens after about fifteen years have elapsed. Old Werle, now old indeed, feels his lack of companionship, and in a selfish sort of way desires his son back again. He finally persuades him to pay him a visit, and with a banquet in honor of this occasion the first act deals.

Besides the usual kind of guests at such occasions, Gregers Werle has invited his old college chum Hialmar Ekdal, now a married man. The two feel out of place among the other guests, and so retire to one side to talk over old times. Werle begins inquiring of Hialmar as to his marriage. After a few words, he sees the part which his father played in the affair, and realizes his motives in putting off upon Hialmar his discarded mistress.

At once his temper flares up at the outrage, and in a fine interview with his father we have one of those fiery clashes of temperament in which Ibsen delighted. He accuses his father of his wrongs, reiterates his charge about the death of his poor mother, mentions his father's part in the ruin of old Ekdal. His father takes it all as a matter of course, from such a son as Gregers. "I am afraid that we can never get on well together," he says, "there are too many differences between us."

Suddenly Gregers conceives it his duty to tell Hialmar the whole state of the case; the kind of woman he has married, in fact, everything. He does not take in consideration the fact that Hialmar had been living contentedly with Gina, the

ex-servant girl, for going on fifteen years, and that any bringing up of the past could only bring sorrow to them both. He only sees the fact that their marriage relations were founded on a false basis; that Hialmar had been done a great wrong, which ought to be righted,— that the relations between him and his wife were not open as they should be. Therefore, he is determined to tell Hialmar the facts in the case, in the interests of abstract right.

So he goes on his sublimely silly purpose, to put into practice his untried ideals, to wreck a home, that though founded upon falsehood, though a makeshift, lacking in any deep spiritual love, was nevertheless a human home. Gregers can never let well enough alone.

Act II is in Hialmar's studio, where he carries on a photography business. This act is inserted in order to give the audience an insight into the home which is soon to be the center of a tragic conflict of character. Hialmar returns from the banquet in a peevish ill humor, which he vents upon all about him. Old Ekdal has drunk himself to sleep on a bottle of brandy. Gina, the housewife, is concentered in her household duties, and treats with easy tolerance the vagaries of her husband. She, in her sluggish self-complacence, a self-complacence born of low aims, and lack of ideals, emotionless, indifferent; affords a strong contrast to her morbidly sensitive husband. While the latter fusses and blusters over an invention which he is making, Gina, his wife, really tends to the photography business, with all the common sense of an ex-servant. The stolid, unspiritual Gina, the peevish, emotional Hialmar, the drunken wreck of a father, make up a rather unsatisfactory picture of home life.

There is one bright spot in the scene, however. Hialmar and Gina have a daughter, Hedwig, the finest feminine character Ibsen ever pictured. Hers is a deep, devoted love for her parents, and in her love and in their love for her, rests the real unity of the family. Under the influence of so pure, innocent a character, hurt because her father forgot

to bring her anything from the banquet, but placated at a smile from him, all the imperfections of the Ekdal home fade into insignificance, and we feel that it is a real home, in all the higher significance of that word.

Into this family comes Gregers Werle, filled with his lofty, theoretically justifiable, but destructive purpose, to open the eyes of Hialmar. He cannot breathe in the atmosphere of deception which he feels around him in the Ekdal home. Their very affection for each other, their content, their peace, seems to the Idealist a sign of their moral lethargy, their gross self-satisfaction. From this he feels he must arouse them to the claims of the Ideal.

Adjoining the living room of the Ekdals is a garret, where old Ekdal keeps and raises various fowls and rabbits, as a sort of reminder of the past, when he hunted in the woods of Hoidal. As the chief among these pets is a wild duck, a real wild duck, Hedwig says, which was shot and wounded by old Werle, but which the Ekdals had nursed into life again. I think you will at once see, as did Gregers Werle, the striking resemblance between this wild duck, and Madam Gina. The duck had been shot at the hands of old Werle; Gina had also passed through his hands, and was none the better for it. The duck very nearly sank into the bottom of the sea, and perished; Gina, had it not been for her marriage with Hialmar, would have sunk into the sea of human degredation. The duck is still lame, and forced to live in the musty garret; the Ekdals were, from Gregers idealistic viewpoint, living in the swamp of moral lethargy.

This second act closes without giving Gregers an opportunity to accomplish his purpose and tell Hialmar the secret.

The third act introduces to us another character, Dr. Relling, the mental antithesis of Gregers Werle. Dr. Relling is a shrewd, kindly man, a deep student of human nature, and a believer in the philosophy of makeshifts in this world of makeshifts. He does not hold to any high ideals, as does Werle, nor does he expect very much from mere human

beings. He believes that the naked truth is too strong for weak humanity. Hence, his belief in the necessity of life delusions. He purposely encourages in Hialmar the delusion that he is a great inventor, in order to keep him at work and away from the gnawings of his sick conscience.

He at once realizes what Gregers is up to, as he knows the history of the Ekdal family, and does his best to prevent Gregers from revealing the secret to Hialmar. He foresees too well the terrible consequences. But in spite of his efforts Gregers takes Hialmar to walk and there tells him the circumstances of his marriage.

The fourth act deals with the crisis which follows Greger's act. The latter thought that after Hialmar knew the truth, he could have a clear understanding with his wife, come to a reconciliation, and finally re-establish the family relations upon an honest, true basis of love and forgiveness. Of course he mistakes his man. Hialmar was neither good enough nor strong enough to follow such a course. He comes home in a morbid state of mind. He cannot look his wife in the face. He tries in vain to keep himself in control, and finally comes out with a sort of whining abuse to his wife. Gina, for her part, is of too gross a mould to be seriously affected. She coolly confesses her guilt, calls up to his mind the good, practical wife she has made him, and that is as far as she enters into the spiritual conflict going on in the mind of her husband.

In spite of everything, however, all might have gone off smoothly, had not another factor presented itself. Hialmar finally consents to remain in relations of marriage with his wife, merely for the sake of their daughter Hedwig. Suddenly the thought crosses his mind: is Hedwig his own daughter or not? Two facts argue that she is not. Hedwig's eyes are weak, approaching blindness. Old Werle's eyesight was known to be almost gone. To bear out the suspicion thus raised, old Werle sends to Hedwig a letter, telling her that he is going to give her a pension for life. Hialmar needs no

more evidence to prove to him that Werle is the father of his supposed daughter. The last home tie thus shattered, he determines to leave Gina and Hedwig forever.

The fifth act pictures to us the dismay of Gregers when he finds how his benevolent act resulted. Casting about in his mind for some means to reconcile the family, he decides that only by means of the love between Hedwig and her father, can he do this. For this reason, he tells poor, heart-broken Hedwig that if she wishes to keep her father with her, she must make some great sacrifice for him, to prove her love and devotion.

"Kill the wild duck," he says, "which you love. Such an act will prove that you love him better than anything else."

So Hedwig takes him at his word, and goes into the garret, with her father's loaded pistol, to kill the wild duck. I need not say that from one standpoint this action on the part of Hedwig at Greger's instigation is unmotivated and even silly. But considered from the symbolic standpoint, as I shall discuss later, it takes on a decidedly different aspect.

So, while Hialmar is in the last act of leaving home forever, a shot is heard. They all rush into the garret, and find not the wild duck killed, but Hedwig, lying bleeding and dying. The pistol's premature explosion takes away the one hope of the family, but by her death she shows her devotion, and, for the time being, reconciles her parents.

So much for the plot of *The Wild Duck*. I think you will readily see that the symbolistic element plays a large part in any intelligent understanding of this drama. Without some symbolistic meaning, many parts of the play would become unmotived, and meaningless. Why should Gregers think, for instance, that if Hedwig should kill the wild duck, it would prove her devotion to her father? Why should the wild duck be introduced into the play at all? At first sight, does not the action seem to move along logically, with the wild duck left out of account altogether? Is not Ibsen rather straining a point when he makes the whole play teem with

allusions to the wild duck? What is the duck, and what has she to do with the Ekdal family?

We may be justified, no doubt, in asking such questions. However, if we would see what the dramatist had in mind when he wrote the play, we must take into account the symbolism which he has made an intrinsic part of the action and character conflict? What, then, is this symbolism?

I think you will readily see that Ibsen, in picturing for us the home of the Ekdals, in all its unpleasant aspects, and in making it the center around which the dramatic conflict rages, is not merely giving you a view of any one particular home and its problems. You will agree with me in saying that Isben had in mind to typify, by the Ekdal family, the universal human family of which we are all members; human society in general, both with its elements of strength and unity, and with the forces that make for its disintegration.

Apply this view, then, to the members that compose it, and see what you make of them. First, as to old Ekdal. Society is full of Ekdals: livers in the past, rather than in the present; clinging to old relics of the past; retrospective dreamers, unprogressive, retarding civilization. Old Ekdal, then, is clearly symbolistic of the retrogressive element in society. I hardly need to add that the south today has a good many old Ekdals in its family.

Gina, the housewife, the ex-chambermaid, it typical of the grosser elements of human nature. Gina is a sort of female "man with the hoe." A thing that grieves not and that never hopes. Stolid and sluggish, a brother to the ox.

The realm of the commonplace is her natural environment. Phlegmatic, unaesthetic, and certainly unspiritual, she moves along in a sort of moral lethargy of animal content, unable to grasp or comprehend the subtle emotional conflicts going on about her. Her husband's anguish of mind stirs her but slightly, as a wind stirs brackish, stagnant water; but beyond a slight expression of sorrow she cannot go. When the crisis comes, and her home is threatened with

disintegration, there is that in her nature which makes her incapable of rising to the emergency, or giving to her husband the kind of intellectual sympathy which he craves.

As to the broader significance of this character, I need hardly point out that the great bulk of society is composed of Ginas, living in undisturbed physical self-complacency; without dreams, ideals, or high principles.

Hialmar Ekdal, on the other hand, is the temperamental counterpart and complement of his wife. Hialmar represents the intellectual and emotional side of human nature gone to seed. He is a man of acute sensibilities, coupled with a sort of irksome egotism. He lacks the one quality, however, which he most needs in the crisis which arises. I mean, will-power. Lacking initiative or self-control, he is moulded by the various influences which come to bear upon his life and character. He fancies himself a genius, and because he is lacking in moral stamina to act as a genius should, he blames the surroundings among which circumstances have placed him. In other words, he is a man with a sick conscience, a man of morbid sensibilities, and lack of the steadying, restraining elements of character.

Hedwig, the daughter, is so different from the rest of the family, that she seems not to belong to it, but rather to be its guardian spirit, in whom its destinies center. She is symbolistic of—(and I think I am right in this estimate)—the spirit of unselfish and devoted love—love that asks little in return, but is always ready to make any unrequited sacrifice for its beloved.

This, then, is the family which Ibsen has held up for your inspection as typical of society in general. It is but a makeshift of a home, without any great amount of deep love between its members, founded, as you have seen, upon a false basis, or, as Gregers says, founded on a lie. Like the great world of which it is a type, it has its decaying, conservative element, its commonplace, unspiritual element; its man of intellect without strong moral character or will power,

and in spite of all, it has in it an embodiment of the spirit of love and sacrifice, in the person of Hedwig.

The conflict of which this family is the center, is a conflict to the death between Idealism and pragmatism, between high Idealism and pragmatism, between high ideals and low, but practical ones, between abstract truth and right, and the comforting doctrine of casuistry, of opportunism. This is the eternal conflict which engrosses all life, and it is the conflict which Ibsen was eternally depicting in his dramas. Against delusions of life; against all low ideals and complaisant following of the easiest road, Ibsen's voice had forever been lifted. Now, in *The Wild Duck,* Ibsen gives the whole matter a re-trial, as it were, and in spite of the fact that his side in the case falls down in this play, in his closing words he seems to reiterate his everlasting stand by the principles of the ideal. "If you are right, and I am wrong," he says, "then life is not worth the living."

These two life forces are in this drama symbolized by Gregers Werle and Dr. Relling. Gregers Werle is untried and untempered Idealism. He seems to be a sort of feeble echo of Brand, turning the latter's cry, "All, or nothing," into the claims of the ideal. He is right, we feel it and admire it, in all his purposes, and we can but regret that his knowledge of human nature was not broader and deeper. Where old Werle falls down is, like Brand, in his failure to make allowances for the weaknesses of human nature.

Dr. Relling, on the other hand, is the casuist, the opportunist, the well meaning but low idealed man of the world. He believes in the value of illusions. He is the sort of practical man we meet every day on the streets, who does not worry his head over what is right and best when measured by the rule-stick of the absolute, but who believes in compromise with right; the man who seeks the easiest road, and expects no more of human beings than his common sense knows they will likely perform.

The Ekdals are living, at the opening of the play, as it

were, under the domination of Relling. The garret, with its dark corners and musty air is clearly typical of the dead level of sluggish commonplace existence in which the Ekdals are content to remain. To Werle the atmosphere of the garret is oppressive, and he seems, metaphorically, to be ever pointing up toward the high inaccessible peaks of human perfection, where the air of absolute truth is cold, but pure. You have already seen the conflict between Relling and Gregers, and know its uncertain, doubtful conclusion.

I have already drawn a comparison between the wild duck, the inmate of the garret, and Gina, inmate of the commonplace. The wild duck itself, clearly seems to symbolize humanity, and so it would interpret it. It falls into the hands of old Werle, the destructive, selfish principle of life. It is wounded almost to death, and comes near to sinking down to the bottom of the pond, into depths of moral degradation, and spiritual destruction. Hialmar Ekdal, the higher sensibilities and the active conscience, saves the wild duck, however, and partially restores it. Hialmar, however, lacking the strength of the will, is unable to lift it above a certain point, and sinks himself to the dead level of life in the garret,—the garret of spiritual indifference. Gregers, the idealistic principle, tries to lift Hialmar and Gina out of the maze of life delusions which encompasses them; tries to lift them out of the stifling air and dark shadows of the false marriage relation in which they are living. Finally, in order to do this, he feels that the wild duck, the human nature itself, is at fault, and therefore it must be conquered,—killed if necessary, if it stands in the way of his purpose. It is as though Ibsen said, "The truth at any cost, is my dogma. If life cannot agree with truth, then life must be made to do so, or life must go."

This, then, is my interpretation of Ibsen's meaning in the drama.

In conclusion, let me say; that I have tried to show you something of the way Ibsen deals with a play; something of

the symbolism which his later work developed. The play, *The Wild Duck* marks the transition period between his rather gloomy, pessimistic problem plays of the middle period into the higher, purer air of his old age. In it we have all the principles of the long struggle Ibsen had been making with the inconsistencies and the disappointments of life, summed up once for all. The old fight between the ideal and the real fights itself out in this drama, and from now on his plays breathe the spirit of idealism, pure and simple. *The Master Builder* does cease to build close to the ground; he does soar again in his imagination up into the heights, and best of all he does dare to live as high as he built, even though he falls and dies in the attempt.

So the old master, Ibsen, left this earth with the eternal questions which he has propounded for all generations still unsettled. For him they are ended forever; but for us, they still remain the eternal enigma of life.

Social Life in Japan.

M. E. PEARSON.

It is a matter of common knowledge that Japan, which is geographically the antipodes of America, is also such in many of her manners and customs. What this implies, however, is not so generally known. In spite of ourselves, we persist in thinking that opposite customs must mean little more than a difference in language, food and dress; combined, perhaps, with a few other slight peculiarities.

But much more than this is meant, for in so many things they go so directly counter to what we consider as natural and proper, that the whole produces upon us little less than an impression of complete "topsy-turvydom."

This almost absolute contrariety between their customs and our own was well put by a Japanese young man, who, in making a speech about his people, said: "We Japanese, according to the opinion of you foreigners, always begin working at the wrong end. We write backwards, speak backwards, work backwards, have our houses arranged backwards, and, finally you say that we even love backwards."

A very brief visit to the country, and a comparatively limited observation of customs will furnish one with numerous proofs that all his statements, the last being excepted, are true. To learn exactly how they really love, however, speaking of it in a spiritual sense, would require prolonged observation and perhaps necessitate some personal experience, but to find that their expression of this spiritual principle is diametrically opposed to that of the American or European, is easily done.

As my path, while in the country, did not lead in the direction of a personal experience in Japanese heart relationships, I shall be necessarily limited, in this short discussion of social life, to the outer expressions given to the workings of this inner principle.

A few jinrikisha rides about the streets of the larger cities will soon impress one with the almost absolute segregation which exists between the sexes. Boys and girls above the age of ten are not seen playing together; a young man is never seen walking with a lady friend; husband and wife, if they appear together, walk practically in single file, "my lord" a few paces in advance, while the wife quietly maintains the place of a servant, in the rear.

This same separation is maintained in churches and other public gatherings. Boys and girls do not attend the same schools after passing through the elementary grades. At church the women take one side, the men, the other. Even at a church social which I attended, there was no intermingling of men and women.

When it is known that such rigid segregation really exists, people often enquire how it is that "old maids" and "bachelors" are such a rarity in Japan. To find such beings over there is truly extraordinary, and the fact that they are so numerous in western countries, is, to the ordinary Japanese, a mystery which he cannot solve. I was asked one day, by an inquisitive young man, how it was that in America, where so much social freedom is allowed, so many young people failed to marry? I tried to explain, but the young fellow, who could see no validity in such reasons, slowly remarked, "Well, it seems to me that people who refuse to marry ought to be of the neuter gender."

The problem of marriage and of choosing a suitable helpmeet causes little anxiety to the young man of the Flowery Kingdom, for parents, or a middleman accept all responsibility in respect to these important matters. For him, pleasant calls at his lady friend's home, delightful walks and drives in her company, an exchange of confidences, occasional "spats," and finally the thrilling experiences of a proposal, are all unknown and undreamed of. As was said above, the love affairs of the young man or woman lie completely in the hands of the parents, who either make the proper negotia-

tions themselves, or as is more usually done, place them in the hands of a middleman, who is a trusted friend of the family.

After the middleman has looked around, and made what he considers to be a proper selection, a "mutual seeing," where the two would-be lovers may meet, and in some cases speak with each other, is arranged for. With those who follow etiquette strictly, this "mutual seeing" occurs either at the home of the middleman, or of some other family friend. With the common people, a visit to the theatre or a temple, or the attendance of the two at a party, is considered to be quite proper. If each of the parties is pleased with the appearance of the other, a mutual exchange of presents takes place, an act which with them is considered as a betrothal. Once engaged, neither party can withdraw, as this agreement is considered as much or more binding than marriage itself. If in this country parents or a middleman made the selection, there would arise an infinite number of objections and disputes. In Japan, however, the young people seem quite willing to obey their parents' wishes, even though these may not harmonize with their own personal desires. The experience of a young man of Osaka will well illustrate the implicit obedience of a child to his parents.

Mr.— was several years past his majority, and had been supporting himself for a long time. He was a Christian man, and in the same community was a beautiful girl who was a Christian too. Friends of the young people wanted them to marry, and as they were favorably disposed, the engagement was about to be made. At this point, news came from the young man's home in the interior, saying that he must return home at once, as a wife had been selected for him. In obedience to his parents' demand, he left for home at once, married the country girl for whom he not only had no affection, but whom he did not want, and soon returned to the city a married, but a decidedly unhappy, man. Soon after his return he was met by a foreign friend. In return

for the congratulations presented him, he repeated two words in a pathetic tone, "I'm sorry! I'm sorry!"

But to return. The time between betrothal and marriage is with them a quiet and prosaic one. Life goes on the same as before they met each other at the "mutual seeing." No letters are exchanged, nor are there calls—when the time is spent in making happy plans for the future. No, these are foolish foreign customs, in which they can see no sense. The engagement is made, so what more could be desired?

When the day appointed for the social wedding arrives, the marriage ceremony takes place, not at the home of the bride, but rather at that of the groom. At dusk, the bride, accompanied by the middleman and his wife, leaves her father's home, dressed in white, the costume of mourning, and proceeds to her future home. The ceremony, which is a very simple one, consists in drinking three times out of each of three tiny cups by both members of the bridal pair. At this time, the bride, in her position as the guest of the household, drinks first. At the close of the evening, which is spent in feasting, the young couple again unite their fortunes in drinking nine more cups of wine. This time, however, as the bride is no longer a guest, but the wife, she is preceded by the groom, who, as master of the house, drinks first.

The wedding being over, the newly married couple do not set up a new home of their own, but remain with the parents of the husband, where it is the new wife's primal duty to use the utmost care in serving, not only her husband, but also the new father and mother. Years ago, and even today, the young wife is many times scarcely more than a servant of the family. Over her the mother-in-law has the most rigid control, and numerous instances can be found where the wife has been divorced, even against the wishes of her husband, and sent back to her home in disgrace, because she did not please the woman whom she was forced to serve.

The legal side, both of marriage and divorce, consists in the changing of the public register. Formerly, this change

could be made at almost any time, providing the two parties or especially the man, wished it. During the past few years, however, the laws concerning both the forming and breaking of the marriage tie have become much more severe, so that although Japan still has a larger number of divorces in proportion to population than any other country, she is also the only land where the divorce rate is on the decrease.

Because of the domination of Japanese men over the women, the position of the woman in society is not an enviable one. But this position is gradually changing for the better. Contact with foreign customs and especially higher education for girls is bringing them to an appreciation of the dignity of womanhood, and is causing them to demand a higher recognition, in spite of masculine protests. The womens' clubs which are now being formed and led by many of the most prominent women, bid fair for a future social system which will, to a large degree, overturn the old, and give to both men and women equal rights.

Some Poems by Alumni.

SONG OF REUNION.

PLATO DURHAM.

The years have wrought their miracle; America is one;
The dream of Lee and Lincoln, out of light and shadow spun,
Has come to long fulfillment and their shining task is done.

Our dead are not forgotten; we keep vigil o'er their dust,
We sing their deeds in deathless song and hold their fame a
trust
Till Time, the final judge, shall write a judgment that is just.

But America, our mother of the sorrow-chastened soul,
Has called and we are coming from the years of bitter dole,
"Forgiving and forgiven" writ across the darkened scroll.

And to her field of battle where the light and night oppose,
Where wrong and right are marshalling their lines of ancient
foes,
We follow where America's out-streaming banner goes.

And marching to the star-sown flag, this song of war we sing:
"The sword of Lee to battle for America we bring,
And Jackson's rankers answer where her far-blown bugles
ring.

And when upon that battlefield the victory is thine,
When high above the death of Wrong thy blazoned stars shall
shine,
Look thou for us, America, along the foremost line."

Charlotte Observer.

A FRESHMAN'S HEAVEN.

H. E. SPENCE.

When to Paradise I voyage far beyond the summer seas,
When I rise to heights celestial, where the gods recline at ease,
May my soul, of books long weary, there enjoy a heavenly
rest,
Where no themes nor mathematics can disturb my peaceful
breast.

I am longing for an Eden where sweet sleep and rest abound;
Not where earthly arcs unfinished change to Heaven's perfect
round.
And I trust if involution be a future task of mine,
That the series for expansion will contain no minus sign.

Philosophic poets teach us that which was again shall be,
And conditions ante-Babel we perchance again shall see;
When there'll blend in one pure language, Choctaw, Aztec
and Hindu—
First year French will be no longer; all the world will "Par-
lez-vous."

Great and small will there be equal; present, past and future
one;
There we'll search no musty records, seeking what great men
have done.
We shall know each other better at the rolling of the mist,
And there'll be no curious quizzing as to "Wer das Fraulein
ist."

Since there is a daily record as to how we mortals live,
Heaven's wise old head-professor will have no exams to give;
And the earthly "profs" can't give them in that region of the
blest,
For "the wicked cease their troubling and the weary are at
rest." *Charlotte Observer.*

ROAD SONG.

A. SARTOR BERGHAUSER.

Heigh ho! Heigh ho!
  Down the wintry road
Into the teeth of the riotous wind,
  Say, Hearts, where is your load!

Heigh ho! Heigh ho!
  We never knew what was a care,
We never saw happier day than this,
  And never breathed sweeter air.

Heigh ho! Heigh ho!
  Bird in the bush unseen,
Pine trees soughing, asway in the wind,
  Low to the eastward lean.

Heigh ho! Heigh ho!
  Three stout hearts and a song,
Sweet good fellowship glows within
  And cheers the live day long.

McTyeire vs Bowen.

L. A. PURYEAR,

"Rah-rah-rah, Rah, Rah,—McTyeire!" Exultantly the shout rang across the field. At last our men had the ball, and by a brilliant series of end runs and fake plays, were carrying it out of the danger zone, and back into Bowen's territory. Although the first and about half of the second half had been played, neither side had been able to score; consequently interest was at a fever pitch.

Bowen and McTyeire were old rivals. For so many years the two schools had met each fall upon the gridiron that it had become an established custom, and each would have as soon thought of not playing the other, as to have thought of not playing foot-ball at all. Each team was coached from the beginning of the season with the sole purpose in mind of beating her rival. Of course each played other schools, but the games were only minor affairs, not to be worried over before hand, and such as to cause but little rejoicing when won. One season the wheel of fortune would turn Bowen's way, at another it would turn ours, but this year each of the teams had a string of victories, with not a defeat behind it. In this game, which would decide the championship of the West Tennessee preparatory schools, each had the best team of years, and, judging from the comparison of scores, they were nearly equal in strength with the advantage a little, if at all, in favor of Bowen; hence bets were freely offered and taken by the frenzied supporters of each team.

Again the shout rang out as the McTyeire end, receiving the ball by a long forward pass, ran twenty yards before being downed; but suddenly the glad cheering stopped, a groan of dismay rose from McTyeire rooters, for, upon being tackled, the end had dropped the ball, and a Bowen had fallen on it. Now began the steady pound, pound, pound, with every fifth or sixth play a lightning-like dash around the end, by which Bowen had before come so close to our goal.

Down the field they went, our men now fighting desperately, but unable to stop that seemingly irresistible power. The terrible strain had begun to tell on our team, and though they flung themselves into the heart of every play, still, foot by foot, we were forced back towards our goal line.

"Hold them, boys, hold them," rose the despairing shouts along the side lines, but still Bowen's march went on. Finally they had almost reached our line. Only a narrow two feet separated them from a touch-down.

"First down, two feet to gain," called the referee.

Again that despairing entreaty went up, "Hold them, for God's sake hold them, boys,"—but there was little hope that our men could do it.

As the Bowen quarter snapped the ball, there was a whirling mass of figures. They were using their fatal line buck, and every breath was held in suspense.

Had they gone over, was the unvoiced question.

"Second down, one foot to gain," rang out the referee's voice. Again they bucked; again every voice was hushed in suspense.

"Third down, six inches to gain," the referee called.

As they bucked again, not a sound was to be heard, except the painful breathing of the players, whose breath was coming in great gasps. Along the side lines the suspense was terrible. All stood as if turned to stone, their hands clenched so tightly that they were as white as marble. Here one boy stood, his head turned aside, not daring to look till after the play; there another, his eyes glued on the two teams, as if some invisible power were holding them there. Then, as the referee's voice was heard, a mighty shout went up, for McTyeire had held, and it was her ball on her six-inch line.

Our quarter punted forty-five yards down the field, and Bowen's quarter was down in his tracks. They tried a fake play, but fumbled, and, before he could recover the ball, our end had fallen on it. Only five minutes more to play, and over half the field between us and their goal.

Suddenly our quarter straightened up. "Men, there's the goal," he said, a world of entreaty and command in his tones, "and we've got to score."

Slowly, but surely, we forced the ball down the field, but our men could not hold the terrible strain much longer. Even now, they were slower at getting into formations, and had lost that snap with which they had entered the game; yet the ball was advanced,—slowly, painfully, foot by foot, yard by yard; but oh, so slowly. One minute to play, and we were only on Bowen's thirty-five yard line.

"Hurry, boys, hurry," the rooters urged from the side lines. "Time is almost up."

"Thirty-eight, ninety-two, sixteen," the signal rang, and we saw our full running back for a drop-kick. Every loyal McTyeire heart went up in silent prayer for his success.

"Twenty-two, sixty-four, hundred and eight," and the ball was in his hands. One step forward, the whole force of his right leg into the kick, and the ball sailed in a long graceful arch squarely between the goal posts.

The referee's whistle blew; time was up; the game was over, and we had won from Bowen.

Uncle Remus.

EDNA HOLTZCLAW.

When Joel Chandler Harris gained world-wide fame through the Uncle Remus stories, that shy, modest gentleman was not a little surprised. He seemed to consider it a sort of accident in that he was placed where he had to write something of the kind, and the old stories he had learned from the negroes on the plantation were all he could think of to fill the columns in the Atlanta Constitution, devoted to dialect stories. He may have been still more surprised when he found that he had invaded the preserves of learned philologists and students of folk-lore, who were greatly interested in finding that the same stories were being told on the plantations of Georgia that amused the coolies among the rice-fields of India. The folk-lore stories are common in their essentials to those of Europe, Asia, and Africa. Mr. Harris, in the introduction to one of his books, notices also, from somewhat imperfect data, the coincidence between his tales and the Amazonian tortoise-myths. In this way he has given valuable aid to the study of primitive folk-lore.

Just how much he has contributed to folk-lore study, however, must be left to others who know more about it to determine. What attracts us most, is his treatment of the bits of negro folk-lore, which he has ingeniously set in an episodical narrative. These animal fables have been published by others before Mr. Harris at various times, and in various ways, but in his works we find the hand of the literary artist in addition to careful studies in folk-lore. His accurate and sympathetic observation, his strength and tenderness in character drawing, his exquisite humor, and his mastery of the negro dialect and skill as a story-teller have placed him in the front rank of American writers.

In Uncle Remus, his masterpiece, we have a new character given to the story-tellers of the ages. This old seer of the

plantation sits before his fire smoking his pipe, or making "shuck" horse-collars, or shoe-pegs, and telling these old fables with as much earnestness and spirit as if he had been an eye-witness to all the "gwines on" among the "creeturs." Sometimes the program is varied by a story from Daddy Jack, or Sis Tempy, or even a ghost tale from the incomparable, the irrepressible Tildy. Mr. Harris' crowning art lies in maintaining the peculiar speech and psychic quality of each. In contrast with these comparisons Uncle Remus' finest traits are brought out in splendid relief. As he works or as he smokes, he dispenses his wisdom and levies on the whole community, for illustrations of weakness and folly.

Uncle Remus furnishes the "creeturs" in his stories with personality and gives to them motives and actions "des same like folks." Although he considers them too wise to learn from so poor a creature as man—"des wunner dese yer mans w'at you see trollopin' 'roun' eve'y day"—he endows them with all our virtues and vices. Brer Rabbit, the weakest and most helpless of the animals, becomes the hero and champion through "wukkin' his mind." When it comes to some test in which Brer Rabbit may make use of his physical powers, he is in turn outwitted by old Brer Tarrypin. At such points in the stories, when everything seems to be against Brer Rabbit and the hero appears to be vanquished at last, Uncle Remus comforts the little boy with some such words as these: " 'Fo' you begins ter wipe yo' eyes 'bout Brer Rabbit, honey, you wait en see whar'bouts Brer Rabbit gwine ter fetch up at." In these stories the battle is not gained by the strong, nor is the race won by the swift. In every contest Brer Rabbit comes out victorious over Brer Fox, Brer Wolf, and Jedge B'ar.

Some think that through them, Uncle Remus dimly expresses a revolt from his own condition, and the not unnatural desire to circumvent the master who has so long controlled him. However that may be, we feel that the true province of Uncle Remus' stories is to amuse and to charm. It is

kindly philosophy and shrewd humor, with something of the universality of appeal of an Aesop, that makes Uncle Remus, Brer Fox, and Brer Rabbit irresistible and inimitable. We may read volumes of folk-lore or dialect stories, but none of it charms as Uncle Remus does. As one writer has aptly expressed it, "Compared with most of the grist that has come from the negro dialect fiction mill, what Uncle Remus has to say always carries with it some of the earth's freshness which it is not given to the clever magazine writer to put into his pages." The stories have immensely higher value in that they have charmed innumerable thousands of children the world over than in the fact that they are treasured by the folk-lorist. There is a pleasant and cheerful touch, with bits of local color, that reflects the homely life of northern Georgia, which Mr. Harris,—like his own Brer Rabbit—"bred and bawn in a brier-patch"—knew in his childhood and in the days when he hunted rabbits, 'possums, and foxes on the old plantation where he spent his earlier days.

Uncle Remus has a prototype on almost every plantation, and is not so different from some of the negroes that most of us have known—those of the old type so nearly gone. We are charmed with Mr. Harris' portrayal of the character of the old negro. It seems to me that often the things that attract us most in literature are those that we have best known and of which we have often thought, portrayed and expressed in just the way we should have liked to put them,—or in the words of Pope: "What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed." And it is in this way that we are drawn to Uncle Remus. We see him on canvas just as we should have liked to put him there, if we had only known how, and we find his shrewd observations, his homely thrusts and comments, and his philosophy all transferred to literature, just as we feel it should be there. It is in this—in the delightful simplicity, and the characteristically quaint humor with which he has given us the portrait of the old-time negro—that the art of Mr. Harris lies.

We are especially attracted by the character of Uncle Remus in his relations with Miss Sally's Little Boy. Some nights the child finds the old man in high glee, and sometimes in a bad humor. The latter is the case, or is pretended so, if the little boy has done anything which does not meet with the approval of Uncle Remus, who tells no stories to "bad chilluns." But the mince-pie and cakes brought out from the "big house" soon make things all right, and Uncle Remus takes the shovel and "puts de noses er de chunks tergedder," and then begins his story. The gentle and affectionate nature of the old man is seen when he discovers, from the tears in the little boy's eyes, and from the quivering lips, that he has been too harsh in his reproofs, and he takes the child's hand or strokes his hair caressingly, and then allows himself to be coaxed into going on with the story. The real depth of the old man's affection is shown, however, by the long nights spent at the bedside of the little boy, during a severe illness.

Uncle Remus has all the pride of family, characteristic of the faithful old negroes before and after the war. He reveals his prejudice in his lectures to the little boy about "playin' wid dem 'ar Favers's chilluns" and mixing himself up "wid de riff-raff er creashun." He seems to have only pleasant memories of his slavery, and he has no patience with a "nigger wid a pocket han'kcher."

We find the best study of the character of the old plantation negro in his songs and stories, because in them he lets himself have full sway and displays his poetical temperament and picturesque imagination. And we are glad in these days of hurrying and of forgetting the charm of the old things that a master hand was given to draw for us this portrait of the old negro in his simplicity, and to give us a glimpse of the life on the old plantation before the type had forever passed away and the old southern life had forever passed into the new.

WALTER B. WEST, - - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
EDWIN S. M'INTOSH, - - - - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR

The Library Open at Night.

We are aware that this subject has become somewhat hackneyed through frequent treatment in the pages of various of our publications in the past, yet we feel that for many reasons, this matter ought to be brought to our minds again. We think that the majority of the students is with us when we say that we believe that the Library should be opened at night for the use of those who may desire to work in it.

One of the first reasons which we would advance in favor of night access to the Library is the increased numbers in our class rolls. In many instances, where a class is doing research or parallel work, the number of students who must use a limited number of books is so great that it is often with considerable difficulty and inconvenience that access to the reference books may be obtained at all. It is true that reference books may be taken from the Library at night by those desiring to use them, but often a whole night's work is not required on a single book, in which case the same book could be utilized by several students in the same night if access were given to it on the reference shelves. Again, several books must sometimes be referred to before efficient work can be accomplished, and under these circumstances it is very inconvenient to have to do one's work in a piecemeal fashion.

There are, furthermore, many students who, for one reason

or another, are not able to utilize the Library in the afternoons. Quite a considerable number of students have work down town in the afternoons in the various business establishments. Those interested in athletics are also handicapped in their library work, since the afternoon hours only are available for athletic work. This will be especially true during the coming months from now until June. In baseball alone, there will be a squad of from thirty to fifty men kept on the field from two o'clock until sundown.

Under these circumstances it seems that some arrangement ought to be made. There are doubtless many students who would be glad to accept an assistantship in the library for night work, and there are many more who would be glad to avail themselves of the use of the Library. M.

MARY M. TAPP, - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER

Charles Scribner's Sons have just published a portly volume by Rear-Admiral Chadwick, on "The Relations of the United States and Spain." This important book is an elaborate discussion of the relations of these two countries from the first time they came in contact with each other until the outbreak of the Spanish-American War. The work, as the author tells us, is the outcome of a study of the causes of the war of 1898, and in it we have the interesting story of a "century of diplomatic ill-feeling." It throws new light on the discussion over the Louisiana Purchase from France, the trouble with Florida, the events of the Grant Administration, and the Cuban Question, tracing finally, in a clear, decisive manner, step by step, the positions taken by Spain in the United States up to the day when a conflict between the two countries became inevitable. The account of the year before the war is particularly interesting and full of valuable material. The author also makes just tribute to the great qualities of the Spanish race, as shown in the exploration of of America and in the missionizing of savage races, surpassing for a century and a half any similar work done by any other race. The kindly sentiment is evident in all the text that "the Spaniard has also left much of the spiritual in the lofty courtesy, temperance, and the strong and kindly feeling of his race for which the Anglo-Saxon will be the better man." Admiral Chadwick writes in a clear, direct style and the manner in which the knowledge and research in the book is presented makes it most interesting and valuable.

Another important publication of Charles Scribner's Sons is "The Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley," collected and edited by Roger Ingpen. This work, in two volumes, with forty-two portraits and illustrations comprises the most important contribution to Shelley literature that has appeared for the last twenty years. We welcome gladly this collection of about four hundred and fifty letters which includes thirty-eight new ones besides fifty, containing matter never before published. It is a chronological and systematic arrangement of material which hitherto it has been necessary to seek through numerous fragmentary and scattered volumes. Naturally the work is richer in biographical than in critical interest. We get considerable light upon the two fundamental principles that perpetually challenge discussion in the career of Shelley, namely, that opinion should be absolutely free and that to act resolutely and consistently according to his own opinion is the duty of every man. It is absolutely necessary to enter fully into the poet's attitude of mind on these two points if anyone is to justify, or even tolerate his course of conduct as a man. In his letters we also see Shelley in many other phases, as the man of business, as the art critic, as the kind and tender friend.

"The Lords of High Decision," by Meredith Nicholson, is a strong novel with characters alive and natural, and the large canvas offers an essentially true picture of American city life. Mr. Nicholson has endeavored not only to tell a good story, but also to paint the development of a character. In the latter he has succeeded so well in developing Wayne Craighill from a dissipated youth into a man who is worth while, that we wish he would stop writing "stories" and give us for once a novel of character. Colonel Roger Craighill is also a good piece of work, and some of the other characters are vital and human. Also Pittsburg, which the author has portrayed in a real manner, with its industrial activities and social pretenses, is very interesting as a setting. However,

there is one objectionable feature to the book. All through this new novel the framework of calculated construction is too plainly seen. We are so carefully prepared for what is to come, that in several cases what might be a pleasant surprise for the reader, is spoiled. But altogether the book is interesting and absorbing and will hold attention from start to finish. It is yet the best from the pen of the author, and gives promise of better to come.

"Little Sister Snow," by Frances Little, author of "The Lady of the Decoration," is the tender, pathetic story of a little Japanese maiden. Love comes into her life when the young American, Richard Melton Merrit, who has a government position in Japan, makes his home with her parents. When he returns to America to marry, he leaves without a knowledge of the love of Yuke San, which she confides only to her diary. This she afterwards burns in the temple of Buddha and marries the man of her parents' choice. The story is not sprightly like "The Lady of the Decoration," but has a more subtle appeal. It carries the reader to an atmosphere wholly foreign, and holds his attention until the end of the book is reached.

We have a new book from the pen of Alice Hegan Rice, author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," known as "Mr. Opp." It is not a large book, but one of the most inspiring of the season. The same rich vein of humor which permeates all Mrs. Rice's books runs through it.

One of the most important travel books of the season is the story of Dr. Sven Hedin's discoveries and adventures in Tibet, under the title of "Trans-Himalaya," which has been brought out in two volumes by the Macmillan Company. The expedition of this Swedish explorer started in August, 1906, entering the Forbidden Land from the northwest. He thoroughly explored the country with the aid of his Asiatic fol-

lowers, penetrating into sections in which no western man had ever trod. He has given us an account of this expedition in a well-told story of startling experiences, exciting adventures and wonderful achievements which is not only interesting, but also instructive.

A beautiful memorial edition of the works of George Meredith is to be brought out by Charles Scribner's Sons. This will be the definite and complete edition of the work of the author, and will include not only all his novels, stories, poems and essays published in earlier editions, but also a good deal of new material, much of which, the publishers tell us, has not appeared in any form. The new material includes a novel, "Celt and Saxon," and an unfinished comedy, "The Sentimentalists," and in the volumes of short stories and essays, a number of incomplete articles. The poems include all the poetry published by the author over his name, and some new verse that has never before been printed. The new edition, which is to be complete in twenty-six or twenty-seven volumes has the elegance which ought to characterize such a work. The illustrations include reproductions of many of the scenes associated by Mr. Meredith with many of his novels and poems. This beautiful memorial edition furnishes definite evidence of the opinion that the work of George Meredith has permanent value and is likely to have a permanent place in English literature.

JAMES L. HUTCHISON, - - - - - - MANAGER

Know, then, that a College is the Real Thing. When the Young Man arrives at an age when he is able to inhale Coffin Tacks, to wear Brilliant Neck Gear, and to drink Dopes; then the Governor squints his left eye, shifts his quid of Sun Cured, and intimates that the Youngblood had better try the Rest Cure at College. The first act of the Young Man is to find his Pal, the chief Duties of whom are borrowing the Young Man's Good Kale, and putting the Young Man wise to the Dramas that are best seen from seats vulgarly called Baldheads. For four years—sometimes less—the Young'un spends his time spending the Old'un's Bones. Then the Governor yanks the Blasé Scoundrel out and starts his education in the Office at Ten Per. Aye, there's the Rub. But then we cannot all be teachers.

PLATITUDES CONCERNING COLLEGE MEN.

Let us dissect the animal called "The College Man." Now what is it? "The Saturday Evening Post" tells us that it is a beautifully dressed creature with handsome, regular features, long black eyelashes, and a cane. On the stage, we see it represented as a large sweater and pipe, leaning against a fence, which is supposed to have a history, and singing, "We Are the Rah, Rah Kids." To the professor, it is nuisance incarnate, which he catches sight of now and then when examinations roll around.

But what is "The College Man" in reality? S-s-h! It

isn't! It is a myth, a dream, an illusion, a nonentity. Naturally, the question arises to untutored minds: if it isn't, then why is it? It is, because the hump-shouldered author with the Adam's apple must have a fit hero; the tailoring company must make advertising pay; and the professor must needs have something to swear about.

CURIOSITY.

"Curiosity killed a cat!" From this startling statement we are to infer that Curiosity, the vile malignant in this unparalleled demonstration of criminal violence, perpetrated this heinous crime, and ruthlessly slew an innocent and unsuspecting victim in order to satisfy the vulgar inquisitiveness of his depraved nature. What diabolical cunning must the infernal assassin have used in maliciously ensnaring this docile and wary feline! What pangs of agonizing grief, what throbbing pains of sorrow must have grappled the heart strings of the bereaved family of the deceased, upon learning that a member of their fireside had fallen the unwarranted victim of that atrocious assassin!

If the murderer's victims were limited to unintelligent felines only, well might the court heed his plea for mercy. But no, even now his gory fingers are grappling the throats of human victims! "Presto!" he says, and our friends are transformed from congenial companions to breathing question marks! One touch of his wand and your traveling companion, though an utter stranger, has been made to believe that you are an information bureau, and is acting upon the assumption by plying you with presumptuous questions, often of a personal nature.

What, gentlemen, shall be done with this monster? He is embarrassing the innocent with malicious questions, and pushing the down-fallen further into the mire, by brazenly asking him the delicate question, "Why did you fall?" He has sown; let him reap! Out with him! Guilty! Guilty! Guilty!

A. D. J.

ARTHUR M. PROCTOR, - - - - - - - MANAGER

Vanderbilt Observer.

Perhaps of all the publications of Southern colleges which come to our desk, the *Vanderbilt Observer* comes nearest to being a purely literary magazine. We mean by this that it contains none of those jokes and squibs, and many departments, more properly belonging to a college weekly or other publication. The *Observer* for January is what we would call an ideal number of a college magazine. Of course there are some things about it that might be better, as perhaps the editors have realized, but we cannot hope to have everything perfect.

One criticism is that there might be more verse; provided this verse was good. Some of the publications make the mistake of printing poor efforts at verse, simply for the sake of having some verse. The two short pieces of verse of the *Observer* are exceedingly good, and we wish that the editors would secure more like them.

Of the prose articles, "The College Magazine," perhaps, is the most striking one, being a sort of history of college journalism and some interesting reflections thereon. The first part of "The Astrology and the Astronomy of Halley's Comet," is, indeed, a timely subject and one well handled. We shall look with keen interest for the second part of this in the February issue. "Strictly Honest," is a plot full of dramatic power, and well worked out for the purposes of a short story in a college magazine. The short biographical sketch and appreciation, "Commodore Vanderbilt," is interesting and well written, but too brief a paper for the subject.

Of all the articles in the issue, the one most interesting to us, is the editorial on, "The Crisis of a Great University." This is a subject of great interest to Methodists all over the South, and we are glad to see that the students of Vanderbilt are taking the stand that they are on the subject, and hope that when the General Conference meets at Asheville, they will see the question as does the editor of the *Observer*.

Red and White. Among those magazines which are running over with college life, and full of the breath of the campus, so to speak, we would place the *Red and White*. It seems to have been their standard all the year to get as much of the college spirit into their magazine as possible. The number for January has not quite so much of this as usual, due, perhaps, to the lack of active athletics during this month, but a change is always good, and this issue does credit to the editors.

The leading article, "Miss Tempe's Faith Cure," while a well written and somewhat interesting short story, has something lacking in it to give it the proper spirit and intenseness. There seems to be too much bookishness in the style. The concluding paragraphs are the best of the whole story. The travel narrative, "A Trip to the Philippines," is quite full of interest and charm. However, the author doesn't seem to have thrown himself into his narrative with enough of enthusiasm, and from reading it one would judge that it was written at a time when the writer wanted to get it off hand as quickly as possible. "White Man's First Trip to Lake Waccamaw," is an interesting bit of diary, and we wish that the college magazines would publish more of this material.

Mercerian. The January number of the *Mercerian* is a short story number, and one very creditable indeed. We think this a good idea, to issue such a number, and wish to congratulate the editors

upon the issue. Perhaps "Realization," the story of a man who, being despondent over the death of his wife, was at the point of committing suicide, when he was saved from this fate by the realization that he owed a duty to his child. Next to it in quality would come, "Every Rose Has its Thorn," the story of an adventure while shooting ducks off Puget Sound. "Irish" is full of life, and presents quite a comic situation, well pictured. "The Minister's Rest," and "His Worst Accident" are both good, and written in a most interesting and entertaining manner. The various departments of the magazine are all well represented.

Wofford College Journal. The January number of the *Wofford College Journal* is an exceptionally good issue, combining in a balanced way some good articles on history and biography, with the usual story articles of a college magazine. We think that the editors of all the college magazines would do well to try to get more articles on really literary subjects and not so much of the sentimental love story stuff so often found in cheap magazines and dime novels.

Of the three historical subjects treated, we enjoyed most "Was Shaftesbury a Traitor?" It is a clear-cut and definite statement of the author's estimate of the character of Shaftesbury, and we think the proper interpretation of the motives that led him to the plan of action that he followed. "A Tribute to Bismarck" shows much study of his life, and the author seems to be well acquainted with the facts in the case, but we fear that he would have some trouble in inducing all men to take his point of view in regard to the motives that governed Bismarck. "Uncle Blake's Celebration," is the kind of material that is not handled enough by college journalists. It is an interesting story, well told, and one carrying with it a side view of the life on a college campus. The purpose of the story without being definitely expressed, is well brought out and we

think it is better done that way than if it had been carried out by some editorial on the subject, as so many of our college publications attempt. In "A Heart of the Hills," there is a fine plot and a story well told. We like to read such stories, although it is like taking a soft drink: there is nothing left after it is read. The simple pleasure of reading it is all there is to it.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

WALTER B. WEST, - - - - - Editor-in-Chief
WILLIS SMITH, - - - - - Business Manager

MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the college.

Subscription price, $1.25 per scholastic year. Single copy, 15 cents.

Changes in advertisements may be made by notifying the Business Manager.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *alma mater.* If you do not wish to become subscribers, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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"Man is his own star; and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

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CLAUDE B. WEST, MATILDA O. MICHAELS, - - - - - - MANAGERS

Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre.

G. S.

The story of Wilhelm Meister is not to be epitomized. The structure of the novel is such that nothing short of the book itself can convey an adequate idea of its contents. It deals with a German youth of genuine capacity and worth, born into an atmosphere of thrifty business life, in which he feels himself a misfit because of indefinite and airy ideas of his being destined for a life devoted in some way, none too surely felt, to artistic achievement in the realms of poetry and the drama; and who chafes under the commonplace life and the absorption in what seems to be triviality and useless detail. The book is the story of his growth and change into a useful man, and deals with his inner attitudes rather than with any connected tracing of outward circumstance. This development comes for him largely through the energies of soul opened up to him by other characters. These are motivated and poetized, but not hidden in heavy veils of mystic symbolism. The movement at the beginning is brisk, vivacious and convincingly natural; and while it is not altogether sustained, there is no room for complaint of intentional clouds. With this much as prefatory, the author may be spoken of more directly.

This novel of Goethe's is not unlike his other writings in its personal element and the method of the expression of this. At well defined periods of his life he transposed into artistic form the vital problems he had to deal with, and in the satisfaction of viewing them objectivated, felt their solution for himself as more of a certainty—felt free to look ahead for what his life held in store for him in the further culture of all his faculties.

Goethe had gone to Weimar in 1775 not without misgivings. Unsettled as to what activity would most surely bring him to the full realization of his capacities, he still could not be blinded to the superior dignity of his own genius, and the wreckage he might make of his powers by negligence or a rash step. In this frame of mind he accepted the invitation of Karl August to mingle in the affairs of his court at Weimar, and for ten years this question still remained with him, pushed from his thought only by the exacting duties of his office, and the warmer ties of some intimate friendships he made there.

This unsettled state of mind, then, as it was influenced by these years, he put into Wilhelm Meister; and if there is any one theme running deep beneath a mass of episode and seemingly unconnected narrative, it is this theme of a search for the vocation for which nature intended the hero. He starts out as a foolish dreamer, and is to be formed into a true man. Some of the salient points in his growth from childhood to maturity may be traced, as they become vital influences in the development which is to teach him of himself and his true relation to his world.

Wilhelm is born with a strong instinct for the stage. In his childhood this is manifested by engrossment in puppet shows and figure performances, at which he becomes skilful both in plannng the pieces and executing them. His love for the spectacle develops naturally, and in early boyhood he becomes a frequenter of the theatre. It is here, some years later, he meets a young actress of doubtful refinement, but

genuinely sincere in her affection, and bestows the glow of passion upon her of which his sensitive and ill guided nature makes him capable. He feels for the first time the powerful influence that woman has upon him, and begins the long series of experiences, profitable and unprofitable, which he is to owe to her.

The father, a merchant, wishes his son to follow him in business—a powerful factor in keeping Wilhelm unsettled. He has ability in that direction and comes later to see the dignity of a broad connection in the merchant world, but poetic and dramatic fancies crowd out the sight of this, and his father, vexed at his continued attendance at the playhouse, dispatches him on an extended trip in the interest of the affairs of the firm.

On this trip he has opportunity to weigh his position. He joins himself in an independent way to a band of traveling actors. The experiences connected with this union are for him some of the most important in his life. The character of Mignon is here introduced.

An undersized Italian girl, dressed as a boy, apparently about twelve years old, appears with a roving band of magicians, jugglers, and acrobats. She is seized with a filial attachment for Wilhelm, who treats her kindly. Learning she has been kidnapped and is held against her will, he rescues her from inhuman treatment, pays for her release by the leader of the troupe and allows her to serve him as a valet. She retains the warmth of feeling native to her land, yet chilled to indescribable pathos in the separation from it which her fate has decreed. This deep under minor of national temper is exalted and intensified in the delicacy of nature, fragilly feminine, which she has preserved through the rude buffets of her captive life and which glows to a weird ardor, when she is free to look up and smile on a new world—made new for her by her unlooked for benefactor. The songs she sings have the plaint of wandering races—something of the endless search for an unknown goal,

yet softened, too, by a woman's heart throbbing in the breast of a child. Who can measure the moment of the compassion and paternal care excited in Wilhelm by this hapless girl?

In harmony with the pathos of Mignon is the strange melancholy of the Old Harper. Gifted with a magic power of song, he is able in the mournful brooding of his music, to loose the fetters that bind Wilhelm's thought and bring him a deep peace he can nowhere else secure.

With these and the company of actors, Meister goes to the castle of a German count, to aid in the presentation of a play given in honor of a visiting prince. Here, for the first time, he sees in its true light the grace and ease of manner of men born in aristocratic circles; and becomes aware of the immense advantage such a schooling affords one. Looking out from his own standpoint in his own nation, he sees the doors of opportunity in whatever direction barred to those luckless ones who cannot show this passport of rank. He resolves then that he will cultivate the qualities of mind indicative of this station, and make his what was not given him.

In his boyhood, he had in his dreaming way dwelt for days at a time on the more dramatic and sentimental scenes in Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered." Now, at a time when he was sounding the value of human institutions, and searching how he best might adjust himself to whatever of bettering forces they had to offer him, he becomes acquainted with Shakspere. To him he acknowledges a debt never to be fully reckoned. Hamlet, above all other plays, absorbs his interest and commands his admiration. His idea of Hamlet is famous today as a union of keen dramatic insight with broad human sympathy, and marks an era in the modern appreciation of the English dramatist in Germany. Shakspere, for him, is a school. The bland and calm atmosphere may be impersonal as to the author's part but was new to him, and showed him still farther into the beauties of profound character, constant in composure and power.

In painful contrast, however, with his ideal concepts of the stage and his devotion to one of its supreme geniuses, he begins to feel the jar of actual conditions around him, and to know something of the pettiness, the spites, the envies, the jealousies, the slanders, the libels, the intrigues of the stage of his own country. Fired with the high privilege of interpreting characters like Hamlet and Macbeth, he cannot but sicken at the utter destitution of artistic aim in the players about him, at their subjection of everything to self-interest and personal whim; at the certainty that with them no ideas of loyalty to just interpretation would hinder them from advancing their own vagaries and conceits. He comes to see the futility of attempting to raise the cultural standards of his people through so perverted a medium. In defiant despair he turns his eyes from the stage for all time.

But before Wilhelm enters on his worthier life, he must have reconciled for him the Ideal and the Actual, as it is to be reconciled here,—must work out some pattern of justness by which to fashion his aspirations and guide his deeds. What ideal shall he keep before him? Especially of religion; is he to foster a pale, mystical faith, loosed from earthly connection; or is he to use the world for his spiritual advancement, for the development of his entire nature? The best known chapter in the book contains Goethe's answer to this vital question "The Confessions of A Beautiful Soul." He there shows that no higher law need be sought than the intuitive promptings of a pure heart, but shows also, under a veil of symbolism, that the religious spirit gains instead of loses, by an association with whatever is beautiful, and that the more nearly we bring into harmony all the higher powers of our nature, the richer and more satisfying will be the result.

At this time no more positive factor can influence his development than the knowledge that he is a father. An old nurse shows him his happy, exuberant, mischievous child, romping in the full glee of boyish spirits; but tells him of

the death of the mother. He now feels keener than ever the tie that binds him to all men. His son has bound him to the whole human race, to strive actively for its permanent welfare.

These influences of pathos and beauty, the stimulation of ambition and the setting up of exalted models have well nigh brought him to himself. He has uprooted from his imagination the delusions of a vague and dreaming existence in poetic and dramatic art. He comes to know that definiteness alone brings strength and opens the way for real service. He begins to see that human happiness and worth are to be attained by "right dealing with the stuff of life." He comes to know the safe plan is always to do the task that lies nearest to us. Yet this must not go to absorption in everyday affairs nor to low planes of meeting them. It is not to mean the dethronement of the imagination, or the banishment of lofty aims.

Thus advanced, he is prepared to the fullest to worship the divinity of pure womanhood which he becomes acquainted with in two characters of different types. Longing for a kindred soul to meet him equally in his aspirations, as well as for gentle mothering for his loved boy, he looks earnestly about him for one in whom he can repose his confidence and love. This cool matter of fact attitude at first leads him to Theresa, a supremely practical woman,—not dully so, but counting the immaculacy of her house as paramount, and priding herself rightly in her own native ability to keep her estate the pride of the region and the envy of neighboring landholders. She, too, is one to favor inclination and honest trust rather than a precipitate romanticism. Wilhelm can rejoice that fortune has so favored him with the prospect of such a bride; but Fate has arranged a different order. He turns from Theresa, not from any specific want in her nature which he feels would leave a part of his own unmet, but because in the person of Natalia, he meets a long cherished ideal,—meets one whom he had seen before for a mo-

ment, who left indelibly the print of herself upon his soul. This awakening of true love is favored also by a concurrence of forces freeing him from his engagement with Theresa, which being grounded on mutual admiration and respect, is broken with no loss of high esteem and friendship.

Natalia is an extraordianry woman. From childhood up she had been noted for unbroken composure and a gentle helpfulness to all about her. It was her peculiar gift to see intuitively what was wanting to make full the happiness of those around her, and combined with this the rare charm of being able to supply this the most deftly and completely, and to endear herself to every circle she entered. The peaceful completeness of her being drew Wilhelm irresistibly. He recognized in her a helpmeet worthy of all the best he had aspired to.

At this time, a deep counter-bass melody of grief and sorrow makes more human the rising harmony of his love for Natalia. Mignon, he finds, is wasting away in her longing for her country, and, to his surprise, for a requital of her love for him. Grieved beyond utterance at the sight of her wasted, yet beautiful form, he is not unprepared for her death, which comes in a moment when her tired heart beats too rapidly for its strength. The Old Harper, too, ends his own life in his morbid struggle against a tragic doom.

Forces seem crowding to urge Wilhelm beyond all possibility of return, into the staid and calm life of earnest purpose. The death of Mignon, overwhelming him in grief, he is face to face with grim spectres of doubt and brooding over the ultimate mysteries of existence. But the funeral rites of the dead, in well ordered chant and music, pierce through his gloom, and leave for him their final cadences of hope and trustful confidence. It is a supreme moment in his outlook into future years. With Wilhelm's betrothal to Natalia, the *Lehrjahre* close. Costly years they have been for him, but profitable. The author said he himself had really had no key to them, but had been content to depict a full life in

its manifold interests, and show that in spite of errors and perplexities, there were guiding forces at work to bring man from blindness to a true knowledge of himself and the work Nature intended for him.

Competent critics have judged Goethe's work more correlated and interrelated than that of any other poet. All his works find a counterpart and a final word in the Faust, which on its height of certain power can shed a glow upon whatever else he wrote. It dignifies the study of the minor works to be sure of having to do with the masterpiece.

In The Rose-Garden.

MARY LOOMIS SMITH.

It was an afternoon in early summer. A soft light filtered through the slowly-floating clouds, touching everything with a mellow radiance. As I walked about in the old rose-garden my whole being was flooded with an overpowering sense of the joy of life and the exuberance of youth. All about me I saw Nature in her tenderest, most gracious mood—in the tall elms that murmured to the caressing breeze, in the little rosebud, breathing forth its message of fragrance. What a beautiful old world this was!

Just then my reverie was disturbed by the sound of footsteps and, turning, I saw old Mammy gazing at me, her kindly features beaming with joyful surprise.

"Dat yo', Miss Hon'y?—fo' de Lawd, ef dat chile doan't git moe'n' moe lak Miss Nannie eb'ry day ob her life! How ole ez yo' hon'y—eighteen?—sakes 'live, but dat wuz jes how ole she wuz w'en hit happened."

"Mammy, dear, do tell me all about it!" I cried, my heart filled with a passionate longing to hear of the sweet-faced young mother who had left me a wee baby.

Drawing Mammy to the little rustic bench, I sat down, and amidst the subtle perfume and delicate splendor of my mother's garden, she told me the story.

"Miss Nannie wuz sech er sweet littl' lam' dat she allus wuz myah spec'l chile. She des follow'd me 'roun' quiet-lak, not playin' much wid de yuther chillun an' I nuss'd her an' tuk keer ob her—kaze I seed she missed her mudder—'twel hit jes seem lak I loves her moe'n eben one ob myah own chillun. An' wen she grow'd up—'bout lak yo', Miss Hon'y, she had dem same sof', gentl' ways. She warn't w'at you'd call er beauty, but she had de sweetes' face dis hyar ole nigger spec'ter see dis side ob glory.

"Ole Marsa wuz one ob dese hyah pow'ful serious mens. I tells you, de niggers step lite 'roun him, an' since ole Missus dun dade he seem moe sturner 'n eber. Miss Nannie's de only one w'at kin sof'en him, an' he sho did love dat chile. She could des put her littl' han' in hisen an' lead him anywhar.

"Des 'bout dat time de Wah hit come on. Ole Marsa wuz er Suthn'er frum de hyars ob he hade ter de toes ob he feet. Ole Con'l Butler lib nex' ter we-all's plantation; he wuz er quar ole man an' tuk onter der Yanks, an' ob cose he chilluns gwine side 'long wid him. Ole Marsa 'clar den an' dar dat de frien'ship tween de fam'lies am boun' ter ceas'. I feels rite sick soon ez I hyar hit, fer I done seen dat young Marse Jesse Butler hade ober heels en luv wid myah chile, an' Miss Nannie—w'ile ob co'se she doan't think she know nuffin' 'bout luv—yit she think er pow'ful heap ob him.

"One night not long atter, Marse Jesse drop in lak he alluz doin' an' Miss Nannie she des trip out ter meet him ez innercent ez anything. I'll nebber fergit dat night ez long ez I live. I wuz in Miss Nannie's room, des ober de parler an' I hyar Marse Jesse beggin' Miss Nannie ter tell him dat she love him, so ez he kin go off ter Wah wid sumptin' ter lib fer, an' I hyar Miss Nannie say, 'Ef yo' love me lak yo' say yo' do, why are yo' gwina fight erginst all I love an' hol' deah?'

"Marse Jesse say, 'Nannie, eben fer yo' I kan't go erginst myah ideh ob duty, an' anyway, wut diff'rence does it mak' ef yo, loves me?'

"Miss Nannie say, 'But I doan't love yo', an' her voice soun' cole an' proud-like.

"He didn't say nuthin' fer er long tim', an' den he speak lak he tryin' ter steady heself. Den I hyar him go out, git on he hoss, an' ride off.

"Miss Nannie stay still so long dat I git skeart, an' wen she did cum upstars, she wuz dat w'ite an' startl'd lukin'. Soon ez she see me she put her arms 'roun myah neck an'

sob an' sob. I cumf't her bes' I kin an' she des cry herself ter sleep in myah arms lak er littl' chile.

"Soon atter dat all de mens went offen ter wah, an' we sho had er hard, lonesome time; myah heart ne'ly break w'en I see Miss Nannie gittin' so wite an' thin, but she dat proud I doan't nebber say nuthin'.

"Chile, yo' ole Mammy hopes yo' nebber gwina see no sech wah ez dat. Hit wuz de mos' terribul tim'—de mens er fitin' an' killin' ob demsefs, an' de wimmen ez wite ez sheets an' wukin' lak dawgs, an' de po wite trash's niggers er stealin' an' rampagin' aroun'.

"Ebery day ole Sam go fer de paper w'at tells 'bout de Wah, an' who's kilt, an' one day w'en he ride up, Miss Nannie ez standin' on de poach. She grab de paper an' gin' 'ter look ober it. All ter once she tu'n w'iter dan yo' dress dar, an' gib er littl' cry; I hol' out myah arms des en time ter cotch her frum fallin'. I knowed sumpt'in dun happen, an' w'en I gits time I goes ober ter ole Miss Maker—she der school-marm—an' gits her ter read dat paper ter me. Hit wuz des de 'count ob de big fight whar Capt'in Jesse Butler an' he mens wuz kilt ez dey wuz chargin' right inter one ob de big guns.

"I clar' I sho felt fer Miss Nannie, but she de braves' pusson I eber see, an' she nebber talk erbout hit, eben ter me, her ole Mammy.

"De Wah clos' soon atter dat, an' hit wuz wuss'n hit had been, wid crazy niggers tu'nt loos' all ober de country an' mos' ob de mens dade an' nobody ter work de craps. I see hit all des' killin' ole Marsa. He been so feeble since he wounded dat he can't do nuthin' but sit an' luk er far ways off. Miss Nannie des nuss him ez if he wuz er littl' chile, an' hit sho' wuz pitiful how she try ter be cheerful like, an' her heart des breakin.'

"I doan' know w'at we'd done in dem times ef hit hadn't been fer Marse Robert Nelson—he lib des below we all's place, an' wuz er mighty fine gent'man. All de niggers dun

lef' 'cep'in me an' ole Sam, de driver, an' ole Jim, de butler. Marse Robert des' tend ter we all's plantation, an' luk lak he tend ter de worl' fer one smile frum Miss Nannie. Dey say he dun been pow'ful brave an' kilt er lot ob mens in de Wah, an' ole Marsa dat fond an' proud ob him ez if he wuz he own son.

" 'Bout dat time ole Marsa gin ter git wuss. I see he can't hol' out long, he failin' so fas', an' I think, Lawd, Lawd —w'ats gwina happen ter Miss Nannie! At las' he git mighty bad off, an' talk ter ole Missus, des lak she wuz dar an' young ergin. Den he seem ter cum ter hese'f an' call fer Miss Nannie an' Marse Robert an' ole Mammy. He tel' me not nebber ter leave Miss Nannie, an' he ast Marse Robert will he sorter luk atter he littl' gurl, w'en he done gone. Marse Robert say he will so long ez Gawd let him lib, an' den ole Marse die in Miss Nannie's arms, wid de mos' peaceful smile on he face. Hit uz jes' lak he done lef all de toil an' pain ob dis worl' an' wuz wid ole Missus ergin dar whar no pain an' troubl' cums.

"Miss Nannie wuz so pitiful atter ole Marsa done dead! Hit seem des lak she ain't got nobody lef' in de worl'. Marse Robert mighty anxious 'bout her an' he did de bes' he could, but he couldn't do much, fer Miss Nannie wouldn't let him.

"Den de Yanks come an' tuk erway we-all's plantation. Ob cose sumptin' had ter be done, an' Marse Robert didn't stan' back no longer. He ast Miss Nannie won't she marry him so ez he kin tak keer ob her lak he long ter do. He tell her he done love her eber since she wuz er littl' baby mos', an' ef she'd des let him he'd do he bes' ter mak' her happy.

"Miss Nannie, wid tears in her eyes, tell him he's de trues' frien' she eber had, an' she wish she could love him, but her heart don' buried in de grave ob Jesse Butler, an' is not hers ter give.

"Den he luk straight in her eyes an' ast her can't she love him des er littl' bit—des enouf ter let him keep her frum bein' so lonesome in de worl'.

"An' Miss Nannie, seein' all dis an' thinkin' 'bout ole Marsa's wu'ds, tell him ef, knowin' all, he still love an' want her, she can't refuse him.

"Well, dey wuz married, an' nobody but ole Mammy know de struggl' what dat chile go th'ugh at first. But Marse Robert so tender an' tho'tful, an' he des wu'ship her so dat she can't help lovin' him, an' de roses gin ter cum back in her cheeks, an' her eyes gin ter shine ergin.

"An' w'en yo' come, Honey Chile, I done know fer sure dat all Miss Nannie's love an life done come back in yo'. She love yo' twel I tell Marse Robert hits er wonder he ain't jealous; but law, he love you mos' ez much, an' wuz dat proud ob yo' purty ways!

"An' so dey wuz all so happy fer four short years, an' den —Miss Nannie ain't been so strong fer er long time, an' wun nite she des slip off'n lef us lonesone."

As if unconscious of my presence Mammy rose and faced the sunset that was transforming the western sky into glories of purple and gold. With one hand to her ear she leaned forward in eager expectancy, as if trying to catch the notes of an unheard voice.

"Is yo' callin' me, Miss Nannie, honey chile? Ole Mammy done tak' keer ob yo', little baby, an' Marse Robert so long, an' now she's comin' home—she's comin' home."

The gentle breeze stirring in the garden caught up the echoes and whispered them to the roses, "Comin' home," and the roses tremulously murmured back, "home."

William Watson.

MATILDA MICHAELS.

English society has been very much disturbed over the poem "The Woman With the Serpent's Tongue," in Mr. William Watson's new volume of verse. Mr. Watson's visit to this country was timed, so it is said, because of the excitement aroused. This seems strange to us that a person who has caused such a sensation should seek America to elude publicity and interviews. However, he says, in his "Lines to the Invincible Republic" that he has never visited America.

"The Woman With the Serpent's Tongue" is an indictment of one of the ladies now high in political and social circles, and one who wields wide influence. In fact, he has revealed the identity of this woman. In his own words, "The Woman With the Serpent's Tongue is a composite photograph of Mrs. Asquith and her step-daughter." But it is the step-daughter

> "Who slights the worthiest in the land,
> Sneers at the just, contempts the brave,
> And blackens goodness in its grave."

The whole poem is written with caustic bitterness, and surpasses by far any of his former satire.

Whether a poet should spend his time in this sort of thing is a subject open to discussion. One should be very sure that his cause is something more than personal before aiming a blow of this kind at a particular person—and, too, a woman with a biting tongue. The poem has been answered by Richard Le Gallienne with his "Poet With the Coward's Tongue." However, this is rather cheap and tawdry, and Mr. Watson is yet to be matched.

The poem is also said to be taken in connection with two letters written sometime ago to the *London Times* by the

poet in regard to the neglect of the British government towards John Davidson. Mr. Watson thnks his death "is one more addition to the long list of tragedies which we may consider as beginning with the death of Spenser 'for lack of bread' and which emphatically did not end with the death of Chatterton in his miserable garret." Mr. Asquith replied to this attack and defended the position of the government in not allowing him a pension.

Mr. Watson himself received a pension (£300 per annum) from the Literary Pension Fund in 1892. This was also the year of Tennyson's death. His countrymen showed their regard for him by naming him successor to the laureateship. His youth at that time prevented his gaining such a distinction. No other man has so interested himself in affairs of his time and no other living poet of his country has such a uniformly high class of poems as are his. Now that he has announced the part the Asquiths play in his poem, there can be little hope of his ever being Poet Laureate in case of the death of the present holder of that post; at any rate as long as the Asquith influence prevails.

Necessarily, much of public attention has been turned from the other poems in the same volume. His "Lines to the Invincible Republic" ought to arouse the attention of all Americans. It sums up his opinion of this great land of ours. He might hand all questioners this poem and save himself many a tiresome interview.

Mr. Watson is quite at home in such subjects. He has always been a keen observer of national affairs and current events. In such poems, he is given to bitterness and scorn for anything which he thinks stands in the way of development. He thinks of America as kindled by "energy divine," a land with many gifts and resources—but with all this she lacks the genius of repose and rest. This is and always has been the onlooker's criticism of our country. Then again, America is not measured by her wide dominions and population, but the great spirit of "enormous hate and anger, boundless

love and unfathomable depth of energy divine." With her greatness there are vast perils which may bring destruction upon her. Because of these blots he wonders if she has forgotten "those large habitudes of soul" in which her youth was nurtured. It is interesting to speculate upon future poems which will doubtless come from his pen on American subjects.

He has said that he has "lived deep life" and that he has "drunk of tragic springs." Perhaps he has, but it is not the source of his poetry. The true sources are those topics of all ordinary cultivated Englishmen—the state, church, literature or the everyday problems of life. It is usually the better conversation of the day which forms his material. This he rolls out into verse that is stately and sonorous poetry. It is in rare moments when he has been drawn out of himself by the call of old romance that he attains the high water mark of poetry.

His "Apologia" in which he defends himself against the criticism that he writes too much of old poets and brings "naught new," is one of his most individual poems. It is not often that a poet has given us so just and truthful criticism of his own work as Mr. Watson does in this poem.

He has largely concerned himself, as I said before, with political and social questions—from a puritanic view more or less. Such affairs seem to have interested him early. "The Prince's Quest and Other Poems," written at a very early age, naturally contain no references to them. The Sudanese Campaign of 1885 and the Russian state of affairs stirred him to bring forth a series of sonnets entitled, *"Ver Tenebrosum."* From then to the present time public affairs have never ceased to furnish inspiration. He is alive to the greatness of English sway and her old greatness—yet he does not fail to see her shortcomings and criticise the government roundly. As he does not fail to criticise the government, so he does not fail to be very personal in his satires. No names are called, but "he who runs may read."

Mr. Watson was born of a typically English family in Wharfedale, Yorkshire. He has spent much time on the Lancashire coast of the Irish Sea, in the Lake Country, and in London. He grew into man's estate with a love of the beautiful and a strong admiration for the greatness of old times. He is a lover of law and order in all things. As he advances in age, conservatism grows upon him. He confesses an aristocratic creed, harmonizing with the manner and style of his poetry, which is always high-bred. He looks upon life as an idealist. Life must be sublime, and above all things it must have style.

His friends mean much to him, as may be seen from the tone of his poems addressed to various people. Some of these are occasional poems of compliment, in which kind there are particularly good examples. Others are epistles in the manner of the eighteenth century writers. He is apt to combine personal references with contemporary problems in these. Again, others are mostly personal. His method of employing the social side of letters in his poems is a link in the chain forging him to the eighteenth century.

Religious matters play their part in his works as well as politics. He seeks peace, yet never catches it. In its place there is joy and sorrow. The world is not wholly bad and it is not wholly good. Which one predominates depends upon his mood. When a contemplative fit seizes him the bad rules, and when in an exultant mood, good is more prevalent.

Time has proven the past to be good, therefore he casts his eyes back upon it and takes it as his model. Although he may not always hold to church and state, he does hold to the foundations of morality and religion, of law and order. On these the church and state are based.

It cannot be said that he confines himself to any special trend of subject matter. He has written of the constitution of things, the questions of immortality, law of nature, incidents of social life and of love. Of love song he is a skilful composer and his verse never has so much lilt as here. "The

Prince's Quest," his first poem, is, as would be expected, on love. It is hardly typical of his finished art, yet there are many passages of a chaste and eloquent beauty.

Although he has a keen appreciation and is a staunch admirer of Wordsworth, he has written practically nothing in Wordsworthian style. The details of outdoor life which was Wordsworth's does not charm him. He does not seem to know much about birds or flowers or the simple elementary ways of country life. But then the larger phases of nature do not occupy a large place in his album of song.

"Wordsworth's Grave" was the first of his critical elegies, and is the most important. It seems that in this he would come nearer to Wordsworth's style, but he scarcely mentions a detail save the "old rude church, with bare bald tower" and "the cool murmur of Rotha." To him Wordsworth's message was that of peace, and this is the keynote of his poem on the grave. There is no lament for the poet personally, but for the age which lacks such a voice. In this poem he attained mastery of his craft of verse making. Since then he has always written with absolute command of his material.

Mr. Watson has reached the age of fifty-one. If quantity were taken for the basis of criticism of his work, he would not rank very high. His complete works would not be more than two volumes. Fortunately, the old saying, "not many things, but much" may well be applied to him.

Swinburne.

CHESLEY M. HUTCHINGS.

Last of a star-eyed race, the lords of song,
Lord of wild melodies and mad,
Girded in glory, "like a seraph strong,"
Whose feet have left us, sad:

Crowned with no laurels, yet the living thought
Was as a fiery halo to thy head:
With but the *corpse* of words *we* toil, untaught;
With words whose souls are dead.

Thou wast no mortal, but a son of Pan.
Those unborn songs of mountain, wood and sea,
Robing the glad world since the suns began,
Obeisance made to thee.

A strange, sad word was writ in thy fair brow:
"Last" of that last great kingly age,
Victorian, filled with songs that echo now
With hope, with love, with rage.

A Camping Party in the Mountains of Virginia.

G. M. DANIEL.

As these beautiful spring days bring us nearer and nearer to the "good old summertime" our thoughts naturally turn from the consideration of such enlightening and cultivating problems as, for instance, the age of the ancient Egyptian mummy, and even such delightful intellectual tasks as locating the seat of the soul—a peculiarly delightful pursuit, something like a game of "Thimble, thimble, who has the thimble?"—and revert to the days of that past glorious season when we were with Her—and her small brother.

Oh, those were good times. The times we had the past summer are always the best, too. Thinking on these things has caused an otherwise harmless individual to attempt to produce literature, and here it is—a camping party in the mountains of Virginia. Drive that bug out of the room and pull down the window; imagination depends upon undivided attention, and much is left to the imagination in this literature.

I have never understood how anyone can complain of the *sameness* of the mountains. I might get tired of them—after a long time. However, thus far, during my stay of four months or less, I have constantly revelled in new and beautiful scenes. I don't believe I was ever sick of fever that I did not long for water from a mountain spring, or to lie in the cool current of a mountain brook—this before I had ever seen either. I remember seeing years ago in a reader, (Holmes' Fourth, I think) a picture of a man standing in the middle of such a brook, fishing pole and net in hand, in the act of landing a brook trout. To this day that picture has remained before my mind's eye, always representing the choicest form of outdoor sport. Nothing, to me, is more inspiring than to stand on some lofty crag and look out over

the mountains as they seem to unfold in the distance, their uneven peaks marking a jagged line on the horizon. Every succeeding sunrise in the mountains has held something new, some additional beauty. The memory of one particular sunrise has remained with me for some years now. I was walking down a valley road between Asheville and Sulphur Springs one June morning, when old Sol began to send his first beams across the mountains, "harbingers of coming day." I had no trouble in imagining Phœbus Apollo giving his steeds free rein, and beginning his course across the heavens. In the shafts of light breaking between and over the mountains—trails of Phœbus' arrows—I imagined I could see the arrows themselves. Added to all this was the song of the birds, and the low, peaceful murmur of the mountain brook as it raced along over its pebbly bed by the roadside. I do not believe I could ever be conceited enough—however frail we mortals be—to attribute to myself poetical impulse, or anything akin to poetical impulse; but I believe I realized in some degree that morning what the poet felt when he said:

> "I would that my tongue could utter
> The thoughts that arise in me."

But I am getting away from my subject. I had started, I believe, to narrate some experiences and observations of a little camping trip in the mountains of Virginia.

Lebanon is a small town in Russell County, southwest Virginia, in the Clinch division of the Cumberland Mountains. Lebanon is a very old town, and is situated in the heart of the famous bluegrass region, where everything has a pedigree; and is sufficiently well satisfied with it to leave its relation to someone else. This is the region of which John Fox, Jr., gives you a glimpse in *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come,* and *A Knight of the Cumberlands.* One must bear in mind, however, that these books cover a period in history when lawlessness was rife in all the land, and was not confined to any one region; and further that "The land of the Hatfields and McCoys," if it exists at all, is now fur-

ther westward. It was in this region of pristine beauty that I spent last summer.

One June morning, about nine o'clock, we loaded ourselves fourteen strong—seven boys, five girls and chaperones—a camping outfit and supplies for five days, on two two-horse wagons, and were off for Brumley, five miles distant. Brumley has an altitude nearly equal to that of Asheville, and is equally as wild and rugged as Mitchell. Now five miles doesn't sound like much of a distance, but when three and a half of that is a steady climb there is a difference. And that reminds me. Just the day before we left Lebanon I heard a young man ask a young lady, "Why is a young lady's breathing on the mountainside like her first beau?"

The young lady colored slightly and replied sweetly that she was sure she couldn't guess. (I instinctively cleared my throat and turned off to view the landscape, for I realized that very shortly someone had to say something very poetic, or make the break of his short young life—and I feared the latter).

"Because it usually comes in short pants." (That wasn't *quite* as bad as I expected).

I appreciated more fully the point when we got about half through our climb next day—especially as my companion seemed to feel duty-bound to discuss ancient history (in short pants) with her college escort, who, she doubtless felt, must be able to talk on *that* subject, at least, (I don't think). I told her later, when she caught me laughing, that she reminded me of that little grammar school girl, who, expecting a visit from her cousin, a recent graduate of Harvard, got out her little general history, et cetera, and proceeded to lay in a liberal stock of intellectual ammunition. The cousin arrived, thundered into the parlor with a heavy football stride, chucked the little coz under the chin and delivered him self of the purely spontaneous compliment: "Gee, but you're a cute kid," and followed this remark by a rapid fire of others of equal intellectual pregnancy, whereupon the little maiden

ventured: "It was sad about Joan of Arc, wasn't it?" The big cousin replied that he had missed his paper that morning. This fixed the other little maiden, and all subjects requiring intelligence were dropped. Once afterwards, in an unguarded moment, she spoke of the Martha Washington shoe, but immediately sought forgiveness. But I am getting away from my subject again.

Arriving at the foot of the mountain we left the wagons, taking the guns and such other portables as we could in our hands, and began the climb, the wagons following slowly a short distance further. There the way became too steep for the wagons, and the camping outfit was transferred to a sled and dragged the remaining two miles to the top of the mountain. When we had arrived at the summit, we looked down the mountainside and discovered, almost directly under us, the small town which we had left some hours before, and which now seemed no more than a handful of little playhouses. From this point, with the aid of field glasses, Bristol, thirty miles away, and other smaller towns scattered around the country, can easily be seen. From the summit we went down into a hollow of the ridge, and there following the ridge, was a most picturesque little stream, supplied by mountain springs. It flows over a bed of beautiful yellow pebbles, winding between massive moss-covered boulders. I have seen many of the famous sulphur springs of Florida, and of North Carolina, but I do not believe I ever saw water which was clearer or whose depth more deceptive than was that of this stream. This was our destination.

It was now far past the dinner hour, and the inner man was beginning to protest very strenuously against such unusual proceedings. In the course of an hour our camping outfit arrived, and great preparation for the first meal ensued, accompanied by the clangor of frying pans, feminine screams, and general merriment. There was wood to be gathered, fires to be built, water to be brought from the brook, and innumerable other tasks to be performed, all of which tended

to render sharper already razor-edged appetites. In a short time there was an irresistible odor of fried ham and coffee on the crisp evening air. When, after ages of waiting, supper was announced, I wish to state that we assailed it—and in no figurative sense, either.

After the supper things were cleared away, we brought together a great pile of logs and brush for a real camp-fire. We then went on a tour of exploration. The first excitement that offered itself was caused by an ear-splitting scream from two of the young ladies who, after falling over each other at least once—again speaking literally—declared that they had been chased by a snake of titanic proportions, and described him as being such a terrible monster that it was with great fear and trembling that the more valiant of us secured large clubs and repeating rifles and advanced upon the reptile's ambush. Cautiously we approached a large log, behind which the fair ones asserted that the monster was lying in wait, and being naturally of a more belligerent nature than the rest, with up-raised club I peeped over the top of the log and descried—a small green lizard. After the excitement had subsided I remembered having studied a chapter in psychology on illusions, and felt having the subject so clearly in mind, that I should at least call attention to this very striking phenomenon. However, I reconsidered.

By this time it was getting dark, and we went back to camp and fired the log heap. As our camp-fire, blazing high and bright, burned a hole in the night's blackness, amid much laughter and fun we broiled little strips of bacon and had a second light repast. Sometime about midnight, when our fire had burned low, and the owls had begun their nightly requiem someone suggested that we tell ghost stories. One of the boys led off with a hair-raiser, and I capped it. Others followed. More and more gruesome became the stories as we approached the wee sma' hours. We told the most uncanny tales we had ever heard, read, or imagined; and told them so true to life—or rather, true to death—that even the stronghearts were

caught furtively glancing over their shoulders into the black depths behind them. When the fire had died almost to a bed of coals, and the wild things were beginning to make bold enough to venture near our camp, that for which we had been hoping all the evening, happened. The star performer stretched quietly, yawned a time or two, and began telling us something that his father told him was an absolute fact. He knew it was a true story, because his father's father had a negro named Sam, and it was this said negro Sam who was involved. Sam told his master (the star performer's grandfather) of the incident, and this grandfather had told his son, and so the grandson was in possession of this wonderful story which we were also about to enjoy. When he had got to the place where a ball of fire (there is always a ball of fire in these old grandfather stories) deliberately rose up out of the grave of a murderer buried in a country graveyard four miles and a half from anybody's house, and intersected at right angles a line drawn from the negro Sam's left heel to his right great toe,—there came from a point somewhere about fifty yards in our rear the long dismal m-e-e-e-o-o-o-w of a wildcat. We had been listening for this earlier in the night, but had about given up hearing it. When it did come some members of the party got on their feet just about as quickly, I imagine, as did the groceryman when Peck's Bad Boy caught him over the needle, lever and string contrivance which he (the groceryman) had set for the boy under a crack in the counter. Protected by the glare of our rebuilt fire we looked some time for the glowing eyes of this visitor, but could never see them. When we were assured by a distant meow that he had withdrawn, and that we could not get a shot at him, we began to discuss arrangements for the night.

While we were busily vieing with each other in story-telling, on account of the thickness overhead, clouds had gathered unawares, and before we realized what was happening there began a gentle downpour of rain. There followed a general rush for a nearby cabin in which it had been our intention

to house the ladies, while we ourselves slept in the open. When we had reached this 12x14 one-roomed haven of refuge, the very embarrassing question arose as to where the boys were to sleep. Without was the merciless rain; within were the embarrassed ladies. This seemed a hornless dilemma. But the night was waning to the wee sma' hours, something must be done. There were various suggestions, namely, that we sleep in a certain nearby hollow tree, repose under the sled, or circumvent the rain by sleeping in the creek. Presently one of the chaperones had an inspired thought. In one corner of the room were discovered a dozen rough boards. At her suggestion, with much perspiration and mental comment, we managed to place them on the rafters overhead, thus improvising a second story to our mansion of rest. With great difficulty we mounted to our quarters. There was one lantern in the party, which we carried up with us until we had spread our blankets and retired. The lantern was then lowered to the first floor by means of a belt. Presently all was quiet (?). Did I say awhile ago that we didn't sleep that first night? If I didn't I will say it right here. We *didn't*. If I had made a stenographic report of that first night I should have gotten a small book of such remarks as these:

(A general interchange of conversation upstairs and down, lasting about three-quarters of an hour).

CHAPERONE—"Now, boys, you all make the best of what you've got up there, and let's all go to sleep." (A long-drawn-out obedient "Yes'm," followed by giggles downstairs and an explosion of laughter in the loft).

(In the Loft)—"Get your doggone arm out of the way."

"I can't get it out of the way. Look how jam up against this log I am. I can't move."

"Don't be a tightwad with the room over there on the outside."

"Aw, get off the face of the earth." (Giggles downstairs).

(Whisper) I'll bet that old wildcat will come right through that hole by the stove pipe, and he will have to jump right on——."

"He will. They come all 'round this old house. Last year a fellow jumped through that window, shutter and all, a wildcat scared him so."

"Now you all hush that right up, up there."

"What's the matter. We're not talking to you."

(Downstairs)—"Don't you know, Honey, I feel all the time as if I see a snake coming between these old logs here at my head."

"Je-ru-salem, but it's hot in this little old box."

"Toot, toot, Honey, go on to sleep."

Chaperone—"My child, you must stop using that expression. I simply cannot stand it." (Laughter upstairs).

(G-r-r-r-s-s; G-r-r-s-s!)

(Downstairs)—"Listen; saw mill."

"Here, you, cut off the exhaust." (Giggles downstairs).

"Say, you, George—we're not going to have any of that snortin' up here. You can cut it out right now." (Giggles downstairs).

(G-r-r-s, G-r-s, G-r-s-s-s!)

"Punch him over there, somebody."

(G-r-r-s, G-r-s, G-r-s-s-s!)

"Give me that shoe over there. Dog'f I don't make him ring off." (Somebody hands him the shoe and he hits the wrong fellow; a scuffle follows.)

(Downstairs)—"You all *please* be quiet, and let's go to sleep. You make me so *ner*-vous."

Chaperone (pleadingly)—"Boys, boys, quit that now and let's all go to sleep; we will feel *so* much better tomorrow."

(In the Loft)—"All right, boys. Everybody to sleep. The first man that moves or says anything we are going to fire out of here."

(Quiet for half an hour, and then, one by one falling in, irregular snoring for half an hour).

"Dog'f I'm going to stay in here any longer. I'm going out to the fire."

"I'll go with you."

"All right, come on.' (Two boys get up and take their blankets and go out. Everybody wakes up and talks.)

(Downstairs)—"What time is it up there, somebody?"

(Match struck)—"Half past three."

(Downstairs)—"Gee, I haven't slept ten minutes."

(Chorus)—"I haven't either!"

Chaperone (wearily)—"Well, let's all try one more time. Maybe we can sleep an hour or so." (Everything quiets down and we do manage to sleep until it is light).

So the first night was spent.

When it was light we stronghearts, after bringing water and wood, starting the fire, etc., took our guns and struck out down the creek in search for whatever game that, like ourselves, might be so unfortunate as to be stirring at that unearthly hour. Our return was set for the time when rats were being adjusted, and we hit it right on the minute. A

large stump was being used as a dresser, and there, scattered around were rats—big, little, great, small, and indifferent. Imagine our disappointment and chagrin when we discovered that there was one rat for every girl, and then some extra ones; leading us to believe that some of the girls possessed as many as two.

'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour.

(Referring to disappointment, of course). The girls were not present during this inspection, but our disappointment was so genuine, and our mortification so deep that they heard us down at the creek and came protesting that we leave "*those* rats"— not designating, by the way, whose individual rat—alone. We asked them to excuse us, but they had hit our several intentions exactly; and to preserve harmony in our happy family we discreetly withdrew.

Shortly after this incident—the interim being employed by the ladies in repairing complexions, et cetera—we were called to breakfast; and such a breakfast—good old fried chicken! Fine old ham and eggs! Big old appetite!

After breakfast it began to rain, and our mountain climbing for that day was given over. We took short rambles between showers, shooting everything in sight. We shot, in the first two days, over a thousand cartridges, and killed nothing but a black snake. In the afternoon, to break the monotony, we had a mountaineer bring us from his home a little grind-organ. The next move was to have a quiet, informal dance. The present scribe never having received any tutoring in the terpsichorean art, was unanimously elected Chief Musician. Now, the Chief Musician had read of all sorts of musical instruments; had seen many musical instruments, and had tried to manipulate quite a number of musical instruments (to the immediate sorrow of his unfortunate neighbors), but this was the worst ever. He honestly believes that those "rollers" were made by a one-armed deaf accordeonist, who had no feet to "pat" time, and who would not have known

time if he could have heard it. But, with the inspiration of the true musician, and feeling that honor had been suddenly thrust upon him, the Chief Musician took his seat upon an empty tomato box and very industriously plied the crank to this semi-metal-semi-wood porcupine, while the gay dancers glided through the dizzy mazes of the waltz to the tunes of "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight," and "John Brown's Body." Shut in by the rain, we spent the second day in such pastime as this.

The boys had feats of strength and gymnastic stunts. We shot the mark, played games, and told tales until late in the afternoon; then supper became the interesting topic. Just before suppertime, two of our friends who had come from town and gone fishing that day, came in with twenty-seven brook trout. I don't think I have ever seen anything so pretty. Their spots, when well marked, are beyond any attempt at description, and for flavor I have never eaten anything so fine. So exquisitely marked were these fish that from an aesthetic standpoint it seemed almost a shame to destroy their beauty; yet upon short deliberation the physical man prevailed. Supper, conversation and games, closed the second day out. The other days were equally eventful, but of course I could not attempt to describe everything. Suffice it to say that the second and third nights were cooler, almost cold, and everybody slept well. The sun came out again on the third day, and everybody left camp and went for a ramble and climb to the highest point of the ridge. One more night was spent in the camp, and the next morning (Saturday) we bade good-bye to the little stream, the cabin and Brumley, and went down into the valley again.

I don't know whether that party will ever get together again or not; we are widely separated now—three at Centenary, one at Virginia Institute; one at V. P. I., one or two at Russell College; one at Trinity, and the others at home in and near Lebanon—but I have a tin cup with a bullet hole through it, a bone from a sheep's leg marked by the teeth of a wild-

cat, and some kodak pictures,—all of which recall a most pleasant mountain party, and a never-to-be-forgotten vacation.

Sonnet to Spring.

WALTER GLASGOW SHEPPARD.

Then hail to thee, thou fondest hope of youth,
Who full one year hast kept thyself away;
We welcome thee, glad season of the May.
In nature's beauty richly dressed, forsooth,
Thou art the charm of palace, hut and booth.
The flowers in their splendor bloom today,
The birds with gladsome heart sing out their lay;
All nature greets thee, Happy Spring, in truth.
Just as the plants again burst out and live,
So do we know there's life beyond the grave.
Supremest Spring, sent yearly from above,
Impress the lesson thou alone must give;
Help us the sordid cares of life to brave;
Teach us, vile men, diviner things to love.

The Stage in the South Today.

H.

Before entering into this subject, let us see what a good play should be. To be a good drama, a play must be necessarily a work of art. To be a work of art, a play also must appeal to the higher aesthetic nature, and not to the lower passions, of a people. In fact, the young playwright, Mr. Galsworthy, goes so far as to say that the "moral is the keynote of all drama." I do not think that he meant that a moral should be thrust upon us, but that the action of the characters should be such as to make us think; because beauty alone, in the drama as in poetry, cannot produce the highest form of art. In other words, it must be like all art, "nature made human."

I have thus far been speaking of the drama in itself. But as comparatively few people read plays, let us consider the play as presented on the stage. Then, for a good play to be properly appreciated on the stage, it needs to be accompanied by good acting, else one misses the finer points and subleties of a really excellent drama.

Keeping the above in mind, what can we say of the shows which, on an average, the South receives. I think that we can divide them into four classes: the good plays, poorly acted; the poor plays, poorly acted; the musical comedy; and a few good plays, accompanied by good acting. The first two go hand in hand, for a good play with poor acting is a bad play so far as an audience is concerned. And the few excellent plays we have are often horribly butchered by wretched acting. Again, the small newspapers puff equally good and bad plays previous to their appearance, so that one is uncertain up to the last moment as to whether he is going to see a first-class or a second-class show.

I hope that I may be excused for classing the present day

musical comedy as a division of the drama; but I do this for the reason that if musical comedies are not included under the head of drama, then truly we have no drama to speak of, in the South. Conservatively speaking, more than a fourth of the shows that come South on the Schloss circuit are musical comedies. The musical comedy does not appeal to the public through good dialogue and acting, but through "catchy" songs, chorus girls, and modern stagecraft. In the South, as a rule, the singing is very poor, and the stagecraft unworthy of notice. Then, we have left the chorus girls. I d^ not say that the chorus entirely overlaps the rest of the performance, but it is the drawing attraction. And this chorus is comprised of such women as the New York stage will not deign to take.

Of the last class, good plays with good acting, there is very little to say. In fact, I wish more could be said of them; for we get very few of this kind. There seems to be, however, more good plays coming South every season. So, at least, we can live in hope.

How do the shows of the first three classes hurt materially? For an answer, go to any one of the average shows which comes South, and see of what people the audience is composed. You will find a comparatively young set of people, and very few married couples over thirty years of age. Why is this? For one thing, what may be art in New York may not be art in the South. A statue of Venus may be a beautiful work of art, and appeal, as a work of art to the public; mar and distort this beauty, and none but the young and inexperienced or the vulgar will care to see it. Thus, I think, we are often led to a false sense of beauty. Good acting, dialogue, and so forth, are lost sight of. We allow ourselves to be played upon, until we cannot appreciate the artistic value of good drama.

This leads to a consideration of the musical comedies again. If such shows gave only pleasure, we might pass over them. But the drama should tend towards culture, uplift

morals, produce individual thinking. These shows, on the other hand, degrade the taste and morals, and lower the standard of the drama in general. In the case of most of the musical comedies, we do not get art, but artifice; our aesthetic natures are not developed, our passions are.

Whom must we blame for getting such shows in the South? I think that the fault lies partly with the management or theatrical trusts, and partly with the general public. The theatrical trusts of New York and Chicago control almost all of the theatres in the South. And with such a monopoly, they are going to send the cheapest kind of shows, which will make any return in profits. Chorus girls do not cost them much; musical comedies draw good crowds; and so it goes. A first-rate actor necessarily draws a first-rate salary; it pays the management to keep them in large theatres in large cities; and so it goes. As I mentioned above, the public must take these worn-out plays with worn-out actors, or take none. Rather than miss the plays completely, they take what they can get.

But how about the public which supports the stage? When a good play comes South, very often it does not have the houses that a poor musical comedy would have. Then, is it really the fault of the theatrical trusts that they send us such shows? If the public will support poor companies of course they are going to send them. If the public would demand good shows and good actors—showing their demands by not supporting "bum" companies—the management would be compelled to send them. So, after all, it is somewhat like a game of volley ball, the blame rebounds from the management to public back and forth.

But there is another factor, I think, which hurts both the drama and the public—the moving-picture show which carries a vaudeville. At first moving-pictures, since they introduced no vaudeville, gave only innocent amusement and, perhaps, a bit of instruction. Today, however, they give the same "slapstick and bangup" variety of entertainment as

the comic supplement of a newspaper. But now they have reached the extreme limit, since vaudeville has been added. Clog dancing, risqué jokes, noise: and the audience goes home well pleased! Will an audience which sees such trash almost every night, be able to appreciate legitimate drama? Most decidedly I think not. Too, the moving-picture shows hurt the drama in a less direct way. There are in New York over five hundred moving-picture shows, and thirty-two opera houses, making about twelve picture shows to one legitimate theatre. With such conditions prevailing, the drama cannot raise the standard of moving-picture shows; but the latter, however, will lower the standard of the drama to a certain extent. If the stage is affected thus in large cities, how much more will the drama of the South be affected. But the moving-picture show is after all only a fad; and fads never last.

If the stage in the South is, at present, in such a condition, what can we say of its future? Will it become better or worse? Undoubtedly the drama will take a turn for the better. It is now better than it was formerly, and will continue its upward flight. We are a young nation; the South is a young part of this young nation. The drama cannot outgrow the people; the people must raise the drama as they grow. Only a settled nation, built on the culture of former ages, can produce the best of drama.

Bits of Clay.

E. S. M.

God was at work in his shop one day,
Shaping three bits of soft, wet clay—
The Devil in passing stopped by the way,
And asked him what he was making.

"A Woman," said God, as he touched one pile,
"To teach Man how to look up and smile,
"And lift him out of all that is vile."
Straightway the Devil fell quaking.

"A Woman," said God, as he touched another,
"A girl, blue-eyed and without a mother,
"Adrift in the world with no elder brother."
A tear fell on the Devil's cheek.

"A Woman," said God, as he touched the third,
"As wild and as beautiful as a bird,
"Built like a serpent, and careless of word."
Then laughed the Devil, shriek on shriek.

Easter.

S. B. TURRENTINE, JR.

The resurrection of our Lord is commemorated and celebrated on Easter Sunday by most Christian churches. Easter corresponds to the Jewish Passover, by which name Easter is still called in some parts of the world. "Easter" originally referred to a festival of the Ancient Saxons to their Goddess of Spring, Eastr. The word *eastre* means "rising;" and undoubtedly this is one reason for its adoption by the Christian nations, as a name signifying the risen Christ.

Once there was much discussion about the proper time to celebrate Easter. At length, however, it was determined that the festival should come upon the first Sunday after the fourteen days following the Paschal Full Moon, which usually appears about the twenty-first or the twenty-second day of March. Although Easter is set apart in remembrance of Christ's resurrection from the dead, yet it should be known that this is not the exact date of that event.

In the ancient church a much longer period of time than now was consumed in the celebration of Easter. At first, it lasted eight days, but in later years only two or three. It was a custom, during these so-called "Days of Joy" to administer baptism, grant slaves their freedom and give alms to the poor; besides entering into many sports and amusements. This last practice was so strongly denounced by the reformers of the sixteenth century that finally it was abolished.

A number of superstitious ideas about Easter were prevalent in the early days. For instance: it was considered "good luck" to extinguish all fires the night before Easter, and then relight with flint and steel. To be successful in love affairs, it was believed that new apparel should be worn for the first time on Easter. Rings were consecrated by the

king as a cure for cramps—they were then known as "cramp rings." Many other ideas of this nature were held among the early Christians.

When Easter arrives, it has been the custom for many years, especially among the children, to dye eggs of many colors, and call them "Easter-eggs." The custom of exchanging eggs, symbolic of renewed life, is by no means new. There are many sources from which this custom may have come. Evidence points strongly toward Magian or Persian origin. The Persians presented one another with colored eggs during their festival for celebrating the Solar New Year, which came in March. The Jews had eggs at the Feast of the Passover. In some parts of Scotland the people were accustomed, about Easter time, to go in search of wild fowl eggs. It was considered very fortunate to obtain a quantity of these eggs, some of which were usually prepared for the morning meal. There is no doubt that our present custom took its beginning from some of these.

Of all the Christian denominations, perhaps, the Moravians celebrate Easter in the most impressive manner. Their quaint and unique style is exceedingly interesting.

During the season of Lent, services of prayer and self-consecration are held. These hours, particularly during Passion Week, are very solemn and impressive occasions, which serve to arouse deep emotions and to inspire in the souls of all a new religious impulse.

After this extended period of preparation, the culminating day arrives—that of Easter Sunday. Very early in the morning before sunrise the death horn and the church bell sound the call to worship. Vast throngs of people gather about the chapel doors, while the Moravian worshippers assemble within. A brass band, attended by torch bearers, is stationed near the entrance of the building. Suddenly the old clock in the belfry strikes the hour for service. Immediately the bishop steps forward and greets his hearers with those well known words:

"The Lord is risen,
The Lord is risen indeed."

Then follow responsive readings from the Easter Litany, and a short prayer, after which all join in singing Easter praises, to the soft accompaniment of the band.

The band now advances, and the Moravians file out of the church and march slowly towards the cemetery—the vast crowd of visitors following in the rear. As this long procession moves solemnly onward, one band of musicians remains near the church while that which has gone ahead takes its position some distance away. These bands alternate in rendering each separate line of a chosen hymn, the effect being that of an echo one to the other.

Upon arriving at the old Moravian burying-ground, often called "God's Acre," a large circle is formed about the slab covered graves. There in the open, at early dawn, the Bishop prays the Litany. And just as the sun tips the eastern hirizon, the devout Moravians lift their voices in holy praise.

Few churches in christendom can exhibit such religious devotion as the Moravian, in its quaint methods of celebrating Easter-tide.

Easter is today the greatest spring festival of the Christian world. Life, harmony, beauty and music are the appropriate exponents of this season of joy. It is peculiarly fitting that Easter should be observed at a time when all Nature is bursting into life to sing anew the praises of the resurrected Christ.

A Memory Picture.

M.

As a face of perfect tint,
  Wrought on gold-bound ivory,
Burns like a rose leaf fallen on snow,
  So glows thy face in my memory.

WALTER B. WEST, - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
EDWIN S. M'INTOSH, - - - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR

A Few Faults.

In the past decade there has been great advancement made in the field of college journalism, and this, we believe, is but an earnest of better things to come in the years just ahead of us. Today practically all colleges have their literary periodicals and many of them have also their own newspapers. These publications offer a broad opportunity for practical experience to men who intend entering some such activity in the world, and in this phase of college life have been many earnest men of true capacity who have given their energies to make college journalism what it is today. The plane is truly high, yet nothing short of the best should satisfy us, and there are many points, seemingly of no vital importance, which shown a little attention would make a material improvement. Take, for instance, the selections in many magazines are often both hackneyed and untimely. It therefore behooves an editor to keep a sharp eye for timely subjects and to avoid as much as possible the use of articles which are nothing more than a paraphrasing of the writings of men who have said the last word on the subject.

We also find in creative writings of college magazines a proneness to overdo the subject. The poems are often "slushy," and the stories smack of the amateur. None but the strongest words will satisfy our young writer in his descriptions of the most commonplace things, and by the time

he has reached a point where he really needs his strong expression he falls flat because he has already exhausted his vocabulary.

It is upon the editors that the great bulk of the responsibility falls in selecting material, and we are well aware that often there is no great variety of manuscripts to select from, yet would it not be better to put out a small magazine with material of genuine worth between its covers, than to publish a bulky number full of indifferent matter? M.

MARY M. TAPP, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER

"Wanderings in the Roman Campagna" is the best written, the best printed and the best illustrated of Lanciani's works, and one of the few archæological books of recent years which one peruses with unflagging interest from beginning to end. The author is the first archæological authority, and has the gift of making archæology and history interesting. In reading his pages we seem to live again in the times with Horace or Hadrian, or Gregory the Great, while the illustrations give one the scenes we all wish we had visited. The work also displays an irresponsibility in the selection and sequence of topics which is worthy of its title, and not the least element in its charm. For example, the Villa of Hadrian reminds the author of that of Zenobia, near it, and the mention of Zenobia calls to mind sun-worship, and immediately we have a dozen or so pages on the relics of Syrian religious sects at Rome. Thus one topic suggests another and discourses follow which are instructive as well as interesting.

The "Wanderings" are divided into six chapters, each of which corresponds to a phase in the history of the Campagna, or to a district within its limits. Thus the first chapter, entitled "The Land of Saturn," sketches the history of the Campagna from its occupation by the Seculi from the south to its present state of wilderness, which is now being recovered to settlement by modern scientific methods. Chapter II., "The Land of Horace," is largely occupied with the description of the Augustan personages who had villas about

Tivoli. Here we hear of the fashionable Augustan coterie, whose "rendezvous was the cottage of Cynthia, located on the right bank of the river on the Quintiliolo Road, near and under the suburban monastery of Sant' Antonio." We are introduced to Cynthia, to her neighbors Quintillius Varus and Catullus, and to several others whom her list of visitors must have included, while we are entertained with accounts of the amusements of this brilliant circle. The succeeding chapters bring before the reader: "The Land of Hadrian," which contains much valuable information regarding the excavation and spoliation of Hadrian's villa; "The Land of Gregory the Great;" "The Land of Cicero;" "The Land of Pliny the Younger" and "The Land of Nero."

Notwithstanding the necessary superficiality of the work, it contains much of interest for the student. There are some intereting accounts of recent discoveries in the Campagna and elsewhere, while the illustrations are excptional, and the mechanical make-up very near perfect.

Last year Dr. John Masson published under the same title a complementary volume to his "Lucretius, Epicurean and Poet," published in 1908. The first volume received a severe attack at the hands of the critics, so the second volume is not only complementary to, but a defense as well, of the first volume. The critic condemns the first volume on the ground of minor omissions, which he magnifies greatly, while he entirely omits to mention that a supplementary volume is referred to for subjects not treated in full. Also, he does not attempt to grasp the real content of the book, dealing with its merest surface in his remarks upon Epicureanism, covering only a small portion of the matter dealt with, and notably avoiding the great doctrines. It is true there is room for improvement, but the book does not deserve the severe attack it received.

It would be hard to write a dull book on Lucretius, and Dr. Masson, who by earlier work has made the Lucretian

field his own, could not well treat the subject without giving much valuable material. The best chapters are those in which he discusses the scientific theory of the *"De Rerum Natura."* His method is orderly and his illustrations apt. For his clear exposition of the atomic theory and of the hints of evolution also in Lucretius, full praise must be accorded the author. And there are other sections of the book to be commended, notably the pages summing up the philosophy of Epicurus, and some of the paragraphs on the poetical powers of Lucretius. The second volume gives a fuller treatment of topics mentioned in the first volume, but for a lengthy discussion of which there was not space. The two volumes form an interesting work.

An interesting book of travel is "The Face of China," by E. G. Kemp. It tells of travels in East, North, Central and Western China, with some account of the new schools, universities, missions, and the old religious sacred places of Confucianism, Buddhism, and Tavism. Miss Kemp was not a mere chance traveller; she had spent a year at a medical mission in the interior , and writes intelligently of what she saw and experienced in her extensive journeys. The peculiar value of her narrative lies in its testimony to the change which has come over the whole land in recent years. Her first journey described was in 1893, to the capital of the province of Shansi, and the contrast of her experiences in this and in one from Peking to Burma in 1907-08 was very great. In the first she was always conscious of hostility in the attitude of the people towards foreigners, while quite the reverse was the case in the second, the people responding unhesitatingly to the call made on their chivalry. The most interesting part of Miss Kemp's narrative is the description of the journey on the Yangtze in a house-boat and through Szechwan and Yunnan by sedan chair. She was everywhere impressed by the industry of the people and the desire for education, especially by the girls, schools for whom are in

great demand even in the villages. The attractiveness of the book is greatly increased and much light is thrown upon the text by the sixty-three reproductions in color of her sketches. Some of them are scenes of rare beauty. An excellent map enables the reader to follow her easily in her journeys.

Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton, who in his playful moments contributes to the columns of the *Daily News,* has the gift of finding the interesting in the common. The title of his collection of sketches, "Tremendous Trifles" does not belie its name—it is made up of everyday incidents that have suffered a sea-change. The thirty-nine articles which constitute this book went straight from the author to the man in the street and so preserve for us the first fine careless rapture of the journalistic fancy. They were written on anything that happened to turn up—the more insignificant the better. All of the tremendous trifles are entertaining, but one may find genuine delight in at least a dozen of them, especially "The Dragon's Grandmother," a whimsical defense of fairy tales; "The Twelve Men," a dissertation on jury duty; and "The Diabolist," which is pure Chestertonian and unlike anything else in the world.

JAMES L. HUTCHISON, - - - - - - - MANAGER

We take it that you have spring fever. No? Well, you will have it. So be careful. I warn you of this disease, because every spring we seem to forget that it was prevalent the spring before. The squib writers tell us to "cheese it," but we laugh and pass on. But, I repeat it, be careful. Spring fever and baseball season go hand in hand with flunking. Another thing, don't let Jawn D. coin off the hookworm on you. Tell him "bah!" and call his bluff. Go out and invite your soul to loaf with you, if you must, but beware of substitutes. Take from the bookcase your castor oil and horse linament and swear it is spring fever. Hookworm! Huh!

Originality—the great American disease! There is above all the school-girl originality. It is of such stuff which lifts you off your feet and makes you wish that you were in Hades. She will be original or "bust" (at least our modern novelists say that she will—be the former). Here is the way it is produced: The young man is in the midst of a serious talk about young men's fancies and so forth, when the school-girl, choosing the most touching part, breaks in with, "Oh, you are so funny; but you would look cute with a pompadour!" !! —!! So simple, yet so effective. Then there is the American artist originality. One artist discovers how to draw the American girl in a new posture, with her hair dressed differently. Our young Gibsons immediately copy this new, beautiful type of American womanhood, and what do we get?

Original illustrations of the much hackneyed American girl. But best of all is the plain, everyday, original man of the Hubbard variety. This is a paying originality. Here is the recipe: First, by underhand intriguing or bribery, get an engagement with some Woman's Club to deliver a lecture on "The Higher Pantheism as Connected With the Psychic Unity of the Cosmos." After the dear things have shed a few tears and, incidentally, a few dollars, buy a magazine. Then write trash which you do not understand. Will you make a hit! Why, bless your heart, yes!

[NOTE: The above is not original; it is an extract from my future book, "Surface Philosophy."]

Who works hard and gets only blame? Who makes the team what it is, but does not make it? Who has the real enthusiasm that makes the only good college spirit? Who is it that the critical little College Man (!) sneers at? Who roots most at the big games? It is that long misunderstood, hard-working, faithful, loyal martyr to his college—the Scrub. You, who sit on the bleachers in the shade, watching practice, you, with your cigarette and your second-hand baseball dope—laugh, poke fun at him, a man among college men! Do you think that the Scrub cares that (at this point, the reader, if there be one, must deliberately snap his fingers) for the embryonic opinion of an insignificant monad? Laugh, jeer and make your would-be scathing remarks—but please remember what a sorry, pitiful, sad, sad dog you really are when compared to this man who holds so dear the honor of his college. Here's to the Scrub! I drink to him with a cup full of admiration.

"I am going to study that philosophy in a minute." 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful.

We, speaking in an editorial and familiar way, have been asked, for the benefit of Freshmen, to answer the following

impertinent questions. We have attempted to do so as pertinently as possible:

Q. What is a College? A. A Cinch.

Q. Who runs the College? A. Sophomores and janitors.

Q. What, then, is a President? A. A professorial boss.

Q. What is a Professor? A. An undesirable citizen.

Q. What is a Student? A. A Rounder.

Q. What is a Co-ed? A. Still under dispute.

Q. What is a College Widow? A. S—sh!!

Q. What is a Freshman? A. Nothing.

Q. What is a Sophomore? A. A farce.

Q. What is a Junior? A. A blot on the landscape.

Q. A Senior? A. His own opinion, a wise guy; for the opinion of other people, see Freshman above.

Q. What are classes? A. Bores.

Q. What is a Literary Society? A. The nightmare of a millionaire.

Q. What are expenses? A. Dope bills.

Q. What are board bills? A. Five dollars more than they really are.

Q. What is a campus? A. A loafing place; also, see Webster's Dictionary, under "*mud.*"

A practical joke is an underhand way of taking revenge. That is why it is practical.—Extract from "Surface Philosophy."

ODE TO COLLEGE AND MYSELF, A LA WHITMAN.

(*Apologies Pending.*)

Me, I see you, O noble Campus,
In the Spring.
And I loaf and hang around chewing
A straw, while I watch you.
My nostrils are laden
With the scent of many onions;
And I arise and praise myself

Because Spring.
As I behold you, swarthy sward;
And as I observe you, O Freshman, on this swarthy sward,
Through a microscope,
Praise I myself again;
For I, too, was once as one of you, O Freshman.
I guess it must be Spring that paints new life in these withered cheeks and which also gives me new-born joy.
Or I guess it must be something
Else which tastes better.
O, hail, therefore, Spring.

ARTHUR M. PROCTOR, - - - - - - MANAGER

Clemson Chronicle. Among the best filled magazines which have come to our table during the month of February, is the *Clemson Chronicle*. It is full, from cover to cover, of good articles, but is lacking in poetry. A few poems here and there would add much to the magazine, and that side of the literary endeavor of the students of the institution should be developed more. Perhaps the best article of the issue is "The Peach and the Pomegranate," but of almost equal merit are "The Trysting Place," and "His Sole Asset." "Vengeance is Mine," and "The House of Sorrow" are creditably written, but rather impossible and unnatural stories. "The Problem of Illumination" is a subject capable of being handled at length and scientifically, neither of which treatments it received. The author seems to have written the article in a hurry, without having sufficiently settled the problem in his own mind. We see the capabilities of a great theme in such a subject as "The South's Need of Ambitious and Energetic Young Men," and the article contains some good thoughts, but there is lacking a definiteness of purpose to it. "Departed Classmates," the only verse article of the issue is only mediocre in its value as a poem, but contains a great thought. The department work is well done.

The Georgian. *The Georgian* for February contains some of the best articles that is has been our pleasure to read this month. The most interesting and perhaps best written story is "On the Mountain." Its interest in the human life of our time carries a note of

sympathy that appeals to the heart of all men. "Our Lady and Her Fool," is another article of deep human interest, but rather vague in its meaning and perhaps needs an interpreter. All the articles are good, and the essay on "Bret Harte" contains much information regarding this author, and it would be a good thing if more of our literary editors would look out for such article as these. The verse of the issue is especially good, "Brotherhood" being perhaps the best of the selections.

Furman Echo.

We always welcome the *Furman Echo,* and the issue for February contains some especially attractive articles. "A Letter from Panama" is full of interest, and the *Echo* is fortunate in being able to publish such an article. In reading "The Beauty of the Isle," one cannot fail to see the incongruities of the plot, yet there is in it a note that touches the emotional of one's nature and renders it worth while. The author of "A Storm" has gotten together a rather peculiar plot, but the story is so well written and so excitingly intense that we lose sight of the peculiarities of the plot in the wierdness of the scenes depicted. "Some Thoughts of a Student," is the kind of writing that our college publications should encourage more, for it contains such food for thought as college men are apt to neglect in their admiration for the masters. The verse articles are not up to the standard. "The Crusader" appeals to the romantic nature of man and is a poem of real merit. We quote below a quartrain as well exemplifying its name:

OH! SLUSH!

To have is not to hold I trow,
This saying makes men bolder:
A man may have a girl you know,
And never get to hold her.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of our usual number of exchanges and some new ones.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

WALTER B. WEST, - - - - - - Editor-in-Chief
WILLIS SMITH, - - - - - - Business Manager

MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the college.

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Changes in advertisements may be made by notifying the Business Manager.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *alma mater*. If you do not wish to become subscribers, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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Might I give counsel to any young man, I would say to him, try to frequent the company of your betters. In books, and life, that is the most wholesome society; learn to admire rightly: the great pleasure of life is that. Note what great men admired; they admired great things; narrow spirits admire basely and worship meanly.—W. M. THACKERAY.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., April, 1910.

CLAUDE B. WEST, MATILDA O. MICHAELS, } - - - - - - MANAGERS

The Classics: Their Place in Our Curriculum.

C. S. WARREN.

Due to the difficulty in determining just what years the so-called Classic Age covers and, consequently, just what literature it contains, we have, for the sake of convenience, used the two terms "Latin" and "Greek" interchangeably with the term "Classics," for to us they are synonomous.

From my own observation I have noticed that those men, who ought to write on this subject and who are really capable of doing so, as a rule, have remained silent. This, I believe, is due to one of two things. They fail to realize the fact that other people's opinions are different from their own in this matter, or, perhaps, they shrink from a probable criticism. Just why I am writing on this subject I am quite unable to say, for I realize fully that I am not able to go deep into the subject and to present it in its truest, fullest sense.

Everyone knows that there is being conducted at the present time in the educational world a campaign against the teaching of Latin and Greek in our preparatory schools,—this campaign applies to the higher institutions of learning as well. Although the fight may not be as vigorous and manifest as that now waged in the scientific world against pellagra and the hookworm, nevertheless it is a fight; and victory for the insurgents is practically certain unless there is immediate opposition from some source. I do not believe that Latin and Greek should be excluded from our curriculum; and it is

my intention to set forth in a very plain, straightforward (and I hope, common-sense) manner, my reasons for such a belief.

It is little more than useless to say that this body of literature constituted the entire curriculum of Greek and Roman education. Having to them both a practical and a cultural value, and covering, as it did, the entire field of history, science, philosophy, rhetoric, mathematics, agriculture, *et cetera,* it met all their demands so far as an education was concerned. In the Middle Ages also, so far as the study of any literature at all was encouraged, Latin and Greek—the former being at that time the universal language—was at the bottom of the educational scheme. What place this literature occupied in the English schools, as late even as the middle of the nineteenth century, is seen from the following quotation: "The routine of education comprises the classics throughout, and composition in verse and prose. The other parts of education, such as French, Arithmetic, Mathematics, etc., are not taught in this school." In our own country, as late even as the beginning of the nineteenth century, Latin and Greek constituted the bulk of the curriculum, the change coming a little sooner over here on account of social conditions. Up until this time the Latin grammar schools were predominant, but they finally gave way to the academies. At this point the prominence of Latin and Greek literature began to be eclipsed to a great extent by the encroachment of the sciences, and the adoption by the schools and universities of the elective system. Whereever the elective system is employed (and I suppose it is employed by almost all colleges and universities), one can easily see how nearly some courses are entirely ignored. With the adoption of such a system the classics began to suffer such a fate, and it has continued so even to the present day.

The unpopularity, if we may call it that, of Latin and Greek is not due alone to the causes mentioned in the preceding paragraph. While they undoubtedly had some effect on the classics, still it is very evident that the manner of presentation, as our educational system has developed, has had a more decided effect than all the other causes combined. The fathers and mothers are the ones who are opposing the teach-

ing of Latin and Greek to their children; the reason they are making this fight is because the children themselves, as a rule, don't like it; and the reason the children don't like it is because the teacher doesn't vary the recitation enough to make it interesting for them. I venture the assertion that ninety-five per cent of the Latin and Greek recitations in this State—or in any other state, as for that matter—are just like clock-work, the same old formal way of conducting the recitation day in and day out. No wonder the student does not like Latin, when his teacher, in a graphophone-like manner, conducts the recitation (he does not teach the class) and does not allow any of his own personality and individuality to enter into the work. In such instances, those few students who ever do any good at all in the work, and who ever reach the stage where they really take a pleasure in it, reach that stage not by the aid of the teacher, but in spite of him. What we must work towards and what is absolutely necessary to bring about a revival of interest in Latin and Greek—those two languages which, in my opinion, contain by far the richest treasures in literature—is a new method of presentation, a new way of teaching. And the only way, it seems to me, to acquire this new method, is to employ teachers who are well prepared for this particular work, and who do not teach Latin and Greek simply in self-defense. So, the root of this trouble is right in our class-room, and not in the home. If we succeed in making the recitation interesting and attractive to the student, he is not going to grumble when he goes home at night, and tell his father that Latin will never do him any good, and that, therefore, he ought not to study it. If we can get the student to quit grumbling, we have solved the problem for all time.

But let us consider for a few paragraphs just what value, if any, is attached to Latin and Greek. To every course of study there is necessarily attached either a practical or a cultural value. I have been asked whether Latin and Greek have any practical value; that is, whether the knowledge of either of these languages makes one a better farmer, merchant or manufacturer. It was some time before I could reach any satisfactory conclusion of my own in the matter, but I have

finally decided that, as far as I can see, Latin and Greek have no practical value. Of course, this holds true in all cases except where one makes the teaching of these subjects his life profession. To such a man certainly they have such a value, but to him alone. But this is a special case, and we are talking about men in any and all vocations in life.

To be sure, in the Classic Age, and even in the Middle Ages, the classics had a practical value, because this bulk of literature contained all that was to be learned at that time about agriculture, the arts of warfare, and the different industries of the respective ages. But as science began to assert itself and to present new methods of doing things, the classics began to lose importance and their practical value was gradually placed in the background. The knowledge of agriculture, for example, as set forth by Virgil in his *Bucolics,* became merely a matter of how they used to make a crop, and not how it ought to be made now. The same may be applied to other subjects than agriculture.

The very fact that Latin and Greek do not have any practical value makes it all the more difficult for us to justify their being taught. One of the strongest, if not the strongest, argument made against the teaching of Latin and Greek is that it does not make the boy a more efficient merchant or the girl a more efficient housewife. And it seems to me that the greatest mistake one can make is to try to show that these subjects do possess a practical value, when they do not. Why not admit, as we are finally compelled to do, that they have no practical value, and proceed to justify the teaching of these subjects by pointing out their only—an educational or cultural—value? For it seems to me, beyond question, that this last is the only value to be attached to Latin and Greek, viewed from any standpoint whatsoever.

If we take Latin and Greek out of our schools just because they don't make our boys better farmers, merchants and bank presidents, why not discard every course from our curriculum which does not possess this practical value? Just for an experiment, enumerate on your hand those courses which have a purely practical value, and see how many fingers you have left. Take mathematics for an example. How many

merchants ever have any need for anything in arithmetic beyond percentage? What difference does it make to a president of a bank whether or not *all vertical angles are equal?* How many manufacturers can tell the difference between a *tangent* and *co-tangent?* How many in the three groups mentioned above, six months after the final examination, ever remember the equation for a right line? I dare say, none. All Southern colleges of any standing require a knowledge of mathematics through analytical geometry, and some go even beyond that. These subjects are just as far from having any real practical value—except, of course, to those who make it a profession—as Latin and Greek possibly can be. And yet not one single syllable of discontent, so far as I know, has ever been uttered against the teaching of mathematics. The same application may be made to other subjects as well.

We often hear it said that a girl should not study Latin and Greek, on the ground that she will not need it in after life. I now have in mind several young women whose parents will not allow them to study these subjects, but who, on the other hand, have no objection whatever to their studying other subjects, such as history, mathematics, or chemistry. "Study anything you want to except Latin and Greek," they say, "for they will never do you any good." I wonder just how much good chemistry ever does the average girl anyway. She may recognize H^2O or N^aC1 when she sees them in her kitchen, but her knowledge is pretty apt to stop there. If the sole mission of woman on this earth is to prepare well a meal of victuals or to keep a house tidy, what matters it to her what N^aC1 stands for, or what important events are locked up in the archives of history? Will a knowledge of these sciences enable her to perform her domestic duties more efficiently?

Some people think that our young girls should be sent to those schools where the domestic sciences are taught, that they may learn to cook, sew, and perform the various other household duties, from actual experience. I haven't any criticism to offer against domestic science schools, for some of them are doing a good work—teaching scores of girls to do things which they cannot possibly learn to do in their own homes. But I believe that greater and more permanent re-

sults would be realized if the work embraced more of the cultural, and not so nearly all practical, courses. It too manifestly appears like preparing our young womanhood for a life of service in the home. It's all right for a woman to know how to cook and sew and such things, around the home. And I believe she ought to know how to do these things, whether she ever actually performs such duties or not. But woman has a higher mission than this! When those people argue that a woman should not have a certain course of study simply because it does not make her a more efficient housewife, surely they forget that the Creator has put her here as man's helpmate and not as his servant.

We cannot afford to develop only one side of an individual, else he will be a warped individual. We must develop the cultural side of woman as well as the practical side. Even if her only place were in the home, in the nursery, in the kitchen —as, indeed, some evidently think—we should endeavor to make her a cultured, refined, intelligent specimen of womanhood, for in her care and under her influence a future generation is born and fostered. There are just lots of things around us which we fail to appreciate properly, and I firmly believe that woman is one of them.

What we need in this country of ours is a more cultured and refined womanhood in the domestic world, and a more intelligent citizenship in the commercial world. These two things are assets indispensable to any prosperous, progressive nation. To acquire them we must retain in our curriculum those courses of study which possess a refining, cultural, educational value. I have great confidence in the leading educators of this and our sister states, and I believe that they will rise to meet the occasion.

Bill.

L. A. PURYEAR.

"I ain't much on what you call theology, but if Bill didn't desarve to git to heaven, then they ain't no mortal what does desarve it; an' if I ever git thar, strangers, an' Bill he ain't thar, then I'm a-goin' whar he's at. 'Cause, no matter whar he's at, that's heaven enough fer me."

So ended the drawling voice of the old mountaineer, and for a long while, so great an effect did his story have upon us, we sat silent, gazing with unseeing eyes into the dying coals.

A party of us had been hunting all day, deep within the Kentucky mountains, intending to return before nightfall to the little village we had left below us in the valley. A sudden storm coming up, however, had driven us to seek some shelter, and rounding a point of rock, we had come unexpectedly upon a little cabin, settled cozily at the foot of an overhanging bluff, as if begging its protection from the storms, such as the one which was even now raging through the forest. When we knocked upon the door, it was opened with the mountaineer's accustomed cordiality, and an old man welcomed us with the remark, "Come in an' make yerselves ter home. I reckon yer be tolerably hongry, an' wife'll get yer some victuals terrectly."

We accepted his hospitality, and also, since the storm continued, his invitation to spend the night.

After supper, when the table had been pulled back against the side of the rough log wall, we all drew our chairs close up around the fire, and, to pass away the time, began to tell stories. When at last the old man's turn came, he told this story of Bill, the closing sentence of which I have already quoted. In fancy, even now, I can see him as he sat, his rough split-bottom chair tilted back against one corner of the big open fireplace; I can hear the deep tones of his voice as he told his story between deep inhalations from his old corncob pipe, which he never allowed to go out. I would like to tell the story as he told it to us that night, but that lies be-

yond my power; so I will tell it as best I can, in my own words.

Bill—no one seemed to know his last name, nor for that matter, cared—was a mountaineer of mountaineers; tall, broad-shouldered, deep of chest and lithe of limb, with wavy black hair, and deep-set, piercing eyes. He was as good a specimen of perfect manhood as one would wish to see. It was small wonder that Rose MacGregor, famed throughout the mountains for her beauty, should be fascinated by Bill, who, though rough and wild in his general life, was yet gentleness itself where women were concerned, and it was no great wonder that she, adept as she was in conquest of men, should soon cause Bill's simple heart to yield in complete adoration.

For a while life was smooth sailing for the young couple. Bill was the most devoted of lovers, even going so far as to travel to the far-off "settlemint" for a ring, claiming that none could be found in the mountains that was worthy of his Rose. The capricious affections of Rose seemed also to have found at last a resting place, and the word, "Bill" seemed to comprise her whole vocabulary. At length the day set for the wedding was drawing near, when, suddenly, a man from the distant city appeared upon the mountain. Attracted from the very first by Rose's beauty, he lost no time in his love-making, and, aided by his city clothes and pretty speeches, soon succeeded in compleetely turning her head. Without warning, the engagement was broken off, and Bill was left to recover from the blow as best he could. Contrary to the expectations of everyone, Bill took it all very quietly, but the lines in his face grew a little deeper, and his lips lost some of their curve; perhaps, too, there were a few more threads of silver almost hidden in the black mass of his hair—certainly he grew a little more grave and quiet in dealing with his associates, and his voice took on a deeper, kinder tone, but otherwise he appeared unchanged, and no one knew of the aching void in his heart.

The breaking of the engagement caused quite a stir among the mountain folk, and for a while furnished the sole topic of conversation, but things were sinking back into their ac-

customed quiet, when suddenly one night, just as the moon, in its last quarter, rising over the shoulder of "Old Stony," began to shed its pale radiance down on the little cluster of cabins in the gap, the whole mountain was thrown into a turmoil. The revenue officers had come, and had not only raided several stills, but, in a skirmish with the mountaineers had killed one man and seriously wounded another. Suspicion at once settled upon the man from the valley, as the informer, and, as soon as the officers had been driven off, the mountaineers, dividing up into posses, began to scour the mountain for him—and in every squad there was at least one rope.

At one time Bill would have been eager for the excitement of the pursuit, but now he held aloof from all the disturbance, consequently, when late that night a knock sounded upon his door, he was at home. Slowly, and with haggard countenance, as if some voice had already warned him what to expect, he rose from his chair, and with lagging steps, crossed to the door. Opening it, the light showed to him Rose, shivering and sobbing with fright, and with her, her new-found lover. At once, in great sobbing breaths, she began to pour out her story of how her lover , though innocent, would be hanged by the mountaineers just because he was from the valley.

Slowly Bill turned from the girl, and, looking the man squarely in the eyes, asked simply, "Are you guilty?" It was an impossibility to lie to eyes like those, which seemed to pierce to his very soul. He slowly nodded. Again Bill's eyes, flaming now, as from a fire deeply hidden within them, looked straight into his as he asked, "Do you love this girl?" When again the man nodded, Bill threw open the door. "Come in," he said quietly, "and hide."

Soon after, voices were heard on the outside and another knock sounded upon the door. As Bill stood in the doorway, blocking a view of the interior with his huge frame, the girl and man, almost holding their breath in fear, and suspense, could hear the voices of the pursuers, saying that they had tracked the man this far, had lost the trail here, but were sure they would find it again, if Bill would help them.

Quietly Bill's voice broke in upon their excited jabbering: "I don't reckon you need look any further," he drawled; "I told the officers about those stills myself." For the space of a heart-beat there was silence as deep as the grave. Then a rifle-shot rang out, and Bill, with a bullet through his heart, sank lifeless upon his own doorstep. He had made love's supreme sacrifice.

A Poet of the Reconstruction Period.

C. M. HUTCHINGS.

There is no more hackneyed aphorism than that which the poet has embodied in the words:

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

Therefore, there is none more true. I think we have all, on one occasion or another, had occasion to observe the glamor, the charm, the glorification, which attend remoteness; the tendency to lend to that which is foreign or unfamiliar a sort of romantic interest; relative rather than intrinsic; and the inverse tendency toward looking with indifference and disdain upon scenes familiar and cheapened by their proximity. *Ceteris paribus,* a Parisian hat is better than a "home-made" headdress; an idea clothed in the exotic garb of some foreign language and necessitating the labor of translation is superior to a home-brewed expression; and a prominent citizen of Kansas or Nebraska stands more chance of being a hero and a celebrity in our eyes than an inhabitant of Durham, North Carolina.

Coming down from generalizations, the specific case to which I intended to refer the above remarks is our woeful ignorance of, and indifference to, Southern literature. That such a state of mind exists, even in places and institutions where one might expect to find better things, is, I am forced to admit, undeniable. The fact granted, as a good citizen and Southerner I must "straightway begin to make excuses." The only way in which we as a class can escape the stigma of being thought neglectors of our own genius and its products is to show what in law is termed "extenuating circumstances." This, fortunately, is permissible.

Setting aside all of a score of different reasons which might occur to one, I believe I put my finger upon the most vital when I say that the neglect of Southern literature and our ignorance of Southern literary traditions and ideals is due in an incalculable measure to the dominance of Northern culture and Northern cultural institutions throughout the

South. The public school, the fountain head of culture and culture standards, is most evidently not a Southern institution, nor a Southern invention, but an exotic, imported across the Mason and Dixon line in the last forty years or so. When, after the reconstruction period had set in, a Southern public school system began to be built up, it was, like every other important undertaking of the new South, an importation from the North, bringing with it a history and ideals typically and provincially Northern. To the Yankee schoolma'am the South was a barbarous wilderness, void of true culture and without a literary past. She knew little of, and cared less for the poets, few indeed but glorious, of an ante-bellum day. Poe was to her, with her New England standards and ideals, a libertine and a fanatic; and the school of Poe, as we can term certain Southern authors, unworthy of consideration. Thus it is that we have been reared on Whittier and suckled on Longfellow; taught to swallow with an appreciative smile Lowell and his Biglow Papers; trained to believe that in matters of poetic and literary criticism the Boston school has uttered the final word. The average school child of the South is reared on Evangeline and the Vision of Sir Launfal, products of a civilization alien to his nature and to his history; has adopted for his own a standard of literary judgment which Poe designated the Heresy of the Didatic; and has allowed what we may call the Southern Ideal in Literature and Culture, to be forgotten. In other words, the Puritan and his ideals have triumphed over the renascent beauty-worship of our ancestor the cavalier.

But I am allowing a subject of too large a scope to draw me into deeper water than I had calculated upon. It is not my purpose to discuss the Southern Literary Ideal, as a successor of cavalierism, which in turn sprang out of a lingering renascent spirit in the seventeenth century. I will suppose those ideals and that culture to be familiar to Southern readers. It is rather my intention to take as a concrete example of that ideal an unknown Southern writer of the reconstruction period, showing the various influences at work on an author of the old school when he went to write; and to point out the merits of a poetaster of the eighties, a man who wrote

well, at times passing well, and yet who has left not a mark upon the literary history of his own State, North Carolina.

Of Theophilus H. Hill as a man I know absolutely nothing. So far as I know, he is not mentioned in any history of Southern literature, nor in any North Carolina biographical work. He is but an example of that host of minor Southern writers whose ephemeral verse, whatever its excellence, has in the majority of cases not been able to preserve even their names from oblivion. What the merits of their work may have been we cannot judge, since most of it is destroyed, but at least we may imagine, from the little that we have, that the South before the War, and afterwards, must have had literary periods, periods of beautiful and melodious outburst, that are worthy at least of comparison with the much-vaunted and widely-heralded Golden Age of our New England, and cultured, neighbors.

Hill's poems appeared in Raleigh in 1883 in a volume entitled *Passion Flower and Other Poems,* published by my uncle, P. W. Wiley. Only a few volumes of this book remain, one copy being in the Durham Public Library, and another in my possession. The title poem, as its name suggests, is a bit of religious verse, worthy of comparison with Charles Wesley at his best, and showing the latter's influence in its passionate cry. The second poem, in contrast, is a poesque fantasy, *A Gangese Dream.* These two influences run through the whole book, with now a hymn, now a piece of lyric beauty or wild imaginativeness. He had read his Poe to good advantage, for without slavishly copying that great master he shows here and there flashes that remind us of the hand that wrote *Ulalume* and *The Haunted Palace.* Witness the following stanzas:

Where the deadly nightshade grows,—
Where grim shadows now repose,
Once the morning stars arose,
In the golden, olden time.

Spring awoke the dreaming flowers,
Birds, in hymeneal bowers,
Sang away the halcyon hours,
On the hyacinthine shore.

Never, in her wildest flight,
Gleamed on Fancy's eager sight
Fairer gardens of delight,
Or in Cloudland or Cathay!

. . . .

How the Desolation came;—
Whether Pestilence or Flame;—
War or Famine were to blame,
No one, living now, can say.

Voyagers, on passing ships,
Whisper yet, with whitened lips,
Of the wan and weird eclipse
Fallen on that high estate.

. . . .

Ivy frets the palace wall;
Crumbling arch and column fall;
Mould and canker over all
Hold a ghostly carnival!

In case any one should think this too close an imitation of Poe's *Haunted Palace,* notice the vividness, the deep, rich coloring, of the following description of clouds at sunset:

Colossal shapes, thrown into bold relief
By the refulgence of the occident,—
As though convulsed by fierce intestine fires,
Dissolve their solemn league: each beetling brow
A lurid lustre wears; each shaggy breast
Is seared and seamed with sanguinary scars;
And from a chasm, cleft in their bloody base;—
That yawns, a dread apocalypse of hell;—
In long, red, forked, wildly flickering tongues,
Flames as from Tophet leap.

Let no one tell me, that if the above had been found in a volume ascribed to Bryant or Longfellow, every one would not call it beautiful! And, I may add, all of his blank verse has a sort of Miltonic fullness, and periodic, rhetorical swing, aided by a sonorous and appropriate diction.

Hill is best, however, (and this is a noticeable characteristic of nearly all Southern poets) when handling a light, ethereal, lilting measure. In his metrical felicity, if in no other respect , he is worthy of notice. He seems at his best when handling the octo-syllabic couplet, a meter which is

prone to betray its writer by its somewhat ridiculous, prancing gait, and which even in the hands of Scott and Byron often degenerates into a sort of childish doggerel. Hill uses this difficult meter with the most delicate and graceful success, conspicuously so in his longer poems, *Narcissus.* This poem does not lend itself readily to piece-meal quotation, but must be read in its entirety for the author's wonderful lightness of touch and romantic uncorporeality to be appreciated. As an example of his ability to handle the tetrameter, the following little simile is too good to omit:

> As pearls from wave-worn caverns brought,
> Retain the rainbow-hues they caught
> When, riven from the envious shell,
> They into sudden sunlight fell,
> Receive right royally a sheen
> Their dark abodes had never seen,
> And wear it as a diadem,
> So She—

As an example of his airiness, his metrical felicity, the following, from *St. Valentine's Day,* is worthy of note:

> Hidden no longer,
>   In moss-covered ledges,
> Starring the wayside,
>   Under the hedges,
> Violet, Pimpernel,
>   Flashing with dew,
> Daisy and Asphodel
>   Blossom anew.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> The mocking-bird too—
>   The sweetest of mimes—
> Is prodigal now
>   Of his jubilant rhymes!

Great lines do not make a great poem (this remark is not original with me, and is not so intended) but a fairly good test of a poets ability is his occasional purple patches,—golden phrases, happy expressions, short lines glowing with an unmaterial fire of genius. Of the latter, our poet is perhaps entirely void, but in his well chosen and gayly colored epithets he is truly poetical and typically Southern. Such

phrases as "opalescent mazes," "flashing into fiery bloom," "torrid waste and brazen sky," "the smile of some capricious star," "unlanguaged bitterness," "surcease of thought," "virgin violets," "constellated sails," "oases of the gloom" (wild flowers that blossom on a ruined wall)—occur in nearly every line.

One more quotation, which speaks for itself in all its wild imaginative weirdness:

> The poets say there is a golden chain,
> Binding our planet to the throne of God,
> Whose burnished links unbroken yet remain,
> Though earth—no more by shining seraphs trod—
> Is swinging madly o'er a dread abyss:
> Should some malignant spirit sunder This,—
> Should this frail cord of sympathy be riven,
> And our lost world, by gravitation driven,
> Plunge through the outer dark, impenitent, unshriven,—
> Who could, in one wild syllable, portray
> Portray the speechless horror of that direful day,
> When light first wings its everlasting flight,
> And the lost plummet sounds the ghastly gloom of night?

In conclusion, I do not claim for Theophilus Hill the rank of a great poet, or even of a minor one. His greatest weakness is susceptibility, allowing the influence of his reading, of his favorite poets, unconsciously to exert too great an influence upon his style, and upon his originality, making the former a shade too trite, and dwarfing and contracting the latter. He does not quite merit the latent reproach in the word "poetaster," and does not often rise to the level of what Cicero calls the *"Nomen poetae omnibus gentibus sanctum habitum."* But I will make this pertinent comment: If Hill had lived and written in Massachusetts instead of North Carolina, despite his faults and the limitations of his genius, he might have at least been eligible to a place among the "hallowed ranks" of the minor poets; but as it is, he is doomed to the oblivion which awaits all second-rate authors *born too far South.*

The Call of the Twentieth Century.

WALTER GLASGOW SHEPPARD.

We live in an age of marvelous might;
  We witness incredible doings of men;
We know that invention has come to its height,
  And science is greater than ever it's been.

But we plead not for men of such wonderful mind,
  For the world is undoubtedly living too fast;
Nor pray we for emperors, kings, and the kind;
  They live, and will live while kingdoms shall last;

But the cry that is sounding so loud and so clear
  As the bell in the tower of the highest old kirk,
Is a call to the people, that each one may hear,
  A-calling for men who are willing to work.

'Tis a call to the men who are ready to strive,
  To the workman who never his task tries to shirk;
For the laborers surely the world doth drive,
  And the Gospel implanted by Jesus is *work*.

O men of the plow, or the fact'ry, or mine,
  Or whatever state thy labor may be,
There's praise for the learned, the noble and fine,
  But here then, O comrades, all honor to thee.

The Poetry of John B. Tabb.

J. N. AIKEN.

"Into the charnel hall of Fame
None but the dead shall go;
Then carve not there the living name
Of Edgar Allan Poe."

It often happens that some line or stanza of a poet's verse finds its way into the mouth of the crowd without those who repeat it knowing whose work it is; and most frequently the best known of these passages are least representative of the work of the poet. Perhaps nothing "Father" Tabb wrote has been so widely quoted as the above quatrain, yet not one out of fifty who has heard it knows the author. And these four linees, while they are most commonly known of all "Father" Tabb's poems, are by no means typical of the poet, nor do they show the careful workmanship which is one of the chief characteristics of his verse.

A Southerner, and a veteran of the Civil War, it seems strange that "Father" Tabb should be so little known by the general public of the South—especially since he is probably the greatest poet the South has produced since Lanier.

John Bannister Tabb was born on the 22nd day of March, 1845, in Amelia County, Virginia. He was, then, only sixteen years old when the Civil War broke into his life, and he answered the call of the Confederacy by taking service as a clerk on a blockade-runner. Like most of those fighting for the South, he was captured, and it fell to his lot to be imprisoned at Point Lookout, Maryland, where, at the same time Sidney Lanier was confined. Between the two was formed a lifelong friendship. Several poems from the pen of "Father" Tabb attest his love and admiration for his one-time fellow prisoner. In describing Lanier's funeral, Dr. Edwin Mims tells of the appearance of a "trim, gaunt Catholic priest" who told "with tears in his eyes" that "his love for Lanier was like that of David and Jonathan."

After the War the future poet entered St. Charles College in Ellicott City, Maryland, to complete his delayed education. He became later, a priest, and accepted the chair of

English in the same college. Here the remainder of his life was passed in comparative retirement, until his death on November 19, 1909. Quite often he sent out verses to the leading magazines, usually of the sententious kind characteristic of the man, and several small volumes were issued from time to time, the first one appearing, I believe, in 1894. A few years before his death blindness overtook him. He bore his affliction with fortitude, however, and his poem, "Going Blind," which appeared in the *Atlantic* of August, 1908, reveals his philosophic resignation:

"Back to the primal gloom
  Where life began,
As to my mother's womb
  Must I a man,
    Return:
Not to be born again,
  But to remain;
And in the School of Darkness learn
  What mean
    'The things unseen.'"

Seeing that much of "Father" Tabb's poetry is autobiographical (like the above) it is strange that the days of the War are not more often mentioned. It is only once in a while that he speaks of his experiences then, or expresses a longing for the quivering of the ship.

It has been said of "Father" Tabb that he had but two passions: music and Poe. If this be true, his poetry evidently does not express his real feelings, for, judging by it, his one supreme love was Nature. To him the dandelion told the story of the life of man; the goldenrod was a reminder of the prophets of old; and "the meanest flower that blows" could give thoughts that did "often lie too deep for tears." Drawing most of his inspiration from Nature he treats her in various ways, but usually by drawing some lesson from the commonest of her phenomena. He had a poignant sense of the mutability of human affairs, and this often finds expression in his poems. "The Dandelion" exhibits this, along with a certain sarcastic quality which Tabb possessed:

"With locks of gold to-day:
To-morrow, silver gray;
Then blossom-bald. Behold,
O man, thy fortune told."

To show him at his best, however, one must be quoted in which the element of sarcasm is lacking:

ASLEEP.

"Nay, wake him not!
Unfelt our presence near,
Nor falls a whisper on his dreaming ear:
He sees but sleep's celestial visions clear,
All else forgot.

"And who shall say
That, in life's waking dream,
There be not ever near us those we deem
(As now our faces to the sleeper seem)
Far, far away?"

The most startling conceits occur when there is no lesson pointed out:

THE PRECURSOR.

"'As John of old before His face did go
To make the rough ways smooth, that all might know
The level road that leads to Bethlehem, lo,
I come,' proclaims the snow."

Besides furnishing "Father" Tabb with comparisons to human life, Nature was to him the visible expression of the Divine Being. Every process was superintended by Him, and every flower guarded. The ground where lay the dead sparrow was holy because God had promised to note its fall. Distance did not cause him to wonder so much as did the dewdrop or the violet. In the three lines entitled "God," he has expressed for us his belief:

"I see Thee in the distant blue;
But in the violet's dell of dew,
Behold, I *breathe* and *touch* Thee too."

(The italics are his own.) To him, action and meditation, service and worship, appeared equally good, as is clearly shown by the beautiful poem, "The Sisters:"

"The waves forever move;
The hills forever rest:
Yet each the heavens approve,
And love alike hath blessed
A Martha's household care,
A Mary's cloistered prayer."

His poems are mostly products of meditation, and not of fancy. Hence, the exquisite workmanship which the above examples show. Even his airiest figures appeal to the intellect rather than the imagination. But while this is true, there are some verses which cling to one's memory almost as strongly as a line from Wordsworth or Shelley, showing that "Father" Tabb did not lack lyric quality. Two poems I especially remember, which possess the quality of those "sweetest songs" that tell of "saddest thought." "The Half-Ring Moon" is but an airy touch:

"Over the sea, over the sea,
My love he is gone to a far countrie;
But he brake a golden ring with me
The pledge of his faith to be.

"Over the sea, over the sea,
He comes no more from the far countrie;
But at night, where the new moon loved to be,
Hangs the half of a ring for me."

The other is the dedication of his volume of lyrics issued in 1900:

THE COWSLIP.

"It brings my mother back to me,
Thy frail, familiar form to see,
Which was her homely joy;
And strange, that one so weak as thou
Should lift the veil that sunders now
The mother and the boy."

"Father" Tabb suffered during his life and his poetry shows traces of it. He knew what sorrow meant, lasting sorrow. He had seen other men and women suffer. The only narrative poem of his that I recall, "Guilio," is the story of an incident tinged with deepest suffering, and one regrets in reading it that he did not do more of this kind of writing, for

it is a powerful appeal. He showed an acute knowledge of the psychology of grief when he wrote this "Grief Song:"

"New grief, new tears;—
  Brief the reign of sorrow;
Clouds that gather with the night
  Scatter with the morrow.

"Old grief, old tears;—
  Come and gone together;
Not a fleck upon the sky
  Telling whence or whither.

"Old grief, new tears;—
  Deep to deep is calling:
Life is but a passing cloud
  Whence the rain is falling."

But he was not without his humor, quiet though it was. It is most often in speaking of children that his mood is one of fun. Indeed he did possess a certain kind of sarcasm alluded to above, and of which the two quatrains, "Poe," and "The Dandelion," are instances, but this is not at all like his real humor. In the instance I shall cite, the title of the poem must be kept in mind or the delicate pun will be lost. It is this way in many of Tabb's poems; one must always remember the title or the point will be lost (and he has a point to most of them). "A Bunch of Roses" is a charming piece of verse:

"The rosy mouth and rosy toe
  Of little baby brother,
Until about a month ago
  Had never met each other;
But nowadays the neighbors sweet,
  In every sort of weather,
Half way with rosy fingers meet,
  To kiss and play together."

Of "Father" Tabb's habits of work we know nothing. It is to be hoped that someone, in the near future, will give us a biography which shall tell us these things. From the frequent allusions to the dew in his poetry, we would infer that it was his custom to rise early in the morning, and to compose his poetry before the sun had dried the grass. He must

have loved to roam in the fields and woods, where he could hear the winds, now playing a quiet melody, now thundering tempestuous notes. He describes well the wind at the close of a winter's day, by applying the simile of

> "Hungry wolves, who wilder grow
> As hunger mocks their miseries."

To attempt to estimate the permanent value of Tabb's contributions to literature is beyond the power of one not extremely competent in literary criticism. I have not tried to do this, but have only pointed out a few salient characteristics of his work, and endeavored to show some of the best examples of each kind. It is true I have hardly mentioned his defects, and to tell the truth, there are not many to name. But once in a while he strikes a false note; chooses a poor comparison, as in "The Phonograph," which shows us that even the best of workmen turn out some bad articles.

What we have of "Father" Tabb, we have. He reached his maturity and there can be no speculation as to what he might have done. Had he lived longer it is not probable that he would have made any valuable additions to his work, for the last verses from his pen, in the main, show signs of weakening. The very form in which he cast his verse is likely to have some effect on the judgment of his work: no one has ever made so great use of short poems.

We, of course, cannot say that "Father" Tabb was a really great poet. Rising far above the mediocre, he still fell far short of the highest. Treating Nature often as a lesson book, he has nevertheless given us some of our best pictures. His name must ever rank high (how high is for the future to decide) among American poets.

A Quarter's Worth o' Learnin'.

S. B. TURRENTINE, JR.

Sometime ago I heard related by a prominent minister a little story which impressed me deeply: the experience of a young schoolmaster far off in the mountain backwoods.

An old log schoolhouse, snugly hidden among the balsams, was once more the center of life in Rocky Gap. In spite of severe weather, the new session opened with a full attendance and nearly every bench was filled. Old Bill and Huck loafed, as usual, on the back seat; and away up to the front sat meek little Beck and Poll. Classes were formed, and school life again took its usual aspect.

One cold morning, when the ground was covered with ice and snow, classes were suddenly interrupted by a low knock at the schoolroom door. Upon investigation, two shivering wretches were found standing on the steps. The teacher kindly invited them in, but they made no advance. Gently taking each one by the hand, the master led them into the warm schoolroom. The little fellows stood quietly aside, clinging to each other as they timidly gazed at the floor. Wretched looking chaps they were—filthy as little pigs. Their faces and hands were begrimed with soot and dirt, and their hair all matted with mud.

"Are you lost, my little friends?" they were asked.

"Naw, teacher," murmured the elder, "we jest wants t' go t' school an' git er quarter's worth o' learnin', fer we ain't got mor'n er quarter."

The master, a person of very tidy habits, at first was inclined to refuse the urchins, purely on account of their filthy appearance. Their very innocence, however, won his heart, and he was compelled to grant them a trial. Their names were enrolled as Tad and Jed Hoenstaff. Both promised faithfully to scrub themselves clean before next day.

Thus it was that on the following morning Tad and Jed appeared, looking much better, and were tolerably clean. A few streaks of dirt could be seen here and there where the water had failed to reach; and the furows in their hair gave

evidence of an attempt to comb it with the fingers. Although they were far from immaculate, yet their efforts were encouraging.

The school teacher at first became much attracted to the lads. He tried in every way to improve them, but it was a difficult task. It seemed utterly impossible to keep the boys clean. Day after day they would neglect their bath, and appear at school in their usual uncleanness. The patient master endured this for sometime. At length, however, it became unbearable. Completely exasperated, he lost his temper one morning and hotly exclaimed: "Tad, you and Jed must leave this school—I cannot have such filthy pupils here any longer."

For a moment there was no reply. Then suddenly looking the man straight in the eyes, Tad abruptly asked, "Teacher, does er boy have t' be clean fer t' go t' heaben?"

"Yes," was the hasty reply.

There was a moment's pause.

"Teacher, it's so cold dese mornin's. We ain't got no fire, an' Jed an' me breaks de ice in de pan fer t' wash, an' dere ain't no soap at home, an'—an'—I don't recken de yuther boys 'ud be clean neither if dey had ter break de ice in de pan, and wash wid no soap. Er—we'll be clean next time yer sees us, ef we kin, an' yer won't have t'—

He did not finish, but seized his brother's arm and led him from the room.

Next day the boys were absent; the next, and the next, and so on, for many days, they were not seen.

Upon investigation it was discovered by the young schoolmaster that his troublesome little pupils were children of degraded parents. Both father and mother were drunken sots, existing in a manner scarcely fit for hogs. Practically everything was sacrificed for whiskey. Thus Tad and Jed found themselves sadly neglected.

It was during lunch hour one raw afternoon, that the younger boy appeared at the school door.

"Teacher, Tad wants yer," he murmured.

"Wants me?" asked the surprised teacher, "And where is Tad?"

"In de kitchen. He's—er—er—dead."

The words fell like a thunderbolt. Sharp pangs of remorse seized the man as he recalled his harsh treatment of innocent little Tad. Struggling with uncontrollable emotion, he remained in silence, unable to speak. Thinking that he was being ignored, the boy, with that impulsiveness of the mountaineer, cried, "Ain't yer comin'?" Then he whimpered, "Tad wants yer. He tuck sick, an' th' warn't nobody there 'cep'n me. Last night he knowed he wuz er goin' t' die, fer hit wuz jest so cold, teacher, widout no kiver 'cep'n an old bag. We hugged close t'gedder so's t' keep warm. Er—Tad wanted me t' take all de kiver an' put hit roun' me, fer he said he didn't want none when he's goin' t' die. He got me t' git de quarter, teacher, what we'd hid fer learnin' an' go t' de store an' buy him some soap, fer Tad wanted t' be clean when he died so as t' go t' heaben. I cracked de ice in de pan an' washed him, an' he's clean, an'—an'—an' er—he wants t' see you, so yer'd know he's clean an' gone t' heaben."

The teacher went.

It was a pitiable sight. There, stiff in death, without a strip of covering, Tad lay. His countenance was peaceful: he had died clean. On a box nearby was a pan of dirty water, into which was tightly frozen a cake of soap,—pathetic evidence of the little brother's faithfulness.

The Evolution of the Ox-Cart.

A. M. PROCTOR.

Have you ever seen a typical Southern ox-cart, owned and driven by a typical Southern negro? If in the experiences of your lifetime you have not had the rare opportunity to witness such a scene, then you still have something for which to live and which will be a source of surprise and wonder to you. Such things are now becoming extinct. The modern methods of rapid transportation, together with the effusion of the new industrial life into the present-day Southerners, are rapidly driving these old-fashioned methods of locomotion from the common walks of life. Even many men who have been born and reared in the heart of the South have never seen the old-fashioned two-wheeled ox-cart.

During the days of the Reconstruction, when the negro slaves were given their freedom, but not the promised forty acres of land and the mule to accompany it, it became necessary that these negroes proceed to earn their own living, a thing which they had never had to care for before, and a care that was entirely new to them. Having been trained to work on the large plantations, they naturally turned to agriculture. Some of them were energetic enough to rent or even buy a small tract of land and start out to make an independent support for themselves and a large family, for all the Southern negroes of that day were noted for the size of their families. But when this small tract of land was procured, it was necessary to have some sort of work animal, and some means to transport his produce to market. Milch cows would bring but a small price on the market at that time, and were owned by almost all the people, even the poorest. The offspring of these milch cows afforded the work animal for the farm, and an improvised cart, drawn by the said offspring, provided a means of transportation.

Immediately after the War, all people, both white and black, were so poor that everything used had to be as cheap as possible, and in most cases had to be manufactured at home, there being no money in circulation with which to buy

the manufactured article. Every article of manufacture bought was usually procured by means of exchange and barter. Those who owned small tracts of land could not produce enough stuff to exchange for very expensive articles, hence when the owners wished any of these articles they had to invent some scheme of making it themselves.

The first crude invention of a means of transportation on these small tracts appeared in the form of a sled. That person who was so wealthy as to have something to move from one place to another, would go to the woods, and select two small trees which had been, at some time, bent over by the storm. It would cost too much labor to get a straight tree, and hew curved pieces out of it, and the negroes have been known from time immemorial as the greatest labor savers in the world. These pieces of timber thus selected were used as runners for the vehicle and cross-pieces were fastened between them by means of pegs—nails were almost unknown, and an unnecessary luxury. With two hickory poles for shafts, the sled was complete.

The necessary method of locomotion was now to be provided. Out in the barn-lot, if there was a barn, and in most cases there was none; otherwise running loose on the public highway or in the commons there were usually from one to a half-dozen head of cattle—the property of these wealthy citizens of ebony hue. Of course they could own cattle, for it cost nothing to feed them. They had only to turn their cattle on the commons and let them forage for their own living. One of this drove furnished the animal to pull the sled, and it was a sure method of getting where you started. You might start to mill, five miles away, early in the morning, and you could rest assured that you would get back before daylight the next morning. This endeared the oxen to the heart of the negro, for none of them have ever been noted for wishing to do anything in a hurry. In these last days, when even time has had to change its pace, the negro has been very loath to give up this method of locomotion, so well suited to his temperament, and even today, in some remote districts of the country, the two may be seen slowly to wend their plodding way over the Southern hills.

However, these carts did not remain the especial property of the negro. Many of the whites also, had grown into a state of poverty and laziness, the first from the loss of the negro slaves, and the last from having had him to do their work for such a long time. These men began to see the usefulness of such a contrivance as an ox and a sled, and forthwith adopted it in their business, as the white man does with every good thing he sees. But the Anglo-Saxon mind is never satisfied with what it has, and when it takes hold of a thing, that thing is as sure to change as the sun is to rise and set each day of the year . So soon we see that a change is wrought in the old ox-sled. The Anglo-Saxon goes to the woods and finds a large, round tree. From this tree he saws two cross-sections of about two inches in thickness. These sections with a hole bored in the center of each, constitute a distinct addition to the slow-going sled. The vehicle now has wheels. It has made one step in its upward progress. To be sure they furnished but poor substitutes for the wheels of the modern carts, and oftentimes were so irregular in their formation that in passing over rough places in the road, there was the utmost danger of destroying the equilibrium of the load.

By degrees the South again attained unto her former prosperity and progressiveness. Those who were thrifty began to use the regular farm wagons, imported from the Northern factories, or made in the shops of the larger plantations. But up and down the lanes and by-paths of the country could still be seen the negro lazily plodding along beside his peculiar lumbering team, with his ungainly, wobbling cart, devoid of all ornaments save the highly artistic curves of the green timbers which he had bent into shape without removing the bark. Judging from the general characteristic of the negro one would think that he would have been forever satisfied with this method of moving his portables from one place to another. But no one race can remain in contact with another and not be affected by some of the customs of that race. So some of the more ambitious negroes were fired with the spirit of pride characteristic of the Southern white man. They sought to obtain a cart a little better than the others of their race, and so they procured the wheels of some old farm wagon

discarded by its wealthy owner. My! what a luxury for the one so fortunate as to thus rise above his contemporaries. How he would now cut a shine among the other darkies! See him as he drives up to the meeting house with his high-wheeled cart! He is the aristocrat of the bunch, the others had to walk, for the sleds and low-wheeled carts were used only for hauling purposes. They did not seem well adapted for pleasure-riding. "Whoa Buck, gee Berry," he would call to his double team, as he alighted from his perch between the wheels, with all the pride of a lord descending from a closed carriage drawn by a magnificent span.

In some parts of our South these carts are to be seen, even in this good day of prosperity and fruitfulness. But, like all things else of a section that is growing prosperous, some of them were obliged to get into society. In sections where the farms were divided into smaller plots and devoted to truck gardening, the farmers adapted these unwieldy contrivances and began to hitch mules to them in order to accelerate their speed. And here is where the carts found their usefulness. The small truckers on the Atlantic coast, especially in Eastern North Carolina and Virginia, use them extensively, where the farms are so small as to require the services of only one animal.

Nor did these relics of our poverty stop with this taste of society;—not at all. Soon horses were hitched to them. Of course such a carriage was not calculated to set off the beauty of a fine horse, so behold they come out dressed in a coat of paint. Now, indeed, they are aristocrats. Go to a country church-house in Eastern Carolina and see them as they come speeding up the lane drawn by a spirited horse. Who would have believed that the humble sled of former days would have ever reached this height of aristocratic pride? Here they come, bearing their cargoes of worshippers. Some of them bring the fathers, the staid old heads of families and their wives along with them. Others bear a load of laughing, frolicing children, resembling more a crowd of picnickers than a crowd of church-goers. Still others bear the gallant young swain and his blushing lassie, for not all of them have gotten to the point where they have to take their girl to church in a

buggy or not at all. This is indeed a long stride from the former sled. Truly wonderful are the works of prosperity.

What do we see from this rather overdrawn picture of the evolution of the ox-cart? It is but another indication that we are on the dawn of a new era. Who knows what another generation will bring forth? Who knows but that some day we may see this same humble ox-cart cleaving the skies, but instead of wheels on either side will be too mighty propellers, and instead of the sombre painting of her body she may be decorated in colors that vie with the splendor of the rainbow? A spirit of progress and invention among a people can and does produce veritable wonders, which, viewed in the light of the past seem almost as miracles. Let us, as patriotic citizens, strive to add our little share of energy and enthusiasm to this spirit among our fellow countrymen.

WALTER B. WEST, - - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
EDWIN S. M'INTOSH, - - - - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Incentive to Creative Writers.

Commencement draws near, the time when a man receives honor in proportion to how well he has striven, whether he has striven for some specific reward, or has merely worked conscientiously at his required academic courses. There are, however, many honors held out to those who desire to excel in some particular field. We refer especially to the valedictorianship, the Wiley Gray medal for orators, and the Braxton Craven medal for essayists. The Braxton Craven medal has been formerly offered for the highest grade, but since the winning of such a grade is in itself a great honor, we are indeed glad to see this prize offered to writers. This is a field which has been somewhat neglected heretofore, but such an opportunity as this should bring forth many candidates.

To write an essay in competition for this medal means the reading and digesting of an enormous amount of the writings of many authors, which, in its way, is excellent training from which a student will undoubtedly derive great benefit, aside from the honor of such an effort; but, the very fact that one's material and ideas must be drawn in a large degree from the works and ideas of others, causes such a paper to be more or less lacking in originality. Therefore it occurs to us that some prize or honor offered to creative writers would be very enthusiastiacally received. Outside of publication in the pages of the ARCHIVE and the *Chronicle,* creative writing has received little encouragement at Trinity. What we really need, it seems to us, is an incentive in some tangible form.

Would not some organization, such as our literary societies, the Fortnightly Club, or the "9019" do well to offer such a prize? Or, if none felt disposed to do so unassisted, could not two or more combine in such a cause?

It would not be necessary for eligible papers, such as short-stories, novels, poems or dramas, *et cetera,* to be written and submitted to a committee on any specified date, as do the subjects submitted in the Wiley Gray or Braxton Craven contests, but the committee for deciding the contest might be appointed at the beginning of the scholastic year, to consider all eligible articles published throughout the two school terms.

It is, of course, rather late to establish such a contest for the present year, but we should be glad to see some movement put on foot to offer some incentive to creative writers in the future.

M.

MARY M. TAPP, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER

Dr. Henry Van Dyke's new volume, "The Spirit of America," contains the larger portion of the material contained in the course of lectures delivered during the winter of 1908-09 on the Hyde Foundation at the University of Paris, and repeated in part at other universities throughout France. The author is neither boaster nor apologist, but gives us a sketch of the character of America that shows broad vision and keen understanding. The chapter headings give a very clear and consecutive idea of Dr. Van Dyke's reasoning: "The Soul of A People," "Self-Reliance and the Republic," "Fair Play and Democracy," "Will Power, Work and Health," "Common Order and Social Coöperation," "Personal Development and Education," "Self-Expression and Literature." The book is as valuable for its inspiration as for the keen analysis of American character.

Professor William Lyon Phelps' volume of "Essays on Modern Novelists" is written in a delightfully unconventional way. He talks about these men as easily and with as little of a professional air as he would discuss these matters for a group of students in his own lecture-room. He discusses them, not as a professional literary man who has to conform to certain established standards of judgment, but as a reader who comes fresh to his work; and one gets, in consequence, a fresh view. Mr. Phelps has a perfectly simple method, and directness, plainness of speech and good sense characterize his work. It is interesting to observe his choice of examples. We find seven English writers, William de Morgan, Alfred Ollivant, Thomas Hardy, R. L. Stevenson, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Rudyard Kipling, and Richard Black-

more—under the title of "Lorna Doone," his one great novel. There are two Americans, Mark Twain and W. D. Howells; one Norwegian, Bjornsen; one Pole, Sienkiewicz, and one German, Sudermann. Taking these essays together, they constitute a body of extremely sound judgment, well worth reading.

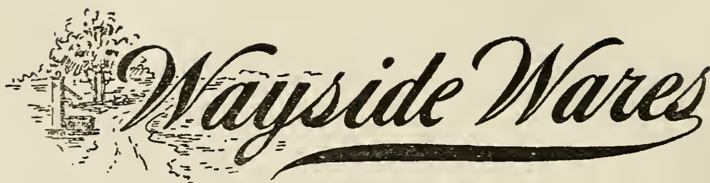
One of the most important books by an American novelist published thus far this season is "A Modern Chronicle," by Winston Churchill. Not another of our popular writers has shown such self-restraint and such steady progress towards a more mature art as Mr. Churchill, of recent years. Those crudities of style which in his earlier novels used to pain the fastidious, are hardly to be found at all in "A Modern Chronicle." There are crudities of taste, and failures in tact, but these are not glaring. The theme of the novel is that which has so anxiously engaged the attention of the novel-writing public during the past decade—the American marriage. Mr. Churchill's heroine, Honora Leffingwell, represents the sort of woman whom our contemporary chroniclers are inclined to accept as representative. She is a woman of great charm, spurred on by social ambition and desire for a life of wealth and fashion. She is of Southern blood, but her face is set toward New York from the cradle. We see her grow up in St. Louis, from a very pretty little girl with a natural talent for charming, and with a rich imagination which leads to limitless aspiration. We see her transplanted to New York and watch her with men and women, and her education in heroes (and there are several in the series who attract Honora in her separate stages.) We follow her to Paris, where years after, she is found and brought to light by the man she should have married in the first place. The plot is by no means startling, but it is handled in such a quiet and firm manner as to insure the reader satisfaction.

"Strictly Business" is the title of a new volume containing twenty-three new stories from the pen of O. Henry. Here we find twenty-three racy chapters added to his account of the "impudence, the energy, the recklessness, the vulgar loves,

the fat and cynical materialism of proletarian America." Such are the themes of these varied tales. Their realism, contrary to received theories, is rather intensified than diminished by O. Henry's growing fondness for commenting on his characters, his style and his plot. In "A Night in New Arabia" he steps boldly into a little essay on modern rich men, admirable for its nice distinctions: "The capitalist can tell you to a dollar the amount of his wealth. The trust magnate estimates it." "The rich malefactor hands you a cigar and denies that he has bought the P. D. and Q. The caliph merely smiles and talks about Hammerstein and the musical lasses." It is true the stories in this volume show great inequalities of energy and invention to be expected of an author who writes as continually as O. Henry, but nevertheless, among several yarns betraying strain and pedestrian inspiration, there are three or four of first-rate quality: "A Night in New Arabia," "Proof of the Pudding," and perhaps best of all, "A Municipal Report."

One of the most important publications of the spring from Lippincott's is a translation by T. E. Crawford Fitch, M. A., of Theodore Duret's "Manet and the French Impressionists." This is a history of Manet, who is usually held to have been the founder of the French impressionistic school of art, and his followers in France. It is a history and interpretation in one, and traces the development of the school from the time of its foundation. In the French form "The Manet" was one work, "The Impressionists" another, and the uniting of the two is nothing more than has happened in the minds of the public with the little band of path-breakers and their great leader. "The Impressionists proper," M. Duret says, "were those painters who, under the immediate influence of Manet, between 1865 and 1870, adopted the technique of bright coloration, emancipated from the traditional envelopement of shadow; who then applied the method to the system of painting in the open air, face to face with nature; who finally, at the two principal exhibitions of 1874 and 1877, gave a striking revelation of their powers in work of a new and original character."

Most of the work in the present volume is more biographical than critical, but the author has so intelligently selected the significant facts of the artists' lives for his account of them that they become the basis of criticism. M. Duret says in his concluding chapters that the Impressionists have met with a comparatively cordial reception in America, and cites many important collections, both public and private, in which they are to be found. The volume is a handsome one, containing four etchings, and as many more wood engravings, besides thirty-two halftone reproductions.



JAMES L. HUTCHISON, - - - - - - - Manager

Bright Remarks (Even if I Do Say So Myself.)

If Freshmen only said what they thought, my, how quiet things would be!

If Sophomores would do what they say they will, gracious, wouldn't there be something doing!

If Juniors were not in college, land sakes, we wouldn't know it!

If Seniors only knew what they thought they did, gee, wouldn't this be one more intellectual world!

If classes weren't, holy smoke, what a nice place college would be!

If co-eds only—but we refuse to slander our esteemed contemporaries.

If professors should happen to awake—but, my stars, our imagination is running away with us. Let's think of something within human comprehension. If professors should awake—whew, we refuse to discuss the matter!

Somebody at some time said that this was a scientific age. I don't know who said this, and what is more I don't care. It is always hard for me to begin a subject, and I used the above, heartless reader, merely as an opener. I am going to digress, and I want you, heartless reader, to know it beforehand. Becuse I maintain that we—I and the few other truly great writers—should not keep the reader in suspense for too long a time. But I started out to write about jokes—not practical jokes, but common, everyday, stale jokes. I think (there ought to be a paragraph here or later, but I am not using them) that jokes originally must have been used by

prehistoric cave-dwellers to torture poor victims before putting them to death. The fiends are dancing around the death stake; one stops before the victim and says, "I'll stake my life that he makes a good steak!" Uproarious and raucous laughter from the cannibals; the victim groans, (soft music and curtain). Although time changes, these jokesters do not. I have many friends—why yes, we'll call them friends—who dearly love to tell me the latest joke. Latest! Joke! Some of these dear ones tell their joke, then laugh and laugh, punch me in the ribs and laugh again. I do not think it is anything over which to laugh. I wish they would stop poking my "slats," as they genially name them. Other of my intimates will talk for three-quarters of an hour, then give me a longing, lost-dog look, as much as to say, "I'm through—please laugh at my joke. I thought it was funny." I can't refuse those poor lost souls. So I freeze my face into the position commonly called forced laughter. Here, heartless reader—for you are, and you know it—you say "pshaw! he thinks he's funny." I don't, and have only serene and smiling scorn for your thoughtless remark. But to go on, if you will stop interrupting,—a poor man ought never to tell jokes, else he loses respect and gains only contempt. That is a good maxim—you can memorize it, if you wish. I hold no copyright. But the rich man can torture as he pleases. I still hold it hateful in my memory when I had to sit in a closed room with several lost souls, hearing a great man tell jokes. Long, horrible hours of torture! He told the first part, repeated it, dwelt on it, as a man drinking good wine rolls it around in his mouth to enjoy the taste thoroughly. When he reached the point, he looked at us one by one. He fastened his cold, gray, fishy eyes on me; and I slung my features into a miserable semblance of a laugh, with an inward sob. I said "Ha! ha!" Whereupon, horror of horrors, he calmly rolled his cigar between his fingers and repeated the point. I felt myself growing pale; beads of cold perspiration stood on my brow; cold shivers chased each other up my spinal column. With a ghastly attempt at a smile, I—but enough, I grow faint even now at the recollection. A glorious monument to any age, heartless reader, would be a tombstone bearing the

inscription, "He never told a joke." This, I think, of all—but I have a friend here who says he has a good joke, and I am anxious to hear it. So excuse me, heartless reader.

UNASSUMING ESSAY FROM SURFACE PHILOSOPHY.

He was a nice boy. More's the pity. He always wore frayed, but clean cuffs and washed his face twice a week. Some more pity. He worked hard at the cheese factory, and dutifully turned over his two dollars and a half every week to his dear father. Dear father, by the way, did not work; he drank beer and beat mother instead. But, as luck would have it—curses on the luck—one sad day he found a "Progress Magazine" telling how poor boys who worked fourteen hours a day and ate nothing but hard-boiled eggs, would some day be railroad magnates and malefactors of great wealth. I have read them—I know. Horizon Smett Warden has given me such lofty ambitions and such a desire for work that I have often forgot to go on classes for days at a time. When he read that one, he bought another, and thereby hangs a tale. He and father are now building castles in Spain, with a cost of ten cents a day to the State. Alas, poor Yorick, and several rude remarks.

A SELF-MADE LETTER TO A TAILOR-MADE SON.

My Dear Son:—You have been in college sometime now, and should have learned by this time what constitutes the makeup of a gentleman. Napoleon has curtly informed us as to the scarcity of men, but gentlemen are rarer still. A man is a person who will give you his last cigarette; a gentleman, my son, will give you his last cigarette, insist that you take the coupons, and strike a match for you with an eloquent but simple grandeur. Gentlemen are made, not born; cultivate good manners, and do not be polite—any fool can.

Take good care of your conduct, my son, and beware of awkwardness. Be graceful. If a professor asks you a question don't show your ill-breeding by turning red and pulling your hair out by the roots. Graciously ram your legs against the wall; calmly pull out a toothpick; and with an air of courtesy return answer to his thoughtless remark.

Another thing, son,—go on classes every now and then. Learning maketh a dull fellow, but a little knowledge is relished by the wisest of men. And, if you do attend a class, always go on half an hour late. It shows that you are independent; and nothing is so becoming to a gentle—

(NOTE.—This letter was stolen from Lord Chesterfield with many thanks. The latter part was lost by some little Ph. D.)

PROMISCUOUS VIEWS OF A COLLEGE.

I.

A place where each is head of all;
  Beloved, admired, and void of strife;
A paradise, a park, a dream;
  The fondest hope of all my life.

(Of one who wants to go but can't).

II.

A heaven on earth for my baby boy;
  Where nothing is known, excepting the right;
Where everything's kept as tidy as home,
  And the Bible is read each day and each night.

(Mother's View.)

III.

A nuisance, a worthless thing, good for naught,
  Save only to make extravagant wrecks;
Where spendthrifts are made, and bills contracted,
  And weekly they're sending to father for checks.

(As father sees it.)

IV.

A farce, a fake, a fuming feud;
  With nothing to see each day but classes;
Where Pandemonium reigns supreme,
  And men are young untutored asses.

(The student's view).

W. G. S.

ARTHUR M. PROCTOR, - - - - - - - MANAGER

It is, perhaps, out of the ordinary for the critic to criticise the critic, but such things are not altogether unheard of, and therefore we shall take it upon ourselves to try to say a few words about them, both pro and con.

If there was a requirement that the college magazines should abolish some one department, the jokes, which are sometimes put down under the head of exchange department, in all probability, would be the first to go. We know that in making up a magazine there is often left a half page or a quarter page at the end of some article; it is a fine thing to insert a real funny clipping or two in such a space. In this way only three or four of these are required for the entire issue, and a good selection can be made; but to string out two or three pages of the stuff, stale joke after stale joke, with no place to laugh in the entire column, is a serious reflection upon the taste of the reading public of our colleges. A good joke, well told, is as rare and as beautiful as a flower amid the winter snows. They are seldom found, but the more enjoyed when found. To read the list of jokes and puns in some of the college magazines reminds one of the comedian at a poor vaudeville performance (We are sorry we attended such a performance). Or it is like reading such books as "The Slow Train Through Arkansas" (We are sorry we ever read it). A good pun is still rarer, yet we get a multitudinous crop of "near-puns" every month. We have it drilled into us constantly that "punning is the lowest order of wit," and verily we have come to believe it.

If the requirement were drawn still more closely, the entire exchange department would have to go, for as it is now conducted by most of the editors, the object seems to be to

have the department because the other college magazines have it. In other words, the exchange department is not making good. Some of our contemporaries have already abolished it of their own free will, but we think this most too hasty a judgment, for there is a work for the exchange department to do if it will only try to do that work.

We are all more or less creatures of imitation, rather more than less. Hence it is but natural that we do as others do and that is where the exchange department fails. If the exchange department is to mean anything to the various editors, it will be through the suggestions of the editors who conduct those departments. The easiest way to conduct an exchange department is to take three or four of the leading magazines which come to your desk, read them, and sum up the work that was done, without trying to offer a suggestion, simply pointing out a few weak places here and there. There is, perhaps, no one who sees these weak places bettr than the writer of the article himself. What he needs is not that they be pointed out to him, but that a suggestion be made as to how to remedy them. Now we do not claim that we always do this, for, as we said in the beginning of the year, we would only make a second or third-rate editor, and could tell others what to do better than do it ourselves.

Another place where the exchange department fails is that the editor cannot place himself in the position of the men who get out the magazine which he is criticising. It should be held up as an ideal before every exchange editor to place himself in the position of the author, or of the editor who makes up the magazine. To illustrate the point: not long ago a certain exchange editor, in criticising the ARCHIVE, said it seemed that the ARCHIVE lacked one department; "Where is the athletic spirit of Trinity?" Now he was looking at the ARCHIVE from the point-of-view of his own college magazine, published at a college where they do not publish a weekly paper to give the athletic news, hence such a question. It is the duty of the editor to try to see beyond the bounds of his own small confines.

There is a need which the exchange department fills if it is rightly conducted, and we confess that we do not rightly

conduct it, for we, like all the others, are new to the job. We would like to point to the exchange department of the *Haverfordian* as almost an ideal one, but for the life of us we cannot see how the editor gets time to read the great number of magazines that he seems to read.

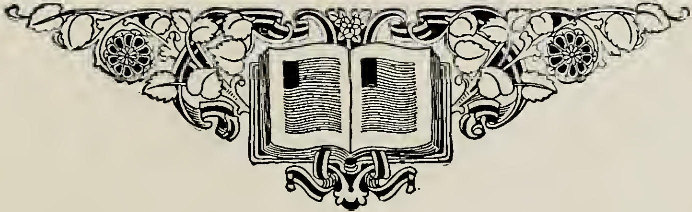
We gratefully acknowledge our usual exchanges and also a few new ones.

TRINITY COLLEGE
NO. CAROLINA

Trinity Archive

A Monthly Magazine Published by the Senior Class of Trinity College.

Entered at the Postoffice in Durham, N. C., as second-class matter.



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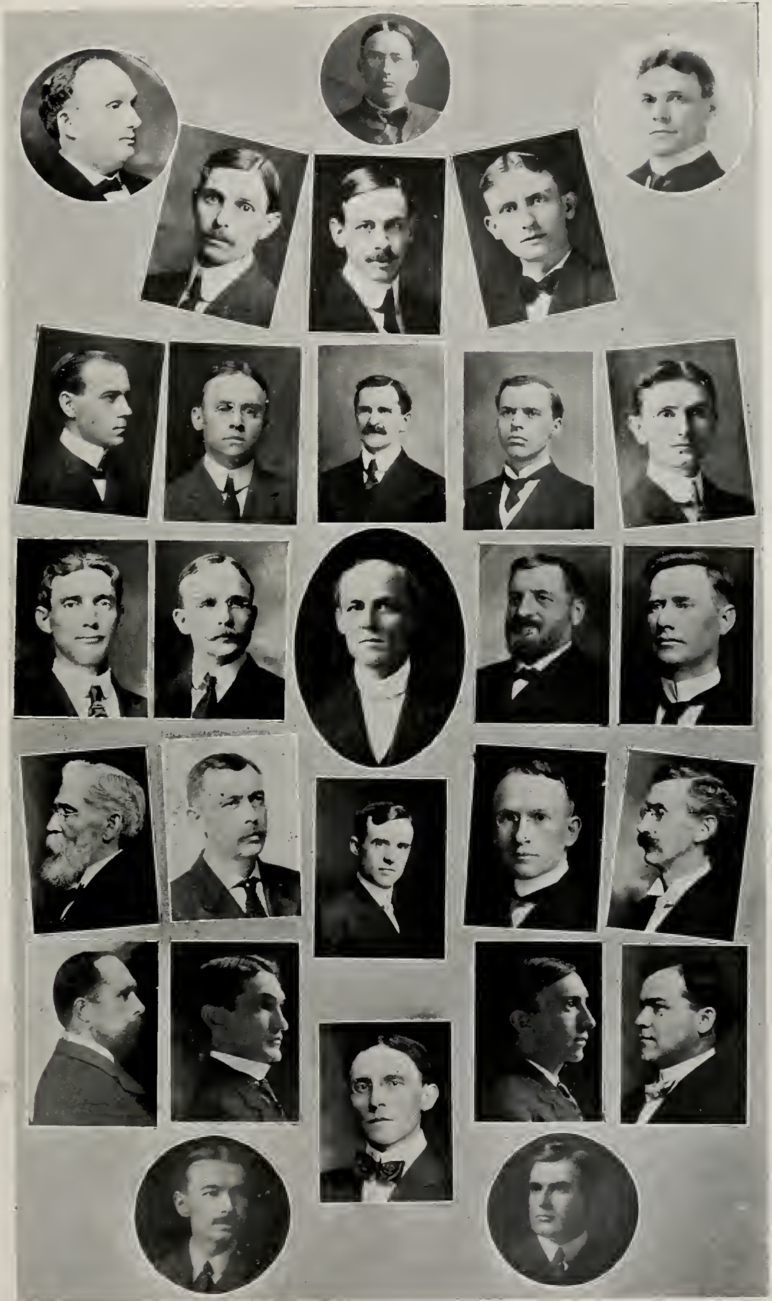
Souvenir

Commencement 1910

MAIN BUILDINGS, NOW IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION.



FACULTY.

ASHBY, EDWARD CLAYTON.
"Shoat;"

MOUNT AIRY, N. C.

Prepared at Trinity Park School; Hesperian; Class baseball team, '10; Class basketball team, 1910, Varsity tennis team, '10; Y. M. C. A.; Sigma Phi Epsilon.

BROTHERS, WILLIAM TYNDALL,
ELIZABETH CITY, N. C.

Prepared at Atlantic Collegiate Institute; Columbian; Chairman of Executive Committee; Vice-President; Sophomore debater; Y. M. C. A.

BROWNING, ANNIE HUME,
DURHAM, N. C.

Prepared at Trinity Park School; Sophomore honors.

CHATHAM, THOMAS DANIEL,
"Dad;"
ELKIN, N. C.

Prepared at Elkin Graded School and Trinity Park School; Class baseball team; Science Club; "Tombs;" "Bohemian;" Kappa Sigma.

· CRAWFORD, CLYDE NEWBOLD,
"Senator," "Cy," "Spider;"
NORFOLK, VA.

Prepared at Trinity Park School; Columbian: Alternate Intersociety Debate, '07 and '08; Prize Winner in Sophomore Debate; President of Class '07-'08; Commencement Marshal, '07; Commencement Manager, '08; Y. M. C. A.: Treasurer, 1907-1908; Captain Scrub Baseball Team, '07, '08, '09; Class baseball team, '07, '08, '09, '10; Business Manager South Atlantic Quarterly, '09-'10; Chronicle Board; Assistant Manager basketball team, '08-'09; Manager baseball team, '10; Sandfiddler's Club; "Tombs;" Alpha Tau Omega.

CROOK, CHARLES ELMORE,
"Crooked;"
FORT MILL, S. C.

Prepared at Gold Hill High School; Hesperian: Chairman of Executive Committee; Critic; President; Y. M. C. A.; Historical Society; Sophomore Debater; Assistant Librarian, '08-'09, '09-'10.

DANIEL, GEORGE MILTON,
"Jim," "Reverend," "Roscoe;"
ROANOKE RAPIDS, N. C.

Prepared at Trinity Park School; Columbian: Chairman Executive Committee; Vice-President; Intersociety debater, '06-'07; Trinity-Tennessee debater, '07-'08; Trinity-University of the South Debate, '08-'09; Alternate, Trinity-University of the South Debate, '09-'10; Debate Council; Freshman Debater's Medal; General Debater's Medal; Vice-President of Class '09-'10; Orchestra, '06-'07; Glee Club: Secretary-Treasurer, '08-'09; President, '09-'10; Business Manager South Atlantic Quarterly, '08-'09; Assistant to the Registrar, '08-'09, '09-'10; Fortnightly Club; Tennis Association.

FAUCETTE, BEALE JENNINGS,
DURHAM, N. C.

Prepared at Durham High School; Hesperian; Class Basketball Team, '07-'08; "Tombs."

FULFORD, CHARLES WILLIAM,
"Polonius;"
WRIGHTSVILLE, GA.

A. B. Warthen College, '06; Emory College, '07-'08; Y. M. C. A.: President, '09; Hesperian: President; Marshal; Associate Editor Chronicle, '09; "9019."

HURLEY, MARY MAUDE,
NEW BERN, N. C.

Prepared at Fayetteville High School and Greensboro Female College; Class Secretary, '07-'08; V d W.

HUTCHISON, JAMES LAFAYETTE,
"Hutch," "Tush-hog;"
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Prepared at Charlotte High School; Columbian; Commencement Marshal, '08; Class Baseball Team, '07, '08, '09, '10; Class Tennis Team, '07-'08, '09, '10; Archive Staff; Fortnightly Club; "Tombs;" "Bohemian;" Class Prophet; Alpha Tau Omega.

JOHNSON, PHILIP JEFFERSON,
"Spejo;"
LENOIR, N. C.

Prepared at Weaver School; Hesperian: Secretary, '08; Critic, '09; Vice-President, '10; Science Club: Secretary and Treasurer, '09-'10; President-elect, '10-'11; Freshman and Sophomore Honors; Business Manager Chronicle, '09-'10; Assistant in Physics, '09-'10; Greater Trinity Club; Member Executive Committee; Y. M. C. A.; Tennis Association; "9019."

LANEY, ROBERT GAFFNEY,
"Bob," "Bud;"
MONROE, N. C.

Prepared at Monroe High School; Assistant to the Registrar, '08, '09, '10; Glee Club, '09-'10: Assistant Manager, '09-'10; Class Baseball Team, '09, '10; "Tombs;" Kappa Sigma.

MARR, WEAVER McTYEIRE,
"Frog Catcher;"
BRYSON CITY, N. C.

Prepared at Bryson City High School and Trinity Park School; Hesperian: Marshal, '08, Treasurer, '08 and '10; Science Club: Secretary and Treasurer, '08-'09, President, '09-'10; Sophomore Debate; Freshman and Sophomore Honors; Junior Scholarship; Associate Editor Chronicle, '08-'09; Class Basketball Team, '09, '10; Assistant in Biology, '08, '09, '10; Assistant in English, '09-'10.

McINTOSH, EDWIN SEAGLE,
"Ned;"
DURHAM, N. C.

Prepared at Trinity Park School; Hesperian: Vice-President; Fortnightly Club; President of Class '06-'07; College Marshal; Chief College Marshal, '09-'10; Freshman Honors; Glee Club, '07, '08, '09; Sophomore Debate; Commencement Marshal, '08; Manager Basketball Team, '08-'09; Assistant Manager Baseball Team, '08-'09; Chronicle Staff, '08-'09; Class Baseball Team, '08, '09, '10; Archive Staff; Greater Trinity Club; "Bohemian;" Alpha Tau Omega.

MICHAELS, MATILDA OSBORNE,
DURHAM, N. C.

Prepared at Durham High School; Freshman and Sophomore Honors; Archive Staff.

PEARCE, SAMUEL FRANKLIN,
DURHAM, N. C.

Prepared at Durham High School; Hesperian; Commencement Marshal, '07; Commencement Manager, 08; Chronicle Board, '08, '09, '10.

PHILLIPS, BOB LEE,
"Possum;"
SALISBURY, N. C.

Prepared at Crescent Academy; Columbian: Treasurer, '08-'09, President; Class Treasurer, '07-'08; Y. M. C. A.; Historical Society.

PROCTOR, ARTHUR MARCUS,
"Proc;"
COACHELLA, CAL.

Prepared at Webb School; Columbian: Secretary, '07, President, '09, Marshal, '10; Intersociety Debater, '09; Trinity-Sewanee Debate, '10; Fortnightly Club; Deutche Verein; Classical Club; Ministerial Band; Athletic Council, '07; Freshman Honors; President of Class '08-'09; Y. M. C. A.; Chronicle Staff, '08-'09; Editor in-chief, '09-'10; Archive Staff; Assistant in French, '08, '09; Class Historian, '10; "9019."

RAND, PHILIP BALLENTINE,
RALEIGH, N. C.

Prepared at Raleigh High School and A. & M. College; Columbian.

SCOTT, HOMER LEE,
CONCORD, N. C.

Prepared at China Grove High School; Hesperian: Vice-President, Chairman Executive Committee; Ministerial Band; Deutche Verein; Class Basketball Team, '07, '08, '09, '10; Varsity Basketball Team, '09-'10; Class Baseball Team, '09; Chronicle Board; Freshman and Sophomore Honors.

SMITH, SARAH BLANCHARD,
KENLY, N. C.

Prepared at Pee Dee Institute; Freshman and Sophomore Honors; Sigma Delta.

SMITH, WILLIS,
"Foxey;"
ELIZABETH CITY, N. C.

Prepared at Atlantic Collegiate Institute; Columbian: Secretary '07, Chairman of Executive Committee '08, Marshal '09, President '09; Freshman Honors; Sophomore Debate; Commencement Manager, '08; Chief Marshal Commencement '09; Class Basketball Team '07, '08, '09, '10: Captain, '10, Varsity Basketball Team '09-'10; Y. M. C. A.: Vice-President '09; Assistant Librarian '08-'09; Chief Rooter Baseball Season '10; Historical Society; Sandfiddler's Club: President '10; Business Manager Archive; Sigma Phi Epsilon.

STEPHENSON, ERNEST RALSTON,
"Steve;"
FAYETTEVILLE, TENN.

Prepared at Morgan School; Hesperian; Y. M. C. A.: Secretary '08, Treasurer '09; Class Basketball Team '08; Class baseball team '10; Associate Editor of Chronicle '08; "Tombs."

STEWART, WILLIAM SINCLAIR,
"Bill," "Sheeny;"
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Prepared at Trinity Park School; Columbian; Class Basketball Team '07, '08, '09, Captain '07-'08; Captain Class Baseball Team, '07, '08, '09, '10; Class Tennis Team '06, '07, '08, '09; Scrub Baseball Team, '07, '08; Varsity Basketball Team '08-'09, '09-'10; "Tombs;" Pi Kappa Alpha.

TUGGLE, CAROLYN CLARK,
MARTINSVILLE, VA.
V d W.

TAPP, MARY MELISSA,
KINSTON. N. C.

Prepared at Kinston High School; Freshman and Sophomore Honors; Class Secretary '06-'07. '08-'09, '09-'10; Archive Staff; V d W.

WARREN, CLARENCE SHAW,
"Bull;"
LYNCHBURG, TENN.

Prepared at Morgan School; Hesperian: Marshal. Secretary. Critic, Vice-President. President; Glee Club '07-'08: Assistant Manager '08-'09; Athletic Council '07-'08; Intersociety Debater. '08; Commencement Marshal '08; Chief Manager Commencement '09; Y. M. C. A.; Assistant Manager College Book-room; Assistant Business Manager Chronicle '08-'09; Class Baseball Team '08. '10; Classical Club; "Tombs;" Alpha Tau Omega.

WEST, CLAUDE BASCOM,
"Crip;"
WADESBORO, N. C.

Prepared at Rutherford College; Varsity Tennis Team, '07, '08, '09, '10; Baseball Team '08, '09, '10; Athletic Council '08-'09; Manager Basketball Team '09-'10; Archive Staff; Class President '09-'10; Fortnightly Club; "9019."

WEST, WALTER BROWNLOW,
"Big West;"
WADESBORO, N. C.

Prepared at Rutherford College; Hesperian: Critic, President '09; Class Vice-President '08-'09; Baseball Team '08, '09, '10, Captain '10; All Southern 3rd Base '08, All Southern 1st Base and Captain '10; Basketball Team '08-'09, '09-'10; Associate Editor Chronicle '08; Editor of Archive; Athletic Council '09-'10; Tennis Association; President Greater Trinity Club; Y. M. C. A.; Fortnightly Club; Vice-President '09-'10; "9019."

WHITAKER, ROMULUS ALONZO, JR., "Toad;"
KINSTON, N. C.

Prepared at Kinston High School; Columbian: Secretary '08; Class Association Football Team; Class Baseball Team '07, '08, '09, '10; Class Basketball Team '10; Class Tennis Team '10; Sandfiddler's Club; "Tombs;" Kappa Sigma.

WILKINSON, THOMAS,
"Tommie;"
AUGUSTA, GA.

Prepared at Wesleyan Academy, Lancashire, England, and University Training School; Columbian: President; Orator's Medal; Deutche Verein; Y. M. C. A.

WRIGHT, NATHAN,
GIBSON, N. C.

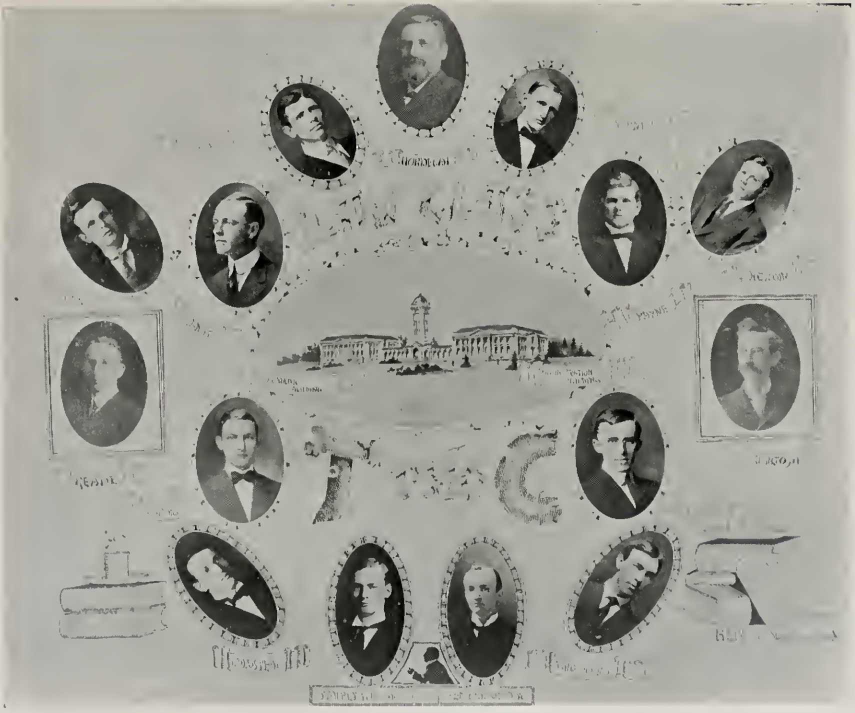
Prepared at Trinity Park School; Columbian: Chairman of Executive, Marshal '08-'09, Vice-President; Ministerial Band; Chronicle Board; Sophomore Debate.

JUNIOR CLASS.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

FRESHMAN CLASS.

SENIOR CO-EDS.



LAW CLASS.

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

HESPERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

TRINITY-UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH DEBATERS.

C. O. FISHER.

A. M. PROCTOR.

R. C. GOLDSTEIN,
Winner of Wiley Gray Medal—Commencement 1909.

COLUMBIAN INTER-SOCIETY DEBATERS.

W. I. WARD.

S. S. ALDERMAN.

HESPERIAN INTER-SOCIETY DEBATERS.

W. A. CADE.

H. M. RATCLIFF.

MINISTERIAL BAND.

Y. M. C. A. CABINET.

Glee Club.

BASS:

DON KIRKMAN,
G. B. DRAPER,
W. G. SHEPPARD,
B. T. HURLEY;

BARITONE:

S. S. ALDERMAN,
R. G. LANEY,
EDGAR HOWERTON,
G. M. DANIEL;

SECOND TENOR:

C. K. PROCTOR,
M. A. SMITH, JR.,
C. W. WHITE,
J. M. HOWARD;

FIRST TENOR:

A. D. JONES,
G. D. GANTT,
G. M. BROOKS,
C. B. WADE,
A. E. BURGESS.

GLEE CLUB.

ARCHIVE STAFF.

"9019."

V. W.

W. H. WANNAMAKER,
FANNIE KILGO,
MARY UZZELL,
MARY. M. TAPP,
MRS. NANNIE BLACK McDOWELL,
M. MAUDE HURLEY,
CAROLYN TUGGLE.

V d W

Sigma Delta.

ARTHUR H. MERITT.
BLANCHARD SMITH.
LOUOLA TUTTLE.
MARY GORHAM.
ESTELLE FLOWERS.
LUCILE GORHAM.

SIGMA DELTA.

Kappa Alpha.

Alpha Phi Chapter.

CHAPTER ROLL:

THOMPSON, W. J.,

BAGLEY, R. A.,

BAGLEY, D. W.,

MUSE, W. H., JR.,

SYKES, H. T.,

BRINN, C. B.,

FRIZZELLE, J. L.,

TURRENTINE, S. B., JR.,

GODFREY, C. A.,

MORGAN, C. W.,

COOPER, F. P.

KAPPA ALPHA.

Sigma Phi Epsilon.

North Carolina Gamma Chapter.

CHAPTER ROLL:

ASHBY, EDWARD CLAYTON,
BUNDY, EDGAR EVERETT,
CURRIN, JAMES MADISON, JR.,
CURRIN, RANDOLPH,
HARRIS, HENRY GRADY,
McCOY, HALIBURTON,
RAY, FRANK REID,
SMITH, WILLIS,
TUTTLE, BOBBITT MARCUS,
WAY, JOSEPH HOWELL, JR.

SIGMA PHI EPSILON.

Kappa Sigma.

Eta Prime Chapter.

CHAPTER ROLL:

AIKEN, J. N.,

BEST, P. W.,

BROWER, A. S.,

CHATHAM, T. D.,

DAVIS, R. M.,

DUNCAN, W. B., JR.,

HEDRICK, H. G.,

JONES, A. D.,

KÖRNER, G.,

KÖRNER, R. D.,

LANEY, R. G.,

PURYEAR, L. A.,

SASSER, D. L.,

SPACH, W. M.,

SUITER, W. G.,

TAYLOR, R. E.,

WHITAKER, R. A., JR.,

WHITE, C. W.

KAPPA SIGMA.

Pi Kappa Alpha.

Alpha Alpha Chapter.

CHAPTER ROLL:

GANTT, R. M.,

STEWART, W. S.,

LEE, G. S.,

HOWARD, J. M.,

GANTT, G. D.,

LEE, J. A.,

HURLEY, L. B.,

DILLARD, J. H.,

GANTT, S. J.,

PI KAPPA ALPHA.

Alpha Tau Omega.

North Carolina XI Chapter.

CHAPTER ROLL:

ALDERMAN, S. S., '13.
ANGIER, S. J., '13.
COOPER, L. G., '11.
COURTNEY, J. B., '11.
CRAWFORD, CLYDE N., '10.
FLOWERS, C. M., '09.
HANES, P. F., '11.
HUTCHISON, J. L., '10.
MATTON, W. G., '11.
McINTOSH, E. S., '10.
McKINNON, H. A., '12.
SPEED, J. A., '12.
WARREN, C. S., '10.
WILSON, H. L., '12.

ALPHA TAU OMEGA.

"Tombs."

COOPER, L. G.,
CHATHAM, T. D.,
CRAWFORD, CLYDE N.,
FAUCETTE, B. J.,
FLOWERS, C. M.,
HANES, P. F.,
HEDRICK, H. G.,
HUTCHISON, J. L.,
STEPHENSON, E. R.,
KÖRNER, R. D.,
WHITAKER, R. A.,
STEWART, W. S.,
LANEY, R. G.,
WARREN, C. S.

"TOMBS."

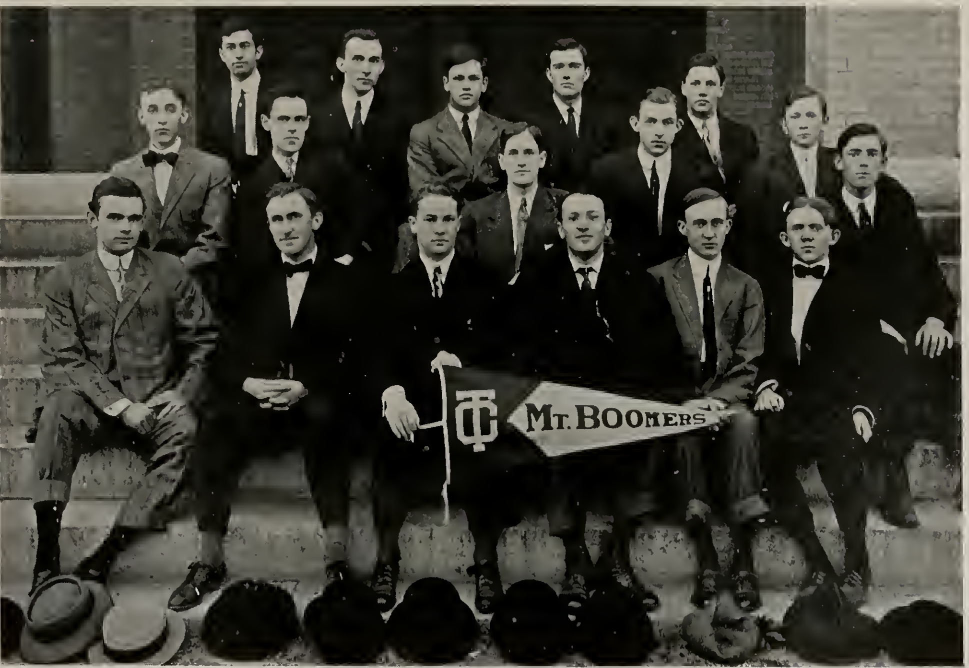
FORTNIGHTLY CLUB.

DEUTCHE VEREIN.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

SCIENCE CLUB.

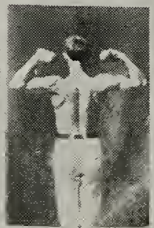
GUILFORD COUNTY CLUB.

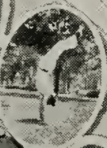


MOUNTAIN BOOMER'S CLUB.

SANDFIDDLER'S CLUB.

CHESS CLUB.





ANGINER DUKE GYMNASIUM.

BASEBALL TEAM.

BASKETBALL TEAM.

ASHBY WEST

TENNIS TEAM.

SOPHOMORE BASKETBALL TEAM.

CHIEF ROOTERS.

SMITH SHEPPARD

Chronicle Staff.

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A. M. PROCTOR, '10;

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

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R. D. KÖRNER;

DEPARTMENT EDITORS:

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W. R. BELL, '11,

W. G. GASTON, '11;

BUSINESS MANAGER:

P. J. JOHNSON, '10;

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER:

P. J. KIKER, '11.

CHRONICLE STAFF.

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2. LIBRARY.

1. CRAVEN MEMORIAL HALL.
2. EPWORTH HALL.

MARSHALS AND MANAGERS, COMMENCEMENT 1909.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

WALTER B. WEST, - - - - - - Editor-in-Chief
WILLIS SMITH, - - - - - - Business Manager

The History of the Class of 1910.

Word has gone there is to be written a history of the Class of 1910, and it is altogether proper that it should be done, but the writer in the beginning acknowledges his inability to cope with so extensive a subject. To be sure, since coming here as freshmen four years ago, many things of great prominence in the history of the college have occurred, and a chronicle of these events might be termed a history of the class, but to write about all the changes and transformations which have taken place in the evolution of the members from the embryonic state of freshman bliss to the dignified position of graduates and citizens of this great commonwealth, is a task too stupendous for the pen of the most astute historian, and of course impossible for an unpracticed beginner. Furthermore, this article will have to be written from the memory of the writer, which memory has a habit of eluding him at critical moments, hence he reserves the privilege of taking back any statement that it may contain. In fact this article purports to be only a few reminiscences, and we will call it a history for the sake of conventionality. So much by way of introduction—now let us proceed.

On consulting the pages of his diary the writer finds, under the head of important events, that he entered Trinity Park on September 10, 1906. This was two days before the opening of the term and there were few of the boys back at that time, but enough of the Sophomores to keep it from being lonesome. The next morning every train brought others to the scene, and we have a very distinct recollection of how we stood in the corner watching the old pupils shaking hands and going about the buildings as if it were the most familiar place in the world, while we, feeling lonesome and

homesick, wondered how many of the crowd were sophomores. It did not take us long to find out, for that very night amateur performances of singing and dancing could be seen at almost any place on the campus. We were learning the first lesson of college life, and our teachers, much to our sorrow, were not believers in the modern persuasive methods of teaching, but held to the old maxim, "spare the rod and spoil the child." Thus our first night was spent in much fear and trembling. Times have changed now and this course has been dropped from the curriculum, for better or for worse; we will leave it to those under us to discuss the problem. Such a question would be far beneath men of the dignified standing of the Class of 1910.

On the following morning there was assembled in the mathematics room a crowd of trembling, awe-stricken youths, waiting to undergo the searching cross-questions of the committee on entrance. Then it was that many a man's estimate of the extent of his own knowledge dropped, fell below par, and kept on falling, going down five points every time he looked into the face of the Dean. They were ready to abdicate at once, to take the bankruptcy law, and enter the lower middle class at the Park School. After the day was done and all had been investigated it was found that there were just eighty who were allowed to become members of the Class of 1910.

Time passed off quietly for a few days, except for the nightly activity of the sophomores, which was growing to be quite troublesome, especially to those who did not care to stay in their rooms and study every night. It was announced that there was going to be a great social function in the dining hall of the Inn, and the Y. M. C. A. boys were going to set up the freshmen to a great treat of ice cream and fruit. Now many of the fellows had heard the word fruit mentioned. They had a vague idea of sweetness, and mellowness, and lusciousness, connected with it. They of course wanted to be there to get their share of this great delicacy. More than this, there was to be added something—ice-cream! What was this ice-cream, at the very mention of which every fellow instinctively smacked his lips? Every man inwardly resolved to be there, to see what was to be seen, and to eat

what was to be eaten. But on every side could be heard in connection with the great Y. M. C. A. treat the ominous sound of the word "sophomores." They, too, were going to be there, and it was whispered that they would take their stand on the outside of the door after the fun was over, and pick off the poor freshmen, one by one, as they passed down the line. Then the question was asked, can we afford to go, and subject ourselves to such treatment? Long and thoughtfully was this question pondered over and considered from every standpoint. Finally one long, tall, stout fellow from the farm went to a short, stubby, muscular fellow, (also from a farm) and confided to him the question that had weighed on his mind. Two heads, as is said, always work better than one, and as a result of this conference a conference of more members of the class was called, until it was finally decided to go to the treat and to come away together, so as to intimidate the brave sophs. Fortunately, the sophs failed to call the bluff and there was "nothing doing."

Not long after this some of the wiser heads decided that it would never do to continue in such a disorganized state. They said that the class needed a president and some other petty officrs, though it has never yet been decided for what purpose these were needed. But the wise ones said they were needed, and they knew. So, wisely choosing a morning hour, when all the faculty would be in the building to be called in as a reserve aid, should the meeting be interrupted by the sophs, who had declared that officers were not necessary, and had prepared to enforce their declaration, the class met again in the math room, the scene of their former agony. The sophs, recognizing that they had been out-manœuvered, retired from the field and the class proceeded to elect its officers. At last the class of 1910 had taken its proper place in the community, and was to be ever afterwards recognized in the conduct of the affairs of the college.

The road to wisdom and fame, however, was not an easy one, and there was always the danger that the sophs would pounce down at any hour of the night and disturb the pleasant dreams of a future president, (president in his dreams). Their activity in teaching the yearlings the proper methods of respectful treatment towards their betters became so great

that the president of the college decided to come to the rescue and deliver the freshmen from the strenuous life. So one day he called some of the sophs before him and told them that they would have to abdicate in favor of the freshmen.

In this movement the wise ones of the Class of 1910—those who had decided that the class needed officers, together with the few other wise ones in college, saw an advantage. They got their heads together, and, meeting the president, informed him that they wished to make a bargain. They proposed to exchange, for the custody of the four men who had been given orders to leave, their promissory notes never to haze again and never to again allow any hazing. Thus ended hazing at Trinity College, and the Class of 1910 bears the distinction of being its last proud victim. When, in the dim distant future, the members of the class look back over the vista of the years gone by, they will remember that their first lesson in college was received at the hands of a sophomore. They will see that here they received a lesson of humility which was not the fortunate asset of the classes which followed them. In this respect they will stand out distinctly above all those who follow.

With the close of this incident the importance of the year closed until the activity of the baseball season awakened the community to a new life. There was a baseball game to be played with the sophs. They had won the championship the year before and were boasting of their superiority as they always do. But the yearlings "kept quiet, and sawed wood." When the day for the game came they were ready and went on the field to win, and *won* by almost doubling the score. The following morning there appeared, in flaring characters, posted at all the conspicuous points of the campus, a bulletin of the game. Now, of course, the fellows were proud of their victory and it was but natural that they wanted the members of the community to know that they were proud of it. But their pride was soon to be turned into chagrin. The sophs, could not stand the humiliation, and called the president to their rescue, demanding that the signs of their shame be obliterated. Of course this was done, as the signs had already served their purpose.

Thus closed the first year of existence as college men. Much had been done and many changes had been wrought. The time had been spent pleasantly and otherwise, mostly pleasantly, and there had been here and there a man who would study sometimes. Tendencies had begun to take shape in the lives of the members and character was being formed. The class had evolved from freshmen to sophomores, and the somber hues of their attire, which their mothers selected when they left home for the first time, had given place to ties of lurid red, vari-colored hat bands, socks of many hues with trouser legs turned up for a rainy day. Hair appeared parted down near the left ear, or not parted at all, and at last there was a new bunch of sophomores. But their glory had departed. They had sworn away their rights in order to preserve their bodies the year before. When the new men appeared on the campus and began to take possession of it, grass, onions, and all, they could only bow their heads in shame and weep for the glories of departed times. The spirit of the class was gone, and they could not be consoled. The fall passed and there was nothing to break the monotony of class duties. There were only trials and vexations of the soul, and a little study now and then, because there was nothing else to do. (It may be, gentle reader, that you think a college is a place to study, but let me say that such a thought is a snare and a delusion. A college, rather, is a place to gather a band of young men whose duty it is to have a good time, make love to the girls, set the style of dress, and cut classes if they think the professor will still allow them to continue to perform their duties.) As a diversion from this monotony, a few of the men got together and won the championship in basketball and baseball just to say they could do other things if they wanted to. Thus was passed the second milestone in the march toward citizenship.

As juniors the class of course became more dignified. Everything, even the professors, was beneath their notice. In fact, they placed themselves upon such a high pedestal that they passed out almost into oblivion for the time being. And this was necessary in order that they might shine the brighter the following year when they came to the homestretch. The writer said in the beginning that this was to be

only a few reminiscences, and dependent upon his memory. His memory fails him at this point and it is sufficient to say that the class passed through the junior year, studying some, making love some, but mostly doing nothing. You know it is the prerogative of a junior to do nothing. They have to rest up in order to pass through the strenuosity of the senior year.

At last they reached the last mile. *Seniors!* How sweet the sound in every member's ear! But alas, what a delusion! It was a lesson soon learned that things are not what they seem. Soon the ghosts of the past neglected courses began to arise to haunt us through the long stretches of the night. The neglected advice of the professor now rose up to mock us and it was found that college life after all was not what we pictured it to be; that there was some work to be done; and there was no getting around it unless some of the professors be driven away from the campus. There would be a movement on foot to do this, no doubt, except for the fact that the fellows do not realize the necessity of doing it until they are so overwhelmed with work that they do not have time to devote to this end. So the time passed, with work following work until at last it drew to a close. There are now only thirty-four who have stood the storm and stress of the years. A class not so large as some of previous years, but a class distinguished for many things in its career. It saw the end of hazing and the beginning of Greater Trinity. Did I say that there were thirty-four? No, there are thirty-five, for we have the proud honor of claiming our great president as one of our number. He became a member of our class to protect us from the indignities of the sophomores; he graduated with us to take up the work of an enlarged life as one of the bishops of our church. Thus ends the first volume of the history of the Class of 1910. The second volume will perhaps be produced at the reunion of the class in 1915.

Class Prophecy

J. L. Hutchison.

No, I will not go into details, but you may take down these few general points. One Sunday afternoon, while strolling through the woods, I began wondering where all my old classmates would be at the end of twenty years. Twenty years—what a time! But why such a time?—Why any time at all? Whoa, my thoughts were running away with me. Yet, if time stretched into infinity, then time is beyond any boundaries and, therefore, beyond itself. Space must surely be the same way. Again, psychologists say that there can be no real present time. If there is no present time, and since past and future time is beyond itself, then there must not be any time whatsoever. When space and time—but I felt myself growing dizzy; I was as light as a feather. I *am* out of all time, space, and everything; nowhere and everywhere, simply being. Now is my chance, and I hurl myself against 1930, landing with a dull and smothered thud.

Brushing away a little time which remains in my eyes, I look about into that non-existence, ignorantly called space. But who is this dignified individual flying by in such a beautiful airship. Why, bless my heart, it is "Poss" Phillips; and he is on time! "Hello, 'Poss!'" But I have forgot; my voice crashes with a hollow, spaceless sound into my own ears, and stuns me for the moment. Where is "Poss?" Oh, there he is, entering the capitol. Now he is talking with the President; but their conversation is boring—it is about politics. Good old "Poss" is a statesman. I turn to seek others of the ordinary, every day class of umpty ten.

I knew it. Bud Laney throws his shovel aside and hops from the engine. Running up to an old slouchy loafer, who has somewhat the appearance of a Jew, Bud shouts:

"Hi, Bill Stewart, hi! Man you ought to have heard me blow that whistle: whee-whee-eeoo-eeoo-oopee! Got a cigarette?"

Bill slowly pulls out his box and begins:

"Bud, I have been thinking about what Kant said, and—"

"Aw, shut up; why don't you go to work "

"Work! Why, I've got so much work to do that I don't have time to do a thing. But Fichte says—"

"So-long!" and Bud is off.

Just as I start also, a big footed, yellow headed policeman marches up.

"Move on!" he grunts, at the same time hitting Bill over the foot with his billy. But he stops suddenly and stretches out his hand:

"Excuse me, Bill. I didn't recognize you on account of your nose being in the way."

"Bull Warren, you a cop!"

"Er—yes, that's how I make my living; but—ss-s-s-sh—I teach Greek and Latin in the mornings."

This is sickening, and I turn about just in time to see Charlie Fulford, a section boss, getting his workmen on the hand-car. Charlie is a bit late and swears at his men like an old maid's parrot. But I forgive him, for in his hip-pocket is a little volume (written I think by Hans Wagner) it is "The Simple Life." Charles always did hitch his wagon to a star, but he always had rotten harness.

Crash! Bang! All of this rumbling seems to come from a millinery shop. Oh yes, I see; it is being used by the women as a voting precinct. As I stand musing, three burly voters, carying umbrellas, sweep out with flourish of silk and a rattle of pocketbooks.

"Yes," Miss Melissa Tapp is speeaking: 'The men actually are wishing to have a hand in politics.' "

"The idea," answers Miss Tuggle, scornfully lifting her lorgnette. "They will wish to enter business next."

Miss Sarah Blanchard Smith flirts her head to one side: "Mere man, a suffraget, huh!"

Mere man, indeed! But this does not appear to be a mere man; this little stoop-shouldered, wrinkle-faced fellow, who is riding by in a foreign made automobile. It is not a mere man; it is "Spider" Crawford, the great financier. But see what good money has done for him; he looks as if he has three more ailments than are put down in Dr. Quack's alma-

nac. As he enters the exchange on Wall Streeet, a tall, slim, fishy-eyed bunch of bones with a yellow mustache at the top, rushes up to him. Willis Smith has altered very little; but his daring attempt at cornering wheat the other day, leaves him a bit pale. Willis and Clyde shake hands with each other; I do likewise with myself, and depart.

On the curb-stone outside the exchange sits a poor, shabby, broken down, hollow-cheeked tramp. A shaggy-headed, ugly, slab-sided old parson absent mindedly bumps into him.

"Er, beg pardon. Er, why, isn't this Beale Faucette?"

"George Daniel, holy smoke!"

"Er, Beale, why, er, what are you doing in such a pitiable plight, ahem?"

Beale shakes his head sadly as he answers, "It is too long to tell, but the substance is that I thought I appreciated literature; I read Bliss Carman and Oscar Wilde; and here I am."

They both weep. Rev. Daniel goes through a correspondence course of gymnastics, and fishes from some unknown pocket a pocket-book about two feet long.

"Here, er, my good soul," he said in tones of anguish, extracting a dime, "take this, and er, er, start life anew, ahem."

It is sad. I turn my eyes towards the country for a rest. But there is rest, even out of time and space; for the first thing discernible in the ploughed lands is an old Trinityite. "Dad" Chatham is pushing a plow and following one of the paintbrush variety through the cornfield. The long-drawn-out strains of his yodle song float lazily and dejectedly through the sizzling midday air. Instinctively I mop my forehead. Away! away!

An idea! I look over all the corner grocery stores throughout the country. Some men out of every class are born to keep grocery stores, and education cannot keep them from it. Of course, there is Walter West, a little stooped now, but with a wise—oh, such a wise—mien still clinging to his classic, tobacco-stained features. Around the rusty stove is the usual grocery store gang. Two of them, Crook and Brothers, are playing checkers. Alas! Judging by the curt and peremptory tone West uses in speaking to him, Crook must be one of those regular "deadbeats." You recognize

the type, do you not? How they live no one knows; they are just here, always keeping the noiseless tenor of their way, existing, being—and no more. Brothers seems to be different. All the tobacco chewers and loafers josh him, but do it with a respect due to something more than his evil looking beard. I will whisper: Brothers is a philosopher, i. e., an educated fool who is too lazy to work. He has a splendid idea for an Utopia, but he needs about fifty thousand dollars to get it started.

To those poor deluded mortals who have time, it is three o'clock, and school is turning out. A prim, neat, small schoolmarm comes tripping along. She is very demure and modest, and walks along with eyes cast down, her little side curls bobbing in the wind. Behind her comes a stout, gray-haired assistant professor, with a discontented look on his face, and with several French books under his arm. A. M. Proctor catches up with Miss Browning and grunts. She jumps about two feet and squeals, "dear me!"

"I won't do it!" he exclaims moodily.

As he makes this extremely enlightening remark, a long, lean, lanky newspaper reporter rushes to his side. In one hand is Horace's "Odes and Epodes;" in the other is a penny note tablet. Yanking a pencil from his vigorous pompadour and slapping her gum on Horace:

"Won't do what?" asks Miss Matilda Michaels in a business-like manner.

"I don't know. But I won't do anything that they (meaning the world and his spouse, I suppose) want me to do."

"Gee," I say to myself, "my old friends haven't changed a particle.

However, there is no time for philosophizing, for about a thousand miles away I spy a maniac running around, waving his arms, all the while talking to himself. This is interesting. Pshaw, it is no one but Weaver Marr chasing bugs.

"Back to the city for me." And I am back. On the outskirts there are several new houses going up. While studying the 1930 style of architecture, I notice a familiar figure sitting on a roof, with half a dozen nails in his mouth. Who on earth—ah, I recognize those huge, horny hands; it is

Stephenson. Drive your nails, Steve; you have turned out better than anyone in the Class of 1910.

This last remark, I fear, is made too quickly; for here is "Shoat" Ashby; steady, hard working old "Pigfoot." "Shoat's" course in surveying has come in handy now, and has given him a position honorable in the eyes of all men. "Shoat" is digging post-holes. For whom is "Shoat" digging post-holes? Do not ask such a question—can you not see that Phillip Johnson is head linesman; and that he is going to do some wiring.

It is night on earth. In one city there is a large poster stretched across the town-hall. In flaming letters it is writ, "Thomas Wilkinson, Lecturer: 'What Shall the Farmers Do?'" In another town a large vaudeville theatre is drawing tremendous crowds. Immediately as you enter the lobby stands a tiny, dried-up thing, which is speculating on tickets. Nathan Wright, a gambler! It looks very prosperous, however, bowing and scraping in his full dress and topper. Inside the theatre proper, the curtain is raised and the chorus is going through the lithe and sinuous movements of the "aviator dance." On the back row the third chorus man from the left—the one with such spindly legs—is Phillip Ballentine Rand. It is said that he has gone on the stage in order to shorten his name a bit. But that's by the way. A nice, nifty, self-contained, wee panel of a married woman gets up in disgust, and walks out, followed by her husband and children. I recognize Miss Hurley of yore.

The next feature on the vaudeville program is strong man. Claude West limps to the footlights and bows gracefully:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am very sory to announce that on account of a crick in my back, I will be unable to render my usual very good stunts. Also, in passing, I might say that I have a twisted knee and a bum finger. Thank you all very kindly."

After the show two old friends see each other for the first time in some years. The following disgusting conversation ensues:

"Hello, Toad Whitaker," the long, lean, serious somebody says in a voice resembling that of a two year old baby.

"Hey, Homer Scott," answers the well dressed, four-feet-in-his-socks albino, digging his patent leather in the ground. "Whatcher doing now?"

"Well, there's some as say I'm crazy, and others say I ain't; but I'm an infidel."

"Ah, we both make a living doing nothing."

"Whatter you do?"

"Um—I'm a shysteer lawyer."

There is one more man to be seen; but, since it is now midnight, he is very easily found. Here is the place,—a noisy, all-night restaurant. Chaos reigns supremee, art and beer are everywhere in evidence. Everybody is talking, singing, smoking, swearing, drinking. The long-haired Bohemian leaning against the piano yelling such a tearful ballad, is the object of my search. A large mustache is telling his pretty neighbor that the man singing the woeful ditty bids fair to become famous through his last novel, "La Bohemia."

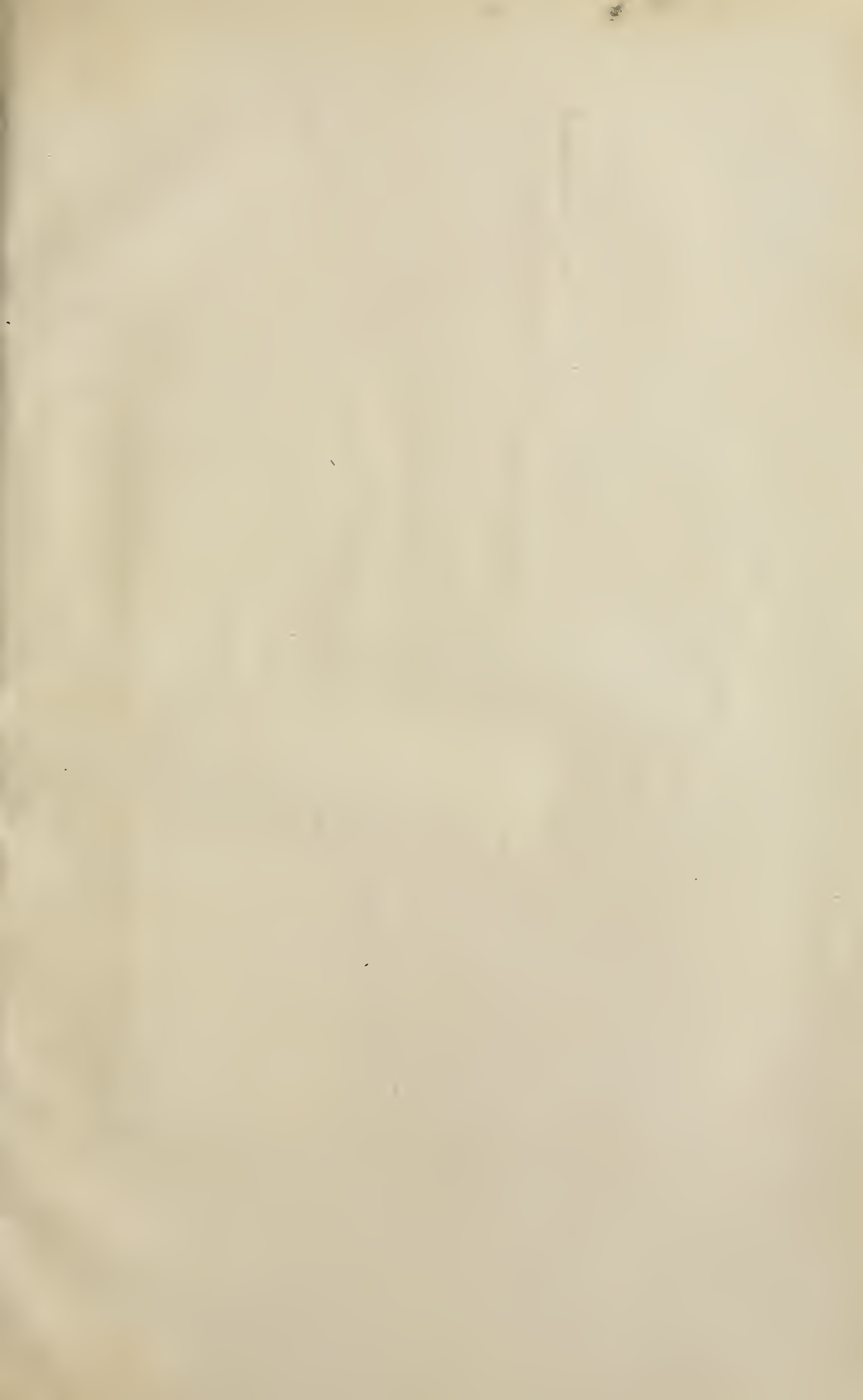
"What's his name?"

"E. S. McIntosh."

Well, I have seen them all; my pleasurable, self-enforced duty is over. And now how can I get myself back into time and—but, heavens, who is this coming? That face, that face! Ah, here it comes. Help, help! Dear God—time, space—I smother—it is—myself!

* * * * * * * * * *

I am dictating this to my stenographer to be used as she sees fit. The doctor says that I am dying. But what do I care? Death? I snap my fingers at it. Have I not encompassed all truth? What? Yes, hand me that glass please. Thank you, and— ah—good-night.



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